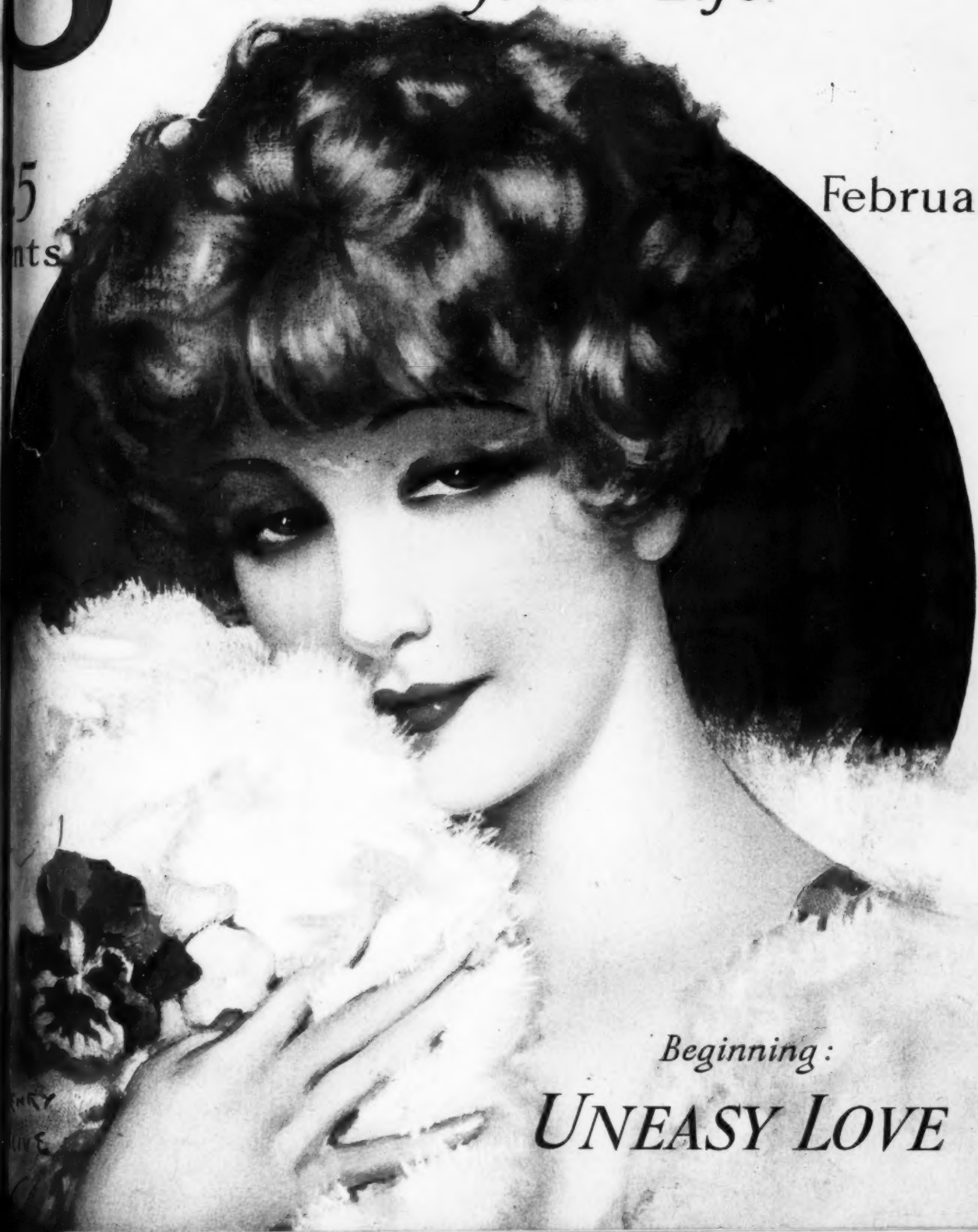


81 uob

SMART SET

Stories from Life

February



Beginning:

UNEASY LOVE

If you really knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it



FILM STARS USE PRINCESS PAT POWDER
BECAUSE IT CLINGS LONGER



A scene from Universal's new picture, "Out All Night" featuring Marlon Nixon and Reginald Denny, famous stars. Miss Nixon is another beauty who endorses Princess Pat preparations.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains Almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of base in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So point three in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that every woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her only powder.

For Princess Pat powder is good for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in no other face powder.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and naturally lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the selfsame properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description;

for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and different.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

Get This Week-End Set—

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated bonnet box. Please act promptly.



PRINCESS PAT LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-32, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....
Street.....
City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is the one vanishing cream that acts like ice to close and refine the pores. Ideal as the powder base—effective longer—cool, pleasant refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Always use before powder.

Feminine daintiness has increased in the last five years



Read for yourself
*"The Newer Knowledge
of Feminine Hygiene"*
and give your daughter
a copy



THE woman of today prides herself on her daintiness. She not only desires loveliness; she is constantly seeking new ways to obtain it. And in her progress she has been quick to recognize the advance of personal hygiene to its present degree of safety and effectiveness. Thousands of requests have been received for the booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". The steady stream of letters from all over the country is proof complete that women will no longer permit hearsay and the misguiding advice of well-meaning friends to govern this most intimate matter.

Old views, old methods are giving way

Such widespread desire for the truth is a wholesome sign. It indicates that in a not far distant day the new standard of *safe hygiene* will be known to every woman in the land. But at the present time there is still a vast number of women who do not know the facts—women who in their earnest desire for the fullest possible protection, run grave risks of injury.

The chief menace lies in the employment of dangerous poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and their numerous compounds. Each one is deadly in its effect

upon the body. For example, many cases of mercurial poisoning have been directly traced to the employment of bichloride of mercury in feminine hygiene practice. Carbolic acid is an even greater risk. Its continued use tends to harden the membranes and ultimately to form areas of scar-tissue.

What finer service can a woman perform than to tell these truths to others who need such counsel?

Zonite hygiene means safe personal hygiene

And now, fortunately, there *does* exist an antiseptic which compares favorably in power with the old poisons and yet is actually non-poisonous. This new antiseptic is called *Zonite*, and you will find it at your local drug-store in its attractive light and dark green package.

There is no skull-and-crossbones on the Zonite bottle. Its use in the home has the approval of the medical profession. Your physician and your druggist recommend it without a fear or a caution. Why? Because *Zonite* is *safe*. With all its germicidal power—its

ability to kill germs thoroughly and speedily, it is absolutely non-poisonous and harmless to body tissues.

You will want to read this free booklet

The full story of the discovery of Zonite and of its amazing revolution of feminine hygiene practice is told in the dainty, free booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is a frank and authoritative statement of the truth concerning this vital matter. Every woman should have a copy. Especially mothers who want their daughters to be properly informed.

Sign and send us the coupon today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. S-2

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name

Address

City State

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)



SMART SET

Stories from Life

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

The BEST True-Life Serials

- Uneasy Love 18
Can a Poor Girl Crash the Gates of High Society?
- The Secret Island 50
Did the Savage Think He'd Seen a Goddess?
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Robert S. Carr's Revelations of High School Life Today

The BEST True-Life Stories

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The Intimate Letters of a Love-Sick Girl
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AND—A TRUE STORY IN 71 WORDS by Frederic Arnold Kummer, page 44; THE VALUE OF A DAY by Rev. H. S. McClelland, page 76; THIS FUNNY WORLD, page 12; A GALLERY OF BEAUTY, pages 45-48; FUN FROM THE FILMS, pages 77-80; PRIZE CONTEST WINNERS, page 142; COVER DESIGN painted by Henry Clive.

NEXT MONTH Smart Set will begin the publication of one of the most significant human documents of our time, an honest, revealing picture of girls' college life.

**UNFORBIDDEN
FRUIT** By Warner Fabian
Who wrote FLAMING YOUTH

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Training

PREPARING you to fill a fine Drafting job at a substantial raise in pay...

Employment

FINDING you the better-paid position and PLACING you in it, or money refunded....



Come into Drafting!

Men who can read blue-prints and draw plans are "sitting pretty" these days. No wonder, when you consider that every machine, every building, all industrial activities *start* on the Drafting table! Intensive production, record-breaking construction operations, have created a great demand for expert Draftsmen capable of designing and calculating original plans.

\$50 to \$125 a week paid to Expert Draftsmen

Get this point—that Drafting isn't just *one* line of work—it reaches out into the Electrical, Manufacturing, Building Construction, Automotive and Structural industries. That is why you'll find well-paid Drafting positions advertised in all industrial centers of the U. S. 70,000 vacancies reported in the past 12 months. And that is why I advise men to go into Drafting, particularly if handicapped by lack of high-school or college education. Today you are in competition with high-school and college graduates for the better-paid jobs. You must have *specialized training* to win.

The Entering Wedge to Success in all Building and Manufacturing Lines

I recommend Drafting, too, because it can be QUICKLY learned at home, in spare time—without quitting your job, without losing a day's time or a dollar in pay. Because you're sure there will be a good position waiting when you are ready for it. And because the work is so fascinating and offers better-than-ordinary chances for advancement. For the Draftsman is in close contact with important work and BIG MEN, and he is right in line for promotion to Superintendents and other executive positions.

3 Drafting Lessons! Actually FREE!

to prove you can learn at home, in your spare time!

You will never have a more serious personal problem than deciding your future life-work—so we merely urge you to LOOK INTO

Drafting. See how you like it, see if you learn as readily as most men do, get the facts about the opportunities, the salaries paid, the jobs open, the chances for promotion. This is why, on receipt of your name, we will send you the *first three lessons* of our *Drafting course* without cost or obligation.

A Drafting Job GUARANTEED paying 50% more than you earn today —or not a penny of cost!

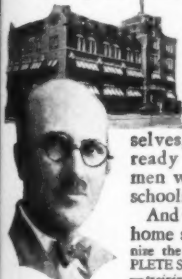
Now, at a cost you can afford, on terms of only \$6 per month, you can actually BUY a fine Drafting position and a substantial increase in pay. A million-dollar institution guarantees both—the training, then the employment. *Under money-back penalty.*

This agreement brings you your SECOND CHANCE. To repair a neglected education, to specialize, to change to a line where you can get ahead more rapidly. Read it, and investigate it!

The American School

Chartered 30 years as an EDUCATIONAL institution and like the best resident schools and colleges, conducted NOT FOR PROFIT. We offer complete, thorough up-to-date instruction, built by 200 leading Educators, Engineers and Executives. A unique instruction, built to meet the specifications of well-paid jobs as laid down by employers themselves, yet simplified for ready understanding by men with only common schooling.

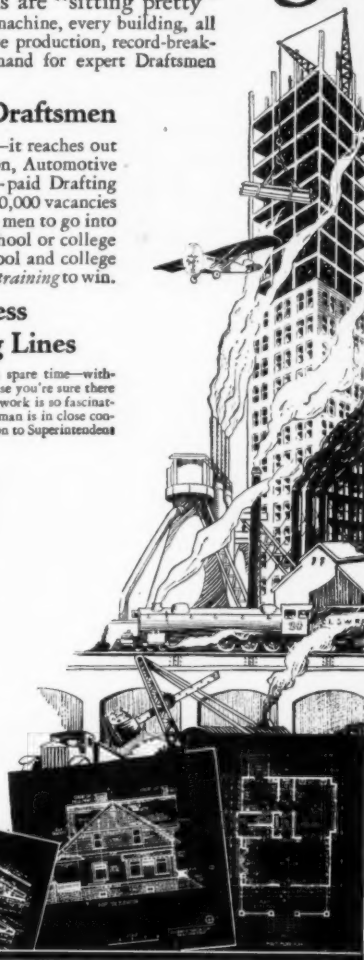
And we are the first in the home study field to recognize the need of giving a COMPLETE SERVICE to ambitious men—training, plus employment. Which takes you as you are, supplies the equipment you lack, and lands you in the better job you seek. Without risk to you!



O.C. MILLER
Director Extension Work

The American School

Dept. D-251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago, Ill.



O.C. MILLER, Director Extension Work,
THE AMERICAN SCHOOL,
Dept. D-251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St.,
Chicago, Illinois

Please send without cost or obligation:

1. Three Drafting Lessons.
2. Facts about the opportunities in Drafting.
3. Your Guarantee to train and place me under money-back penalty.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

"Thar's GOLD in Them Hills"

FINDING nuggets in a gold field is not altogether a matter of luck. It is a matter of knowing where to look—and then looking! Haven't you, for instance, ever read a story and then wondered when you finished it what it was all about? Perhaps you missed the nugget of humor, or truth, or romance! Perhaps it wasn't there! But that is never the case when you read SMART SET, for every story and every article is full of nuggets just waiting for you to come along and find them. You don't have to look very hard either! Here are some leads for nuggets that will reward you in March SMART SET.

WHAT do girls go to college for? Are they in search of the good old-fashioned nuggets of learning—readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic? Or are they after something much more dazzling but less substantial? Is the typical college girl high-hat? Is she moral? Does she really think? Is there such a thing as a typical college girl anyway?

When you find the answers to these questions you will have discovered the biggest nugget SMART SET has had in many a day—that is

"Unforbidden Fruit"

By WARNER FABIAN,
who wrote "Flaming Youth"

It will begin in *March SMART SET*.

WHAT are the ideal conditions for nugget hunting? A rich gold field and no restrictions! Under what conditions can the individual get the most out of life? Under the old "don't do this and can't do that" restrictions of Puritan days? Or under the present "get all the fun you can" code? If you're looking for the real gold of happiness see

March SMART SET

in which May Cerf records Fannie Hurst's characteristic and illuminating answer to

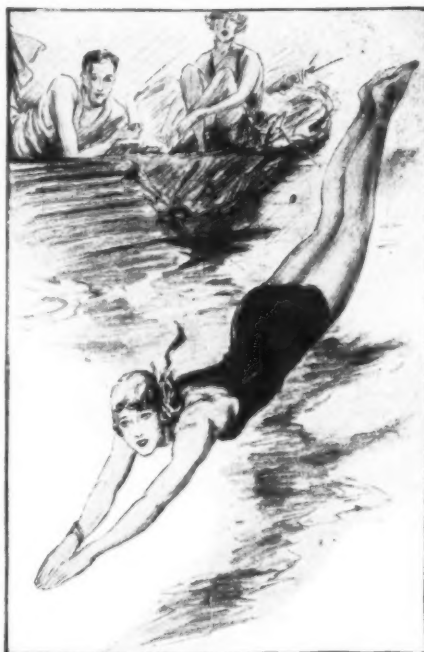
"Shall We Go Back to Puritanism?"

IF YOUR wife had persuaded you to quit your job and travel miles and miles with her to claim an estate which she expected, figuratively speaking, to be a gold mine, wouldn't you have a good laugh at her expense when it turned out to be—well, read the story for some most unexpected nuggets. We promise you more than one good laugh when you find all the nuggets of humor scattered through

"Oh, What a Legacy!"

in *March SMART SET*.

The gold rush towards all the newsstands will start February first. Don't fail to stake your claim to a copy of *March SMART SET*.



What sort of nuggets is this girl diving for?
See "THE ENCHANTED KISS"

DO YOU know what happens to most people who start nugget hunting? They get gold fever! They're not satisfied with a little bit—nor even with a lot. They want all there is. So they gamble. They take a chance on "All or nothing." That's why falling in love is like gold-hunting. You want all the love one person has—or nothing. That's why one woman who fell in love was willing to gamble—to take a chance on losing the most priceless nugget in the world, or keeping it all for herself. Did she win or lose? Read:

"The Man in the Next Room"

in *March SMART SET*.

DO YOU think you understand men? Do you really understand even one man? Do you know how to amuse a man? How to make him comfortable? When to leave him to his own devices? If you're in love with a man do you know the best way to find out before marriage what kind of a husband he'll make? Gold is furnished by

HELEN ROWLAND, famous for her
"Meditations of a Wife" and the "Sayings of Mrs. Solomon"
in her SMART SET article.

"Why Men Are No Mystery to Me"

HAVE you ever seen the day when a square meal would be worth its weight in gold to you? If you have you can imagine how much it was worth to a bunch of doughboys who followed a beautiful "mamselle" into an expensive Parisian restaurant and ordered the best dinner in the place knowing full well that they were broke and couldn't pay for it. Read how they developed a Midas touch with

"Ham and Eggs à la Love"

in *March SMART SET*.

FORD

60 Miles on a Gallon

O. B. Zeigler reports 60 miles on a gallon—as he ran 15 miles on one quart. J. T. Jackson got 57 miles on a gallon out of a 1914 model Ford.

STUDEBAKER

Saves 50

F. A. Cole writes he put one on a Studebaker Special Six. Reports a saving of 50% in gasoline.

BUICK

36 Miles on 1 1/4 Gallons

"I was getting 8 to 10 miles on a gallon. Yesterday I made a trip of 36 miles and used only 1 1/4 gallons."—L. L. Robinson.

CHEVROLET

43 Miles on a Gallon

"We have tried them out. Ford got 40 miles on a gallon and a Chevrolet 43 miles."—F. S. Carroll. Rex Dean, another Chevrolet owner, reports he got 25 miles a gallon. Took the device off and mileage dropped to 19. Put it back and mileage moved up to 25.

OLDSMOBILE

Almost Double

J. A. Williams writes he increased mileage on his Oldsmobile from 17 miles a gallon to 30 miles a gallon by actual count on 3,000 miles.

DODGE

40 Miles on a Gallon

"I made over 40 miles per gallon on my Dodge between Brownsville, Texas, and Tampico, Mexico."—T. L. Brown.

International Truck

Saves 41%

"I find it better than you recommend it. On the International Truck we use, we are saving by positive test 41% in gas and our engine uses less oil."—George Bell.

Sworn Affidavit

I, L. G. Stransky, Vice-President J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company, being first duly sworn, depose and say that the J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company have in their files thousands of unsolicited testimonials from satisfied users all over the world.

(Signed) L. G. STRANSKY,
Vice-President.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of November, 1926.

(Signed)
ERNEST HENEGAR,
Notary Public.



With This Amazing Device I Drove 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline

No wonder over two million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer. Here's a remarkable instance of gas-saving (one of many) reported by J. R. Wood of St. Louis. Before installing it, he got only 17 miles on a gallon. On a 3,000 mile test after installing it, he got 30 miles on a gallon. Thus he saved 77 gallons of gas which, at 17 miles a gallon, gave him 1,300 miles without buying gasoline! Read the inventor's daring no-risk offer to you.

\$75 to \$200 IN A WEEK

SELDOM, if ever, has such a money-making opportunity been offered distributors—experienced or otherwise—full time or spare time. Think how fast the money rolls in when Foster could make \$137.50 in a week—Fuller \$104.50 in five days—Cronk \$51 in an hour!

If your present job doesn't pay you \$75 to \$200 in a week, think fast! Full page newspaper ads are being used all over America. Over a million car owners have installed it already on all makes of cars, trucks and tractors, even on airplane. Thousands of car owners have ordered direct from the factory because they couldn't find a distributor. Jump in quick and get your share of the cream!

Official tests show that most car owners waste 20 to 30% of their gas by improper combustion. Thousands of car owners say that this amazing device has saved them as much as 50%; that it picks up power more quickly. ENDS spark plug and carbon troubles, and works in all weathers or roads. And so convinced is the inventor that it will prove its story that he makes the following no-risk offer.



Former candidate Governor of South Dakota is the inventor of this amazing device now installed by over a million car owners.

How It Works

The Stransky Vaporizer was invented by J. A. Stransky, former candidate for Governor of South Dakota. It is based on a newly discovered scientific engineering principle that has stood thousands of tests by car owners, dealers, garage mechanics and other authorities. It has no delicate parts to get out of order. There is nothing complicated about it. You can attach it to your engine in about three minutes, and it needs no further attention.

Mail Coupon Below

Over one million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer at the inventor's risk. This coupon will bring you full details of our plan to let you test this device on your car in the same way. You will also learn a definite plan that has helped others earn \$75 to \$200 in a week, full or spare time. Your request will not obligate you. Rush the coupon today.



Free Gasoline Offer

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.,
B-1150, Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

Yes, send me without obligation full details of your no-risk test offer. Also tell me about your distributor's money-making plan.

Name

Address

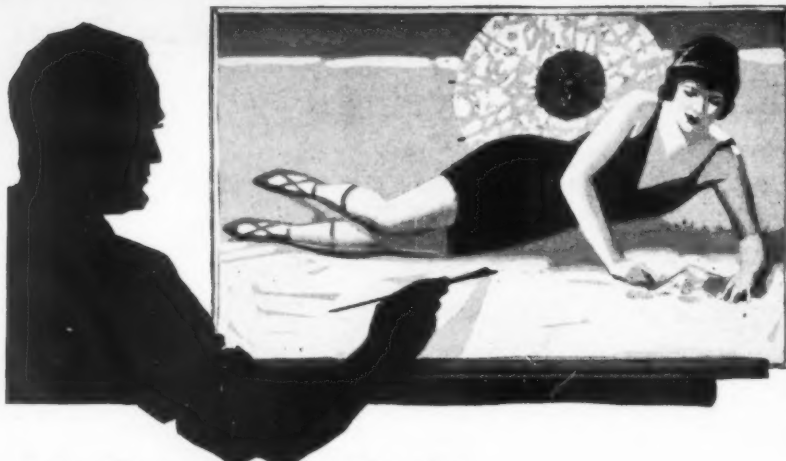
City State

The STRANSKY VAPORIZER Saves Gasoline

J. A. Stransky Manufacturing Co.

Resources \$500,000.00

B-1150, STRANSKY BLOCK, PUKWANA, S. D.



Make Money DRAWING

THERE are only a limited number of people who have natural artistic ability. If you like to draw—an almost sure indication of talent—don't fail to make the most of it. Lift yourself above the ordinary routine jobs—train your ability and become a Commercial Artist.

Good designs and illustrations are a *necessity* to modern business and advertising. Big prices are paid to artists who have properly trained themselves. Many Federal Students are earning \$3,500, \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal Course is practical from A to Z, and gives you *personal* criticisms on your lessons.

Federal Students Make Good Incomes

These are typical letters from many hundreds in our files:

"Never Less than \$70 a Week—Sometimes \$300"

Mr. M. O. H. wrote us: "The Federal methods have certainly taken a high place in my estimation. The Course has been very interesting as well as understandable. I completed six of the twelve lessons speedily, but was soon crowded with work which has paid for the Course time and time again."

"I am now doing nothing but commercial art and making as high as \$300 a week—never less than \$70.00."

\$10,000 a Year in His Own Studio

Read what Mr. Edwin McTeer says:

"I was not very talented when I entered this training with you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had high school training and I know any one with a love for the work can accomplish even more than I if they will just let you people, the Federal Schools, help them."

"I suppose you remember I opened my own independent commercial art studio and to make a long

story short my earnings are now at the rate of over \$10,000.00 a year."

This Girl Is Independent

Florinda E. Klester writes us:

"Besides the good training I have received from the course when I took it, you people have always given me such wonderful help in my work that I shall be proud to be able to say I am a graduate of the Federal School."

\$3800 a Year and Just Started

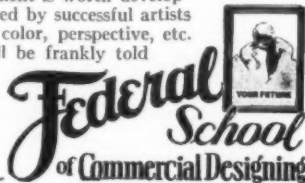
A letter from Mr. Lloyd Shirley:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3,800 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

How to Test Your Artistic Ability

Here is an interesting, easy way to learn if your talent is worth developing. Send for our Art Ability Questionnaire, prepared by successful artists to test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. You can do this without obligation, and you will be frankly told what your score is. We will also send you our book, "YOUR FUTURE," showing work by Federal Students and describing the Course in detail.

Investigate! Send the coupon now for your questionnaire. Please state age and occupation.



1651 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your Art Ability Questionnaire, and book, "YOUR FUTURE."

Age..... Occupation.....

Name.....

(Write your address plainly in margin)

The School Famous for Successful Students



If
you love courage
If
you love adventure
If
you love horses



If
you love the deeds
of strong men
and brave women
done on the
sun-baked ranch,
the high seas,
and in the heat of battle
If
you love sparkling humor,
pathos, and happy endings
you will love

THEY ALSO SERVE

by

PETER B. KYNE

Price \$2.00

Wherever Books Are Sold

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
New York

SIMMONS American Beauty Davenbed

SIMMONS 25 LB. Felted Cotton Mattress
Genuine Simmons Spring

\$100 DOWN

\$17.65 ON CREDIT



HOW IT WORKS

One section slides out simply and easily on rollers. Then unfold the mattress, and it makes a bed 45 inches wide by 75½ inches long. To close, just fold the mattress and slide in one section under the other. A child can do it. The flounced valance of the cretonne covered mattress hides all the framework, as you see.

MORE THAN A DAVENPORT MORE THAN A BED

Takes the place of a regular davenport at one-fifth the cost. In many ways far superior. Lots more comfortable. More cheerful looking. More substantial. Stands hard usage better. Fits in with any furnishings. Groups well with other furniture. A wonderful piece around which to build a real American living room.

All day long, it is one of the really attractive, home-like, pretty spots of any room. All day long, it is an ornamental and useful piece of furniture. When night comes, it is a real bed—not a make-believe one. Opened up in a jiffy, it is a full size, comfortable, honest-to-goodness bed.

When company comes, it provides plenty of sitting room for everybody. When visitors stay overnight, it means a real extra bed.

All the family gets use out of it. Everybody piles in it. The little ones curl up in it. The grown-ups stretch out in it. Mother snatches forty winks in between tasks. Dad catnaps in it after supper.

LOVELIEST CRETONNE FULL RUFFLED FLOUNCE

The cretonne covering is unusually heavy. Costs fully one-half more than generally used.

The background is a rich velvety black. It is profusely covered with flowers and foliage in natural effects. It includes a variety of shades of green, yellow, red and lavenders.

The Spring is genuine Simmons double link twisted wire fabric. Supported at each end with small coil springs! Edges have steel bands for reinforcing.

The head and foot ends are of steel, finished in a walnut brown enamel. The main post is round tubing, 1 1/16 ins. in diameter. The filling rods are of half-in. round tubing. The bottom cross rod is 3/8-in. round tubing. Wide solid steel panel in the head end and foot end, 6 1/4 ins. in width, running the full length and richly decorated with floral design to match the pattern in the cretonne.

When closed, the Davenbed is 24 inches wide and 76 inches long over all. It is 75 1/2 inches long between the ends. The ends are 30 ins. high from the floor.

On Approval

PIN A DOLLAR TO THE COUPON

The name SIMMONS on beds, mattresses and springs, counts for as much as STERLING on silverware. It is the mark and stamp of quality. SIMMONS products are standard. To buy from SIMMONS is to purchase life-long satisfaction. Service that outlasts all memory of price.

This Davenbed is genuine SIMMONS—all the way through. The picture shows its beauty. SIMMONS guarantee its quality. And quality goes further than beauty, design and finish.

The further you search and seek for superior points, the more you will appreciate the difference between a SIMMONS Davenbed and the ordinary Day-Bed.

SIMMONS 25-LB. FELTED COTTON MATTRESS

There is no Davenbed on the market selling up to as much as \$40.00, that has a mattress of layer felted cotton of equal quality and weight.

The pad that comes with this Davenbed is a genuine SIMMONS 25-lb. felted cotton mattress. Twenty-five pounds of the cleanest, whitest, fluffiest cotton. Layer upon layer to obtain its resulting cushiony springiness, its life-long restfulness.

It's the same way with the construction of the bed itself. It's the same with the spring on which the splendid mattress rests. It is all built, in every part, as tight as a drum. Built for sleep, like all SIMMONS products. Noise is eliminated. No squeaks, no rattle, no pulling apart, no sagging of the springs. The parts are fitted like a watch.

It is doubtful if any imitation of this Davenbed could be produced to sell for as low a

NO ORDERS FILLED IN CITIES OF 100,000 POPULATION OR MORE

Spiegel
 May, Stern Co.

1231 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

price. Even then you would have only guess-work quality, by unknown makers.

Paint and varnish can't take the place of real construction and super-quality materials. Five, ten or fifteen dollars more would regularly be paid for this identically same bed.

DOLLAR DOWN—\$1.50 MONTHLY PIN A DOLLAR TO THE COUPON

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Wouldn't You Like to Know Us?



IN Next Month's Smart Set You Will Meet These Fascinating Girls in the Most Vivid Story of Girls' College Life Ever Written.

Sylvia Hartnett, who in spite of her Puritan ancestry likes to play with fire,

Sara La Lond, brilliant student and all-round athlete who is the college mystery,

Verity Clarke, who looks like a child but frequently acts like a remarkably intelligent grown-up,

And their equally delightful and attractive pals.

ONCE you've walked across Sperry Campus with Sylvia, Sara and Verity to meet the rest of the bunch you'll be completely under the spell of these "H. B. V.'s." You'll have a permanent date with them for many consecutive months as they appear in Smart Set.

If you're a girl you'll cram for mid-years, share secrets, boy friends and wardrobes; go to junior proms, wrangle over the foolishness of rules; work a little, play a lot and have a thoroughly good time all the while.

IF you're a man you'll fall in love with one of the charming occupants of suite 20, Trumbull House, or perhaps with all three. We'll be surprised if you don't for they are real, live, human, lovable, peppy, but still wholesome girls, as feminine as Eve although the apple of human knowledge may no longer be forbidden them.

Nowhere, save in the sacred precincts of a girls' college, could Warner Fabian have gathered from life the pictures he has drawn for Smart Set readers in his new novel, beginning in the March issue, and called

"UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT"

?

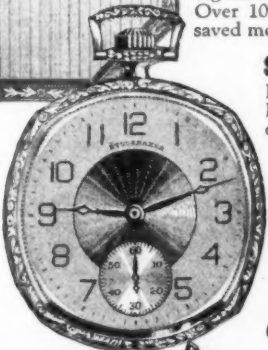
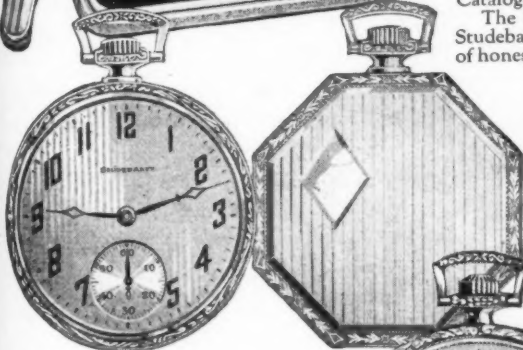


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Cinderella's Daughter

By JOHN
ERSKINE



WHEN Cinderella put on the slipper and the Prince announced that he would marry her, she exhibited unusual magnanimity, you remember—she forgave her heartless step-sisters on the spot and in the exaltation of the moment invited them to take up their residence with her at the royal palace.

... As it turned out, the elder sister was too angry to accept, and she was the homely one, anyway. . . . Javotte, the younger, . . . dedicated herself to the general good and managed to give Cinderella a great deal of advice, often in the Prince's presence, during the honeymoon.

At the end of that episode she retired from the household. Cinderella, she complained, paid no attention to her. She meant, the Prince paid none.

But during the next seventeen or eighteen years he thought of her every now and then. He half suspected the melancholy truth at last, though of course he refused to entertain it as a conviction, that she, not Cinderella, was the one he should have married. . . . Cinderella had no love for ceremony; Javotte doted on it. Cinderella was restive under the rules of—shall we say, decorum?

... Their daughter became a problem, or rather the central occasion for debate between them. The child really behaved well, betrayed no inordinate impulses, would have satisfied any parents whose thoughts were peaceful. She looked like Cinderella and acted like the Prince. So each thought she needed rescue and contended for posses-

sion of her soul. . . . He hoped, by beginning early, to prevent those whimsical characteristics which made her mother so attractive in a casual meeting and so exasperating in a permanent relation. Cinderella determined that the spark in the child should not be smothered.

"She'll never get on, your way," protested the Prince.

"What do you mean get on?" said his wife.

"I dislike a vulgar phrase," said the Prince. "Unless she is trained to it, we'll have difficulty in marrying her into a family of blood. They are few, and their standards are high."

"Cereus will marry as high as is good for her. Neither too poor nor too powerful. Neither cinders nor ceremony. There's a sad resemblance between extremes."

... This is the way John Erskine, who gave us "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," begins his story of the later life of Cinderella and the Prince . . . in

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The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves fighting against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do

"wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

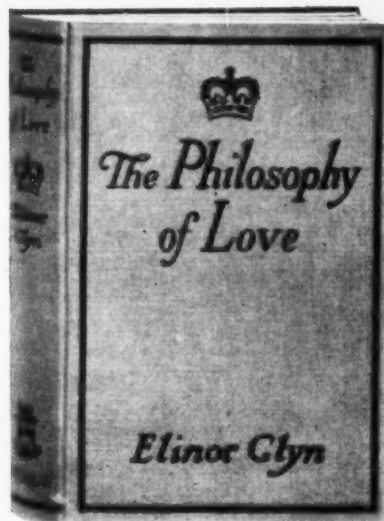
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not



WARNING!

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more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- why most women don't know how to make love.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- how to make love keep you young.
- must all men be either "dudes" or devils?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."
- how to make people do the things you want them to.

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This Funny World

AS SEEN BY ALECK SMART



You and the Editor

What do you think of "Uneasy Love"? As though there was ever such a thing as "easy love"! Anyway the girl who tells this story seems to have got a corner on the world's visible supply of "Uneasy Love." Go ahead and read it so you can thrill along with her. You'll have the time of your life. After that if you want a highly concentrated thrill read "Whose Queen?" That will give you some inside facts you've longed for. "Mama! How Could you?" and "A Cure for Love" will cure those blues—and you'll be glad you didn't miss them.

Good-by, Love

The Church of England has taken St. Valentine out of the Prayer Book. Next they will be trying to take love out of life.

It's Here, Old Top

"Someday someone is going to write a true story of college life," sneers Muggie, "but it isn't going to be published." Don't be too sure of that, old



Muggie. Just take a look at Warner Fabian's story, "Unforbidden Fruit," which starts in Smart Set next month. Bet you change what you call your mind.

Just Before the Battle, Mother!

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
And nothing in the world makes me quite so wild;
Till a girl comes along with a mothering twist—
And then I thank God for the things I've missed.

Sometimes I feel that I'm almost gone,
I hate this Funny World and my friends do wrong;
Till a girl comes along and she looks at me—
And I turn my back on melan-chol - e

It May Be All True

I'd like to be in Florida
Far from these northern breezes,
And have a perfect torrid day
Without my coughs and sneezes.

I'd find me out a peacharine
And do my best to charm 'er,
For girls down there, they all declare,
Are certainly much warmer.



More or Less Mash Notes

We Will, Though

Say, This Funny World is great. You couldn't possibly make it any better. Don't try.—J. Burnett Hamilton, Ottawa, Kan.

What! Only "Almos"?

I enjoy reading This Funny World in SMART Set almost as much as the stories. It sure is some magazine! My husband and I both think it's great.—Mrs. L. W. Anderson, Flint, Mich.

The More, the Better

I certainly enjoy the Funny World page. Only wish there was more of it. I always have a good word for SMART SET and like it better the more I read it.—Mrs. Claude E. Parker, Batavia, Iowa.

Who Said Flappers and Why?

Bob Carr, with his "Crucible of Youth," has brought the flappers and the sheiks out into the daylight. He's made 'em sit up and beg and get busy telling what's what. But that seems to be a job—it takes such a lot of telling. Now just be honest with old Aleck: Are you or ain't you? . . . All right; that's what we thought and that being the case, we're for you. Go ahead and have a good time and don't let that Relativity theory make you think you'll be young more than once. It's a safe bet at good odds that you won't. And when you're old you're awful old. By the way, don't hurry that age stuff. Better keep hanging on to the early years as long as possible.

Wit' the College Wits

"Twenty years ago," sagely suggests Poniter, "the girls never thought of doing the things they do now. That's the reason they didn't do them." . . . "She's only a garbage collector's daughter," sighs the Green Goat, "but she ain't to be sniffed at" . . . "A kiss in time saves nine miles walk," philosophizes the Columbia Jester. . . . "When Susie was a little baby she was petted quite a bit," says Ghost. "She is now eighteen and the situation is much the same" . . . "Gentlemen prefer blondes," according to the Reserve Red Cat, "because blondes know what gentlemen prefer" . . . "Speaking of neckwear," says the Sewanee Mountain's Goat, "that girl has lasted longer than any one I know."

At Last! Cash for Poets

A madonna-like lady serene
Went out in a Boy Friend's machine;
Her serenity fled
As she walked home to bed

Now poets, get busy. Give us that last line and be sure the last word of your line rhymes with machine. For the best line SMART SET will pay \$5 and \$1 for each of the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes Jan. 31, 1928.



Just a Simple Little Error

When this sap died he was healthy and strong.

"Hubby's out of town," said the girl.
She was wrong.

Prize Winners

More lose than win in these limerick contests—so there's always a chance for you. Tackle the new one on this page right now and make yourself some ready cash—maybe. December first prize winner is Mrs. Earl Victor, of Pullman, Wash., whose line, "But you'd blush if I told you the rest," gathered in the five spot. Hope she invests it wisely. The clever ones who each garnered a dollar prize are: Bess Stagman, Norwood, Ohio; Mary H. Leggio, New York City; Agnes Miller, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ena Churchill, Carson City, Neb.; Mrs. Wade S. Madden, Harlan, Ky. There you are! Now get busy with this month's big chance.



Never Lonely Now!

Since I Found This Quick Easy Way to Play The Piano—Without a Teacher!

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. No one seemed to take to me. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. Suddenly I found myself with hosts of friends—the center of attraction—the life of every party. I was popular everywhere!

Here's how it happened! Somehow I've never had the knack of making friends. I was never noticed at a party. Always I found myself sitting alone. I guess it was my own fault, though. I had nothing to offer! No musical ability—no gift of wit—nothing to entertain others. So I was left to myself more and more—left to dreaded solitude.

One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb and the four blank walls of my bedroom seemed to crush me like a prison. I could stand it no longer. Anything was better than that lonely room. I wandered out into the deserted streets—unconscious of the drizzling rain.

Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. For an instant my spirits rose, and then fell as I realized that the fun was not for me. Through the open window I could see couples dancing—others talking—all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had friends—popularity—happiness—all the things I longed for—but didn't have! I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

All the way home I kept thinking of that scene through the window. It depressed me. The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. He greeted me cordially: "Hello, Dick, glad to see you."

"Feeling pretty blue, Tom, so I thought I'd call. Lucky to find you in, though. It

doesn't happen very often," I answered. "Well, you came to the right place. Music will soon make you forget your troubles."

Tom sat down at his piano and began to play. Never have I been so moved by music. The happy hours sped past as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz hits, sonatas poured from his expert fingers. When he had finished, I sighed—sighed enviously.

"Thanks, Tom, it was wonderful. What I wouldn't give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and said, "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact, not so long ago, I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

The New Way to Learn Music

Then he told me about a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of practice. You played real music from the start. When I left Tom, it was with new hope. If he could learn to play this way, so could I! That very night I wrote for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed! I never dreamed that playing the piano could be so simple—even easier than Tom had pictured it. Then and there I knew I could learn to play.

The course was as much fun as a game. No more dreary nights for me. And as the lessons continued they got easier. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorites—almost before I knew it. I soon would be able to play jazz, ballads, classical numbers, all with equal ease!

Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party, and this time I had something to offer. But I never dreamed that things would happen as they did.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed: "Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here. What will we do without some one to play the piano?"

Amazed at my confidence, I spoke up: "I'll try to fill Tom's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why, I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered. Quietly I sat down and ran my fingers over

the keys. As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but I was holding the party spellbound!

Then as I played, I forgot the people and lost myself in my own music. The room became a field—a field dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more. Only too glad, I played piece after piece. My heart was filled with joy—for I—who had been an outsider—was now the life of the party.

Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. Now I never have a lonesome moment. At last I am popular. And to think it was all so easy!

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkably easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand.

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Piano Accordion	Piano Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture	Harmony and
Composition	Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger	Control
Banjo (Tenor, Plectrum	or 5-String)

Straight From the Shoulder Advice to an Anxious Mother

Why Must a Girl Hide Her Love?



By
MARTHA
MADISON

TO ALL outward appearances this is an answer to a letter recently received from Everett G.'s mad mama. But it is also intended to put a bee in the bonnets of some of you girls who believe that clothes make the girl and hold the man.

Says Everett's mad mama:

"I think it is perfectly disgusting the way the girls chase after the boys these days. The minute my boy gets home from work the telephone starts to ring; our dinner is a perfect Bedlam simply because the girls will not let him alone. He never spends an evening with us. Every Sunday he's off gallivanting around with some girl. And such girls! If I were a boy I wouldn't notice them. Here's an example:

"Everett has a motor-cycle, and last Sunday he said he was taking some girl called Violet on a picnic. Violet was to ride on the seat behind him, he said, and they were going to have a 'swell' time.

"A short time after he left, he returned for an extra sweater and this Violet was with him. You had to look twice before you were sure she was a girl. Greasy corduroy knickers, a boy's cap, a pair of boots that looked like brogans. The dust had already streaked her face, and I felt like yanking her off the machine and shoving her into the bathtub. 'Get a wiggle on, kid,' she called after Everett, and I wondered how any man could respect or admire such a girl.

"My son admitted that this Violet person is one of the girls who calls him up so often, and he insists she's a 'peach,' and 'a good kid.' But I get cold shivers when I try to picture her in a kitchen or rearing a child.

"I'm not asking you to tell me how I can make Everett stop seeing this girl, or how I can stop the others from calling him up. I have enough sense to know it can't be done. I simply want to air my views on the subject in the hope that

you may say something in reply that will give these girls the hint they need. When I was a girl we had our good times, but in a decent, respectable way, and we never thought of running after boys."

All right, Everett's mother. Now I'll make a few comparisons, if you don't mind.

Of course, when you were a girl, you didn't do the things the girls do today. You couldn't have done them, even if you'd wanted to.

There weren't so many telephones or motor-cycles or rubber-tired whirlwinds.

People in general were more easily controlled. Those who may have had their doubts about conventionality didn't go round talking about it. And the grown-ups weren't forever haranguing and driving the young ones into mischief.

PEOPLE found amusement in the simple things they did in their homes and girls were, to some extent, taught to be meek and submissive.

Knickers? I should say not! And "nice" girls didn't go to work either as generally as they do now. It was the men who made the living for their families. That gave them the right to do the proposing and forced the girls to be patient and hopeful. Why, in your day, if a girl ran after a man, people either said she was looking for a meal ticket or was afraid of being an old maid. No matter how much in love she might be, she seldom dared to suggest marriage. It was the man's place because he held the purse-strings.

And don't forget the chaperons!

But it's all very different now. Girls don't have to take anything and everything that's handed them in the matrimonial line. When they see what they want, they go after it.

This Violet person, as you call her, [Continued on page 128]



Robert Hichens

who wrote

"The Garden of Allah"

now tells of

Valentine Morris

the beautiful woman

from nowhere,

handicapped by a child

born out of wedlock,

intent on a career,

the idol of

Bohemian London,

loved,

unloving,

careless of life,

modern, elegant,—

a woman with a devil

in her soul

in

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A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy!

In another case a physician placed a copy in his waiting-room. More than 200 patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ordered copies for themselves!

Why are people so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any one can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly*! It explains how to gain *overnight* the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, well-liked wherever you go!

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She Trod the Path of Uneasy Love



I Am Bobby Mayo

My place was in society. I was born to share in the gay life of smart people. Yet, without money, I had only my beauty and my determination to help me crash the gates of society. I was truly a modern Cinderella. Never did I imagine the really amazing things that were to happen to me after I borrowed a lovely gown to go to Miss Gold's party. My bewildering experiences led me into contact with the most dangerous man in the country and my life as his midnight sweetheart was one surprising thrill after another. On the next page you can read my story of "Uneasy Love" that taught me how New York's four-hundred live

CAN A POOR GIRL CRASH

WHEN days are horrid in New York, you know how horrid they are! This Tuesday morning in November when real life began for me, though I didn't dream it had begun, was one of the horriest ever. Rain, mud and cold that made me wish I'd bought my winter coat, only I hadn't pennies enough to buy the one I wanted, and that was a thought to paint life black.

Mrs. Farwell was as snappy as the weather. Very different manners from last June, when she came south to Riverdale for a holiday, met me, and decided that I was born to be a mannequin in her new—well, I don't know if I should call it "shop!" But anyhow, here I was, sitting in a large dove-colored room where beautiful antique furniture was scattered about, for sale, with here and there a Paris scarf or cloak thrown over a chair as if dropped by some lovely lady.

In reality they were meant for ladies, lovely or otherwise, to buy, and it was my job to show them.

In a back room were wardrobes full of Paris dresses which Mrs. Farwell imported, and she was as cross as the most commercial tradeswoman when business wasn't brisk.

How could she expect customers to blow in on such a morning, even in Rolls Royces? In any case, they didn't, and I was allowed to sit idly in a Chanel red frock on a green brocaded Italian sofa, while Mrs. Farwell read her letters.

The frock was her property. So were the shoes and stockings to match.

When I arrived in New York two months before, I had envied no one on earth. Mrs. Farwell's compliments had made me hope that the "prettiest girl in Riverdale" might be one of the prettiest girls in New York. I'd expected lots of Cinderella, moving-picture sort of things to happen, and nothing had happened at all. I had got nowhere, and at the very minute when Life was on its way to me, I was envying a girl I'd never seen.

Her name was Virginia Gold. I was gazing at her photograph in a smart magazine, and I suppose the comparison I was making between her fate and mine came from the wording under the picture. She, the loveliest girl in New York!

Why, I would be twice as pretty if I had half her chance!

She was an heiress and an orphan. An aunt, who was the widow of a French Count, was her chaperon. They lived in a famous house in Washington Square, and Miss Gold also owned a place on Long Island, called "Sea Winds." She and the Comtesse d' Amaranthe were to have a week-end party there in honor of Miss Gold's birthday.

IT SEEMED that she had a birthday party each year, but this one, with the ball on Friday night, was to be particularly brilliant. A new ballroom had been built with a glass floor and a scheme of changing colored lights that would make New York hotel ballrooms "look like Noah's Ark." Miss Gold, interviewed about her birthday party, called it an "old-fashioned country affair "with surprises and favors," but



Uneasy

*Beginning
My Romantic Adventures
As a Midnight Sweetheart
In the Most Fascinating
And Most Dangerous Playground
In the World*

THE GATES OF SOCIETY?

With Drawings from Life

By

C. D. SKIDMORE

the list of invited guests proved that her estimate was too modest. Even to me some of those names had grown familiar through reading Sunday supplements.

I began to day-dream. Supposing one of Mrs. Farwell's clients should happen to drop an engraved invitation from her handbag, and I—

But no, in the next paragraph Miss Gold informed the interviewer that her country parties were very informal. She and her aunt 'phoned their friends and asked them for the week-end.

LAST year, however, something rather unpleasant had occurred. A girl journalist had "crashed the gate" with a man. The two had been taken for guests and let in without any trouble. That was of no importance; now and then pushers did crash in at parties. But this cat of a girl had written up the affair in her awful paper, and the article had been quoted everywhere. You would have fancied "Sea Winds" a sort of Zoo in Sodom or Gomorrah!

My heart missed a beat. So, people crashed in at these parties, pretending to be guests, and nobody minded if they didn't behave like cats! A girl might get away with it if she were pretty and well turned out. Yes, even a girl like me!

What an adventure! In a movie or a story book the little mannequin, divinely beautiful and wonderfully dressed, would float in, make the sensation of the evening, and annex the handsomest, youngest, richest millionaire, if not a visiting prince. But, oh, the colossal cheek she'd need to carry her through! And the glorious dress! Such things didn't happen in real life. Supposing I had the cheek, where would I find the dress?

I almost laughed and almost cried at my own nonsense. A sound made me lay down the magazine. It was the click of the elevator door which opened directly into Mrs. Farwell's showroom. Customers! On this day of flood!

I was Mrs. Farwell's only assistant as well as her mannequin, so I moved forward with the smile I'd been trained to turn on at an instant's notice. I saw a girl of about twenty, my own age, not good-looking, but with an air of being well-bred in spite of her clothes, all of which were exactly wrong!

With her was a middle-aged man, perfectly turned out in contrast to the girl's frumpishness. He had the strangest face I'd ever seen. I don't know how to describe the impression it made on me, except to say that one glance seemed to carve every feature on my memory. As a rule I was interested in customers only if they were handsome or famous, or infamous.

Love

I was left alone as my "family" moved on and my nervousness must have shown in my face, for the three young men gazed at me with sympathetic and rescuing expressions. "Oh, dear," I sighed, and instantly the three invited me to dance

"Good heavens," the man said, "what are you doing out here in the cold and rain without a wrap? Please let me take you right back to the house"

Neither of this pair had charm or beauty; they might be social nobodies; yet never had I been so curious about any of Mrs. Farwell's "prospects."

The man took off his hat as he came into the room, and I saw that in the sleek black hair, brushed away from a square forehead, there was one thick white lock. He had unusually heavy brows drawn like a straight line of ink across the bridge of his nose. And what a nose! Evidently it had been broken, but somehow, instead of being repulsive, it gave a bizarre sort of attraction to the reddish, darkly sunburned face. The jaw was square, and with that broken beak, made the man look ruthless, almost brutal until he smiled, which he did as Mrs. Farwell recognized and greeted him as she invariably made a point of greeting newcomers. "Why, isn't it Mr. Breckenridge Lawrence?" she exclaimed in such a cooing tone that I knew Mr. Lawrence must be of importance.

"Nobody else!" he answered, and the look in his light, deep-set eyes said: "For good or ill, there aren't two of us on earth!" And that broad smile said that it amused him to be one of the ugliest men on that same earth!

"We've never met," Mrs. Farwell said, "but I've often seen you, and I know some of your friends. I wonder—did some one send you to me, or did this young lady—?"

"Miss Blake!" he said, and his voice was so deep a bass that I could imagine him singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" or some old-fashioned "show-off" thing such as I'd heard at church concerts in Riverdale. "She lives in Wash-

ington and heard of you from someone there I guess."

A look of comprehension flashed across Mrs. Farwell's face. She asked no more questions and was given no more explanations. But I saw that she knew something exciting and hoped that she'd tell me what it was when the two had gone.

MRS. FARWELL confined her catechism to the dresses Miss Blake wished to see, and before deciding the girl glanced at her companion.

"I told you anything you wanted!" he said, but instead of looking at her, he was looking at me!

I had the queerest feeling, but I was too well trained as a mannequin by this time to pay any attention to men who came to see their womenfolk buy frocks. However, as I obeyed orders and floated away to bring armfuls of dresses



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and cloaks to show Miss Blake I wondered to myself: "Can he be her Sugar Daddy? Surely not! She's not pretty, or chic enough. Though he's ugly, he's terribly distinguished. He'd pick a beauty."

Miss Blake selected three sport costumes with rakish little hats to match, a couple of afternoon dresses, and then asked to see more evening dresses than those I had already produced.

She was rather dark than fair, and Mrs. Farwell had told me to show a gold tissue, a yellow georgette and a scarlet velvet with daring embroideries.

"I'd like to look at something white, and a rose color," the girl said.

Mr. Lawrence shrugged his big shoulders, which looked like those of a well-dressed prize-fighter, as much as to say, "Your blood be on your own head, my dear!" For white

it's not your sort. Why don't you take the yellow one?"

"I thought you said I could have anything I wanted!" said Miss Blake, and she pouted like a child.

This time his shrug was more emphatic. "Very well, suit yourself! It's your funeral."

The girl's small, sallow face looked as obstinate as a monkey's. She turned to Mrs. Farwell.

"I'd take that, only I'm afraid it's too big for me. This young woman is so large!"

ME! LARGE! What a cat! I am tall, five feet five, but I weigh only one hundred and five pounds. Several artist neighbors of mine in Greenwich Village had told me before I'd been in New York a month that my figure, as well as my face, was a "dream." Besides, I knew I was "all right,"

"No, no!" I panted. "Not back to the house. Oh, do save me! I'll be so thankful! Please! I haven't done anything wrong, really"

and rose were the last colors that sallow young female should wear.

"Miss Mayo—Roberta, put on the 'Rose of Love' so Miss Blake can judge it better," Mrs. Farwell commanded.

I swam off, mannequin fashion, and presently returned in the dress I liked best of all our collection. I hoped Miss Blake wouldn't buy the lovely thing. It would be cruel to the dress for her to wear it!

At first glance the girl had taken a dislike to me. She'd shown it in the subtle way women can, without a word or gesture, making me feel that, in her eyes, no beauty I might have could matter. I was out of her class, a sort of servant. But when I came towards her, walking down the long room in the "Rose of Love," she hated me. And it didn't improve matters when Mr. Lawrence said:

"For the Lord's sake, don't choose that! It's all right for a dazzling type like the model, but

and a little more than all right, or Mrs. Farwell would have left me in Riverdale.

"The Rose of Love" was too large, Mrs. Farwell admitted. "But what about the scarlet with jeweled peacock feathers, or—"

"Can't you have this one made smaller in a hurry?" cut in Miss Blake.

Little did I guess that my fate hung in the balance.

Mrs. Farwell explained that her "little place" wasn't an ordinary dressmaking establishment. She simply acted as agent for a friend in Paris. She had nobody competent to change so complicated a gown. It might easily be ruined.

Suddenly my mood changed. Instead of grudging the "Rose of Love" to Miss Blake, I yearned for



I jumped as if I had been shot when I saw Breakneck Lawrence standing on guard at the door I'd meant to enter. It was too late to run away, so I stood still

her to buy it, and there was method in my madness. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Farwell," I ventured. "May I suggest that I could make the dress right if it isn't needed too soon. You've complimented me, haven't you, on my skill?"

"It's needed on Friday," said Miss Blake.

My enthusiasm died. Friday was the night!

"Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't do the work quite so soon," I said.

"I have only my own time at home to work in."

"Well, Saturday, then. I could buy the white and wear that on Friday night, if it fits," she said.

Hope rose again. "I could guarantee the 'Rose' for Satur-

day," I promised. "I have half a day off. By six o'clock in the afternoon it could be at your house or hotel."

"Good," said Miss Blake, though there was no gratitude in her eyes. And to tell the truth, I didn't deserve gratitude. On the contrary. The wildest, most wonderful idea had darted into my brain. It was as if a voice had whispered: "You could crash into Miss Gold's birthday party on Friday night in the 'Rose of Love' if you could get it." And now it looked as if I should!

Oh, how my heart beat! It would be no harm. I would only borrow the dress. I'd be as careful as if it were made of spun glass. It wouldn't be hurt. Miss Blake, the hateful cat, would never know. Besides, wasn't I doing her a great favor? What if I did take my own reward?

When the girl had tried the dresses and Mr. Lawrence had stared at me a good deal more, a check for what I thought a huge sum was made out to Mrs. Farwell. Then the two departed and as the elevator shot them down, my boss turned eagerly to me.

"Good girl, Bobby, to help me out," she said. "I want to get." (Oh, if she had guessed!) "Do you happen to know who that man is?"

"No," I said.

"Why, it's the famous 'Breakneck Lawrence.' That's his nickname, taken from Breckenridge, because he's such a daredevil. There's nothing he won't do. He's a millionaire, and comes of fine family, but he doesn't care a pin for birth or conventions. He's more interested in prize-fighters than the set he was born to. You noticed his nose? Well, that was broken in a match with Carpentier or someone, though, of course, he's an amateur.

"Women are supposed to find him all the more attractive because he's rather hideous. He has a name for liking them too, though he's married; separated from his wife, not divorced. She lives in Washington and spends a lot of time in Europe. This girl with him, Miss Blake, must be his wife's daughter by her first husband. She was a Mrs. Blake, a beauty in her day! But that was a good while ago. She's older than 'Breakneck,' and he must be well over forty. I hear she's gone all to bits in looks now and they never see each other, though he's good to this girl. He has a beautiful apartment on Park Avenue, but I think he lives mostly at his place on Long Island, for he's distinctly a sportsman, an out-of-doors man."

I listened vaguely. I was not as much interested in hearing this information as Mrs. Farwell was in giving it, because I hardly expected to see Mr. Lawrence again; and besides, my whole mind was concentrated upon that dress, the "Rose of Love." It was arranged that I should take it home in a taxi, for which Mrs. Farwell would pay. The cloak I might as well leave, she said. But I had to have the cloak! I told her that it needed to be shortened for Miss Blake, which was true, and I won.

The room where I lived, I shared with a girl named Julie Barnes. Julie was quite a favorite model with artists in the neighborhood, so she was away a good deal, posing, and out two-thirds of every night at wild parties.

I could have gone to those parties with her, if I liked, and I had at first. But seeing girls and men get so drunk that they were silly hadn't appealed to me. The men thought I "high-hatted" them. But it wasn't that. It just didn't seem worth while to get "stewed" for the sake of making myself popular. So I wasn't popular. And it's no fun going where you're not.

I HAD no trouble in hiding the "Rose of Love" from Julie, and working on it at night when she was out. My good angel, or my bad angel, I didn't know which, seemed to make it easy for me to carry out my inspiration, or plot, or whatever I ought to call it.

Friday night was the night of Miss Gold's birthday ball at "Sea Winds," and on Friday morning the dress was finished, because I'd worked on it half the night. In the locked drawer where I hid it with the cloak, lay a pair of pink and silver shoes, and filmy stockings to match, which had cost thirty dollars of my savings, almost half of what I'd managed to hoard. I was going! I was going to the ball! I was going to crash the gate. I would be one of the best dressed girls in the wonderful ballroom of changing, colored lights.

The first thing to go wrong was the weather. All day Friday was lowering and as I jumped out of the Fifth Avenue bus at

Eighth Street, rain began to pour down in torrents. I ran three blocks to get home, and arrived sopping wet. To my joy Julie was out. She had a cold and I should have been in a scrape if it had kept her in. Fortunately, it hadn't. She'd left a note. She'd gone to City Island with the "bunch," and wouldn't be back till late. That meant morning! So much the better for me!

There was plenty of time before I had to start on my great adventure, but I felt that I needed every minute. This night was to be the big night of my life. I should at last have a chance to test the beauty which had made me somebody in Riverdale. That is, I would have the chance, if I could get into the house at "Sea Winds."

Before boarding the bus near Mrs. Farwell's, I had stopped at an expensive hairdresser's and had the red-gold hair, that was my glory, washed and water-waved. Also, I had bought some bath salts, and I poured half the bottleful into the water. The rich perfume and the sense of wild extravagance put me into the right mood. And when at last I stood before the mirror, looking just right from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I exclaimed out loud: "Oh, you are beautiful! You are! You must succeed!"

WHEN I had admired myself in all my borrowed glory, I had to take some of it off. The shoes I tucked into the deep pocket of a more or less waterproof tweed coat which was so long it covered my ankles. I wrapped up the cloak in a paper parcel and pulled an old hat well over my hair. Then I took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station which I hadn't seen since I arrived from Riverdale. I was more frightened now than when I'd flung myself, all alone, into the unknown torrent of New York.

A man in the train tried to make me talk, but I had learned how to treat what Julie called "fresh ducks." He got out before Oyster Bay, and I was free.

I HAD telegraphed for a taxi to meet me there, for it was six miles to "Sea Winds," and I'd been afraid to trust to luck. Miss Mayne was the name I had given, and Miss Mayne's taxi was waiting. It was the only cab. All the rest were private cars, and I drove away thinking how wise I'd been. If only I might come off as well in everything else tonight!

"I want to go to 'Sea Winds,' Miss Gold's place," I told the chauffeur. "But don't drive to the house. Stop just inside the gates." I had a good reason for giving that order. I couldn't arrive at a ball in a tweed coat, an old hat and a pair of big overshoes!

Several cars turned in at the open gates while I paid my man and explained to him that I'd telephone his garage when I wished him to return. If there wasn't a train, I added, he could take me as far as Jamaica. Maybe he thought me a crazy Jane, but I gave him a big tip, which probably helped. He said I could count on him. I was also counting on Miss Gold's telephone.

I had to go splashing along an avenue with wet tree branches dripping on my head, and now and then I jumped aside and hid behind a bush while a car with blinding lights swept past.

The rain, thank heaven, had slowed down to a mild drizzle.

At last Miss Gold's house loomed before me, like an Italian palace in a movie, across a stretch of lawn where, in the blazing light from rows of windows, flower-beds showed bright as dropped embroidered shawls. There was a fountain and a sun-dial, and not far off, against a background of trees, I spied a summer-house that pretended to be a Greek temple. "Just the place for a spooning party!" Julie would have said. But it was early in the evening for that, and in such weather it would be more fun to stay indoors. I had the shelter to myself and used it as a dressing-room. Coat, hat and shoes I stuffed under a bench and then—my moment had come! I patted the waves of my hair into place, powdered my nose, folded the silver-lined, rose-colored cloak round me, and, with shoe buckles sparkling, followed a covered walk to the house and hid in the shadow of one of the porch columns, where I could watch smart cars drive up to the door. Two or three discharged young couples, of no use to me. Then came one from which an elderly gentleman, a lady and two girls got out. They were pleasant and kind looking, comfortable, but not magnificent.

"They'll do," I decided, and I cautiously followed "my family" through the door into a wide hall.

Two footmen, who ushered the guests in, glanced at me without any sign of suspicion, and, close on the heels of my unconscious victims, I went upstairs. The three ladies, mother and daughters, had no idea that I had attached myself to them, as maids helped us out of our cloaks in the most gorgeous bedroom I had ever seen.

I followed them down the broad stairs at a discreet distance and had to pause outside the door of a grand reception room. Beyond this was the ballroom, the famous new ballroom I had read about. The lights hadn't begun to change color yet, but there was music calling, luring music from an orchestra I couldn't see.

Evidently ten-thirty was the edge of the evening here! Few couples had begun to dance. Over the music rose the sound of laughter and voices. There was a fragrance of flowers, and the spice of freshly-cut pine branches. My heart pounded as I saw Miss Gold, whom I knew from her photographs, chatting with three or four young men. A high-nosed lady, born to be a countess as well as an heiress's aunt, stood near her. They were still receiving the stream of guests.

To my horror a stately man-servant addressed my adopted father.

"What name shall I announce, sir?"

I had never thought of that! People's names were not announced at Riverdale parties, nor at those in Greenwich Village, where I'd gone with Julie Barnes. I glanced wildly around, thinking to escape, but a group of newcomers pressed behind me. I was lost!

"Mr. and Mrs. Morse, and the Misses Morse!" bawled the butler.

[Continued on page 94]



I have been waiting here for you since eight," Breakneck said. "I figured you would come early and leave a letter for Mrs. Farwell. Don't look at me as if I were an ogre. I haven't come here to try to catch you"



Wide World

Booth Tarkington

Declares Lovers Do Not Put Their Love on Trial

*I*n all of this talk about experiments in marriage little thought seems to have been given the emotions of those most closely involved. Does Booth Tarkington, the distinguished novelist, express the whole truth when he writes: "People in love don't say, 'Oh, we're on trial. It probably won't last.' When we fall in love we say, 'I love you utterly. I shall always love you.' The fact that in five or ten years their love may perish has no interest for them. Should they put such a beautiful thing as their love on trial? Preposterous!"

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BOOTH TARKINGTON

who so clearly portrayed boyhood in *PENROD*; who proved in *SEVENTEEN* that he knew adolescence; who showed you the heart of a girl in *ALICE ADAMS*, and whose views on marriage are always interesting, here takes a decided stand on



Courtesy of
Doubleday
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As Told to
DOROTHY HOLM

The Folly of TRIAL MARRIAGES

WHAT will happen to marriage is the question the world is asking. While one group "views with alarm" an age-old custom that has always had its following, another group proceeds to demolish the structure of marriage as being "outworn." Yet the great majority accept it and are trying now to adjust it, as they have had to adjust themselves, to the changing times.

On one point most of us are agreed. Marriage is the best thing we have had so far. It has withstood the attacks of every age, and, despite the increasing number of divorces, it shows no sign of tottering today. No substitute has ever been found for marriage. Until something better can be put in its place, marriage will remain.

This chatter of companionate marriage is all nonsense. It won't do at all. It will never be accepted by the majority of people. It is not practical and cannot be made so. Almost the exact idea was proposed more than twenty-five years ago by George Meredith and made no headway whatever. There is an instinctive prejudice against such an idea. It is even deeper than that—it is a natural repulsion.

People in love don't say, "Oh, we're on trial. We will be niggardly in our love. It probably won't last. We're only trying it out anyway."

That is not the way people in love behave. When we fall in love we don't say, "I love you partly." We say, "I am sure. I

love you utterly. I shall always love you." Lovers don't qualify their love. Nice lovers they would be; if they did! The fact that in five or ten years their love may perish has no interest for them at the moment. They have seen that incomprehensible experience come to others, but to themselves, never! Their love is undying. There never was a love like theirs. Should they put such a beautiful, everlasting, God-given thing as their love on trial? Preposterous!

If love and marriage were a thing of the mind, the situation would be different. Then companionate marriage might have some chance. But no matter what the young intellectuals may say, no matter how strong the modern cry, especially on the part of women, is for companionship in marriage, mental companionship has very little to do with people marrying. Marriage has always been and will be a matter of the emotions.



Wide World

PEOPLE aren't looking for companionship when they fall in love; they are attracted and charmed. Presto! They love. The mental part seems to be the last thing they think of. People marry for the same old reason and they fall in love for the same old reason, because they are beglamoured. If they happen to find mental companionship, it is just so much to the good. They have been [Continued on page 140]

The Romance of a Little Miss Man Wise Who at Last Met Her Match

NO WONDER Peggy and Aline were tickled when I reached Miami. We had no sooner got out on the little balcony at their hotel before dinner than they began to tell me all about Carlita Vincenti's big affair with some local sheik. As I gathered it Carlita had fallen like a ton of bricks for one blond, handsome, indifferent male by the name of Stanley Yerkes who had given every woman in Miami heart-rattle, while he remained as unresponsive as a cake of second-hand ice.

"Why, Sally!" Peggy said. "I'm positive Stanley Yerkes thinks more of his big black police dog than he does all the women in creation."

"Well, what's all that got to do with me?" I wanted to know. "It means, Sally Malone, you're going to have a chance to prove your right to the title of Little Miss Man-Wise; you've appeared in the nick of time to do your famous man-wrecking stuff."

There was a swish of silk and I turned to see Carlita coming on to the little balcony. Her dark beautiful face was flushed, and she was awfully excited.

She drew me to the railing. "There he goes. Look, Sally, look!" she said.

A tall handsome man in white clothes with a big black dog at his side was getting into a sporty roadster. I saw him toss what seemed to be a flyer's helmet on the floor of the car.

"What is he, a movie hero?" I asked.

"Ssh!" warned Carlita drawing back.

"Well, he's all rigged up like a picture flyer," I said.

"No, he's a real flyer. War hero, and everything. He flies to Cuba every other night or so. He's very mysterious about it. I'm afraid it means the worst. I'm afraid he's got a girl over there. Maybe that's why he doesn't know any of us are alive. Oh! Sally, you've got to find that out for me. If he's really got a woman in Cuba," her voice dropped to a tragic whisper, "I'll just have to forget him then."

THERE was a roar as of summer thunder in the street below. Carlita jumped as if a gun had gone off. I looked down to see the green roadster darting down the street toward the Miami Beach Club.

Aline coughed, and broke the queer silence that had fallen upon us. "Don't you think we'd better be dressing for Mrs. Winthrop's party?" she asked.

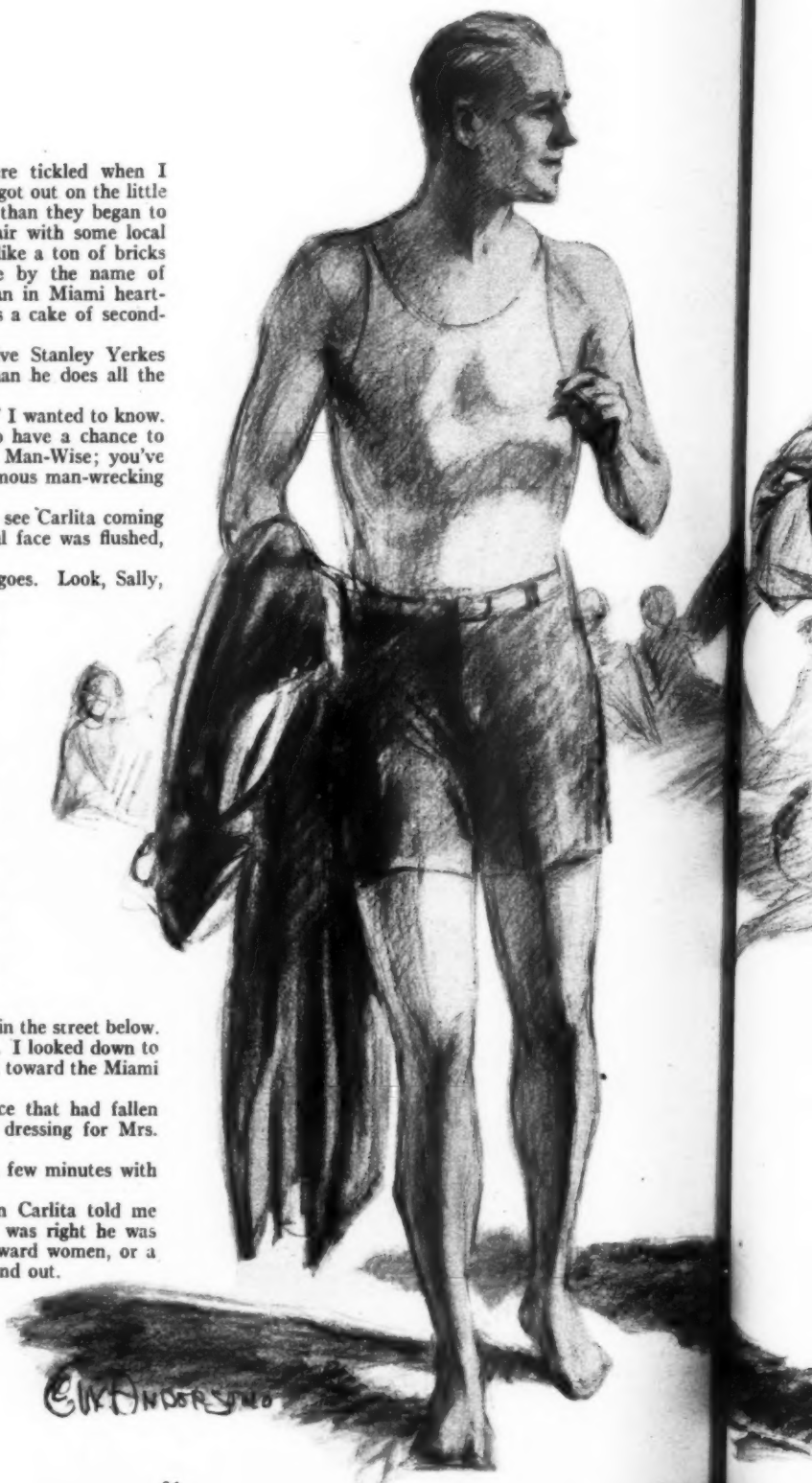
"You two jump into your duds. I want a few minutes with Sally," Carlita said.

Peggy and Aline went in to dress. Then Carlita told me all she knew about Stanley Yerkes. If she was right he was one of two things: honest in his attitude toward women, or a poser. Well, it would not take me long to find out.

With Drawings

from Life

By C. W. ANDERSON



The Love Pirate



Stanley Yerkes in a dinner suit was a good-looking man, but in a bathing suit he fairly made me dizzy. "You're positively too thrilling," I told him and it was the truth. "I wish I had an honest camera to take your picture," Stanley said and the warmth of the Florida sun shone in his blue eyes

My trunk and car had arrived with me on the ship. The former was in my room, opened, and waiting for me to select a dress. There was a stunning gown in my wardrobe fashioned of a new beaded material called "black flame." I held it up against me, and asked Peggy what she thought.

"Don't come near me, Sally Malone, if you wear that dress tonight. I'm sort of keen on the man that's rushing me now," she said.

This decided me. I slipped into the "black flame" hoping that it would prove a challenge to the male contempt I knew only as Stanley Yerkes and whom I was going to shake down, or die in the attempt.

WHEN I met Stanley Yerkes at Mrs. Winthrop's affair I found myself, for the very first time in my life, unable to decide about a man. Neither his indifference, nor his interest in meeting me was obvious. His attitude was simply the impersonal one that any average man exhibits toward someone he meets in the middle of a party. The only way to get anywhere with a man is to go right into personalities. It's a waste of time and effort to spout a lot of general patter to a new man you want to come to some sort of issues with. Still, I didn't want to get too deeply into the personal stuff until I was sure of him. His dog would be personal enough for a starter.

"I saw your big Belgian police pup this afternoon. I'm awfully interested in him. My brother has one. It's the only one in his part of the state. They're quite scarce aren't they? And they rarely attain the size and proportions of your dog, do they?"

"The average Belgian police dog in this country is undersized compared to the German breed, and generally a scraggly affair. But my dog is up to the best mark," he said, as if he were reading information out of a book, and was rather proud of his knowledge as well as of his dog.

"They make friends much more readily than the German dog, don't they?"

"The average one is supposed to. Monsieur le Gendarme makes few friends. He seems content to play around with me."

"Dogs have always liked me. I wonder, some day will you introduce me to Monsieur?"

"Monsieur goes everywhere with me. Even in the plane. He's in my car now. Would you like to see him?"

He took my arm without a word, or a look, and led me out to his car. I purposely let my hand wander down his coat sleeve until it brushed his hand. After all, there wasn't any use dilly dallying around.

Monsieur le Gendarme was some dog! And, after a few moments of formality I was thrilled to see that the pup was making a positive move to be friendly with me. He even left his master's petting to be petted by me! Stanley Yerkes raised his eyebrows at this but I pretended not to see. On the way back to the house he said:

What Do You Think Ought to Happen to A Girl Who Sets Out to Catch a Man for Another Girl?

"Monsieur seemed to like you Miss Malone. I assure you it's unusual."

What struck me most impressively was that Stanley remembered my name. Peggy, or Aline, said he never took note of women's names. Then my scheme must be already working! Another day or so, and I'd have him believing he was the big King Pin of my world and then—oh! look out Mister Blond Mussolini.

I all but chased him for dances, and, say, he could step! I talked him into playing golf with me next afternoon if he got back in time from Cuba. If not, at least we would have a swim together, and in my vaguest manner I promised him all sorts of intrigue if we bumped into each other at the Cruickshanks' pirate party scheduled for the next night.

Caring nothing, except to give him a grand tumble for Carlita's benefit, I had nothing at stake. I could afford to give him the works. So I went out to his car to tell him good night, and beg him to please be careful.

"It makes me awfully nervous to think of you dashing through the sky over all those miles of water," I said, letting my hand remain in his.

"It's really not as bad as it seems. I use a seaplane, and I'm not up more than an hour and a half," he said.

I was tempted to make a wise-crack about his going to see a girl in Havana. Nothing pleases a man more than for one girl to show the faintest hint of jealousy over the idea of another woman in his life. However, I refrained.

"GOOD-BY, Sally," he said, and I realized for the first time that he had been calling me by my first name. Yes, Mister Yerkes was working fast, all right!

"Night, Stan," I said, and for a moment as my eyes met his, I felt very uncertain of the rôle I was playing. But, Monsieur, barking softly as if he were trying to say "good night" too, jumped out of the machine, and held up his paw.

"Oh! you big darling," I said and leaned down to look into his great black dog face. His wistful brown eyes looked back at me, and before I knew it his big tongue licked my cheek. Then like a black flash he was back in the seat next to his master. Stanley Yerkes waved to me, and bent over the wheel. The green car leaped down the road. I stood in my tracks until it was out of sight, strangely moved by the thought that in another half hour, Stanley and his dog would be winging over the sea toward Cuba, and that I would be waiting their return so that I could make a fool out of the dog's master.

This thought was still on my mind when I bumped into an eager Carlita on the Winthrop's side veranda. "I saw you go down to the car with him. Oh! tell me quick, Sally. What do you think? I'm dying to know. Honestly, the one time I danced with him tonight he could have driven a truck over me, and I'd have enjoyed it. Oh! I honestly wished he would have hit me, or something awful right on the floor—"

"Ssh, Carlita. For Pete's sake everybody can hear you," I warned.

"Shucks! Let 'em. This old party's on its last legs now,

and you're tired, just getting in today. Come on, let's go to the hotel where you can tell me everything."

Back on the balcony I told her I thought Stanley Yerkes was only posing indifference. "When I get through with him he'll be a different man, believe me," I said.

"SALLY! You sound so dreadfully awful about it all. I kind of wish I hadn't sicked you on him this way. I hate to think of your being mean to him when—"

"You little goose, you don't deserve to have a man straightened out for you. Here he goes and makes your life miserable and yet you—"

"Honest, Sally, I almost believe I enjoy being miserable over him. Anyhow, I couldn't let you treat him like that unless I was sure he would turn on you like Mussolini would," she faltered.

I could have slapped Carlita. She was being such a little simp. "What you need is sleep. Get to bed, and quit thinking about that posing blond, or I'll call the police," I said.

"I guess I do sound sort of ungrateful after all you're trying to do for me. Good night, Sally, honey, and I'll leave it to you. You always know best about men."

I remained on the balcony in the balmy, moon-silvered air. Miami was asleep. As I sat there dreaming there was a whirring sound in the night, and a plane, headed for the open sea, rushed overhead.

Stanley Yerkes flying to Cuba!

My heart missed a beat at the thought that something awful might happen to him in the mystery of those calm spaces over the sea.

For the second time that evening I experienced a panicky sensation. It was a feeling that made me strangely uncertain of myself, but at the sound of footsteps in the room I pulled myself together.

It was Peggy and Aline. Peggy went right to bed but Aline came out.

"Where's Carlita?" she whispered.

"Asleep, thank heavens," I whispered back.

"Well, tell me. What do you think?" she demanded, curling down beside me in the balcony swing.

"I think his contempt for women, his indifference, and coldness is all a pose for his game."

"Do you think all this, Sally, because you want to think it? You know it's true, we women think

what we want to think about things as a general rule." "It was true. I thought Stanley Yerkes was posing simply because I wanted to think that, because all that I had heard about him had aroused in me the desire to teach him a lesson. Good Lord! Could I have been mistaken?

I got up from the swing, clenching my fists.

"WELL, he hasn't been so indifferent to me, after all," I said, and wondered why he had agreed to give me some of his time.

I went to my room, and got into bed. But, my thoughts had become the most tangled of cross-word puzzles, and my usual power of analysis was all shot to pieces.

A bell-boy with a cablegram for me awakened us all about eleven o'clock. All hands seemed to sense it was from Stanley Yerkes, and they all tumbled out of bed. The room looked like a pajama scene in some Broadway revue.



My whole being ached with pain. I had broken my heart to help Carlita—had sent away the only man I loved—and it was all for nothing. I could not keep the tears back.



Sally—Sally!" The tenderness of Stanley's voice seemed to melt my heart. "Please, Sally, tell me you didn't mean those things. Oh! Sally, don't you understand, I—I fell in love with you. I—I love you, dear," he cried

"Oh! what does he say?" Carlita cried before I got the thing opened. My fingers acted so queer, and shook so.

The message was from Yerkes all right. It said he couldn't be back in time for golf, but wouldn't I meet him at the Miami Beach Club for a swim at four o'clock?

"I'll say he's falling hook, line and sinker for your line," announced Peggy. "How do you do it?"

"You forget I'm Little Miss Man-Wise," I said.

"Well, we'll all be in the gallery to see the beach meeting," Aline said. "Elinor Twachtman is throwing a beach party at four as a sort of first gun for the Cruickshank's pirate party tonight. I hear it's going to be the trickiest outing of the season."

"Have we got our numbers for partners yet?" asked Peggy.

"No, Mrs. Cruickshank's going to phone me sometime today about them. She's promised I'm to get Stanley. Oh! Sally, do you think he's got a girl in Havana?" cried Carlita.

Her question jarred me back to my own jumbled thoughts of Yerkes. Well, did he have a girl in Cuba?

Before I was dressed the office called to say that my car had been unloaded from the ship, and was on the pier. I decided to get it myself. Once on the pier I had to wait almost

an hour. Just as I was about to drive off a plane roared across the sky from the direction of Cuba. Up until that moment my mind had remained a terrible jumble about Stanley Yerkes, Carlita and myself. But as the ship swerved, and flew down the harbor, near the Yacht Club, all of my confusion melted away. He was back, safe and sound.

Once more I was mistress of myself. I could believe what I wanted to believe.

THEN a crazy thought came to me. I thought I was willing to make Yerkes sore with me for Carlita's sake, but I didn't like the idea of turning Monsieur against me.

"Gosh, I hope the dog doesn't get wise, and hate me," I thought.

The girls were out seeing about their pirate costumes when I got back to the hotel but there was a note, "See you on the beach. Carlita."

As I slipped into my white sport ensemble to meet Stanley, I rehearsed what my rôle with him was to be. I would let him believe that I'd been awfully worried and was thrilled to see him back. After our swim I'd give him openings enough on the ride and then, for the fireworks! [Continued on page 119]

THRILLS

*One Girl Wants to Know What is Left in Life
Now That She Has Experienced Every Thrill.
Here is Her Answer From*

MADAME ELINOR GLYN

A GIRL wrote to me the other day and asked what thrills were left in life. She was twenty-two, and had been through every shade of psychical emotion that "any girl in society can get by with." I leave those who read to decide for themselves what that means!

She further added that she was frightened that she would have to take to drugs to be able to feel any new exhilaration. It was a very sad letter and she asked me, as she knew numbers of other girls in the same state of disillusionment, to answer it in some public manner so as to help them all.

And I have chosen SMART SET.

To begin with, we must analyze what thrills are? According to the dictionary that I happen to have in front of me "thrill" means: "to affect strongly, to cause a sharp shivering sensation."

Music, beauty, ecstasy, and danger cause thrills and all for the same reason. They stir the imagination, which then branches off into whatever particular aspect of the case interests the individual. While the thrill is upon him, he feels exaltation; he feels interest; he knows he is alive!

Some unnamed thing matters to him. A thrill may be pleasant or painful, but it is never dull, never dead. A thrill is life. Groping humanity, with its eyes bandaged, longs for thrills.

But to bring it down to physical things, it is the nerves which record thrills. Satiation dulls sensation, and the nerves, which reacted at first in the most interesting way, eventually become jaded, and finally, are unable to respond. The thrill has departed.

That is what has happened to Sylvia. I am going to call her Sylvia because it is an ethereal name, and this tragic creature was once ethereal.

Sylvia goes out with boy friends, who fondle her and caress her in shadowed corners at dances or in automobiles—all of them, not only her own particular beau. The result is that her nerves no longer register any unusual sensation at the touch.

She, like thousands of other modern girls, has known everything by hearsay since she was twelve years old, and her desire to investigate personally has been aroused. That has been half her motive for flirting—curiosity!

BUT nothing of the soul has entered into it. There was no romance, "that spiritual disguise created by the imagination to envelop material happenings and desires, so that they may be in greater harmony with the soul." All poor Sylvia has known, from fifteen to twenty-two, has been the physical reaction to promiscuous male caresses.

She is suffering from over-stimulation and she thrills no

more. She does not know if she is in love at the moment or not, because she has felt the same toward eight or ten other men in the last year or so. Often, when she returns at dawn from a night club, she asks herself, "What is the good of it all?" What, indeed?

SYLVIA has to have double the amount of cocktails to give her pep now, and unless she inhales the countless cigarettes she smokes, she gets no soothing effect out of them.

The theaters bore her. If there is no big "kick" in the plays, if they are not about murders or lurid crimes, they are just back numbers. There seems to be nothing new under the sun.

Everything is weariness. The cry of her heart is, "Must I go on with this for forty years more?"

But the proof that Sylvia's soul is awakening, is that she found time and energy to write to a sympathetic stranger for advice and help, as a drowning man catches at a straw.

Now what is to be done about her, and her prototypes?

Their first new thrill should be a little self-discipline: say, to do something every day for a week that is arduous and disagreeable; each day registering with pride the fact that disinclination has been dominated. That will be a tonic to the brain nerves and prove a real stimulation.

Then a system of gradual retreat from the over demonstrative boy friends. The effect of resisting will stimulate the cells which control the will. Then the instinct for conquest will be aroused so that Sylvia will suddenly take pride in making her emotions obey her spirit's command.

Then curiosity will come to life again; a new field will be opened; pride will help by suggesting that it will be amusing to conquer the longing for the insidious drug, nicotine, distilled from her countless cigarettes.

Finally, Sylvia will begin to think! She will have opened Pandora's box and, among all the evils, will find at the bottom, hope. And so the possibility of thrills will begin again, only purified. For of what use is it to tune a violin string to the breaking point, when your real desire is to make sweet music? Of what use drugs and alcohol to encourage "thrills"? None whatever, unless the aim is disease and death. If it is, then the sooner it is over with, the better. But if it is not, then do as clever nurses do with nervous patients who toss to and fro and are uncomfortable in any position—make them lie still until any change is a delicious relief. Then comes sleep, from which they awaken cured.

This is my answer to Sylvia: There is a thrill awaiting her greater than any she has ever had, and that is self-mastery.

*To all you girls
who are seeking
thrills beyond
thrills Madame
Glyn says there is one
thrill awaiting you
greater than any you
have ever experi-
enced—the thrill of
SELF-MASTERY*



Metropolitan Spurr

A thrill may be pleasant or painful, but it is never dull, never dead. A thrill is life. Groping humanity, with its eyes bandaged, longs for thrills. But—what use is it to tune a violin to the breaking point when your real desire is to make sweet music?

*Thursday night,
after midnight.
I ought to be in
bed but I'm too
excited.*

DEAR Angie:
Well, it's happened; I've got a new one! I promised to tell you when I did; so here goes the old type-writer again. I have a felt pad under it now to deaden the sound, and, anyway, Mama is a peach about it. She says it never keeps her awake at night, and as long as I feel a real urge to write she will never discourage me, and the rhythm of it coming from my room helps her to fall asleep, even when I'm writing poetry.

To begin at the beginning, I came home from business this afternoon, and there was Mama stretched out on the davenport, dead tired. She had just come in from a hard day at the Vanity Shop, where a perfect stream of women kept coming and going, but as soon as I told her what had happened at the office she certainly sat up and took notice.

"I've got a new boy friend," I said, and Mama stared at me, surprised.

"What's happened to Jerry Andrews?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble; nothing ever happens to Jerry. I just decided to break with him."

"But I thought you liked Jerry. He's a nice kid and he seems to wear well and he's awfully ambitious."

"Yes, but I've got a new man now. Wait till you see him!"

She said, "Who is it this time?" You know Mama! And when I said: "Mr. Tatham. He's coming to call tonight," she looked surprised. "What! Your boss?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Isn't he much older than you are?"

"What difference does that make? He's only thirty or thirty-one. Besides, I'm sick of the usual run of young men

MAMA!

How Could You?



When I went into the living room I stopped dead in my tracks. There in his arms. I just stood there and trembled with rage. "I'm

I see. They have no intellect. Mr. Tatham is interesting."

That was the way the conversation went. I told Mama how desperately lonely I thought Reed Tatham was, and I don't suppose he knows twenty people in Westerly, that is socially, for he's new in town and only came to take care of the agency in October, just two weeks after I went there. I told Mama how well he'd look sitting on the davenport under the bridge lamp. He's gorgeous-looking! Tall and broad-shouldered and wears a brown suit. I think he looks well in

With Drawings

from Life

By HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



The Intimate Letters of a Love-sick Girl

sat Reed and Mama on the davenport and Reed was holding Mama
ashamed of you, Mama," I said. "How could you be so deceitful?"

brown; he's so blond and he's got hazel-colored eyes and the
nicest smile. You just can't help loving him when he smiles.
Well, I asked Mama to help me entertain him and give him
some of her nice jelly sandwiches and cocoa, and she did, and
everything went fine.

Mr. Tatham admired the living room and said it was the
first homelike place he'd been in since he came to Westerly
to live. His room at the hotel, he says, is just a place where
you want to sleep and shave as quick as you can and get out

of it again. He told Mama that he thought what she had
done with the Vanity Shop was very interesting—starting a
business of her own like that, remodelling the garage after
Papa's death and putting it on a paying basis and bringing
me up at the same time, and everything. Mama smiled. She
was pleased, I could see; and she really looked stunning. She
said the only thing she really deserved credit for was for not
spelling shop "s-h-o-p-p-e."

Then Mama got Mr. Tatham started talking books,
and I thought he'd never finish, until I put a record
on the phonograph and pushed back the rug and asked him
to dance while Mama went out and got the eats ready. He
dances divinely, Angie. I was pleasantly surprised, and I let
him hold me as tight as he wanted to.

I THINK I made an impression on him, for I know
he liked Mama's sandwiches. Everybody does; you know
that. And he agreed with me that poetry was marvelous.
When I told him that I wrote free verse, and asked him
if he didn't think it was a marvelous medium for self-expression
he was greatly impressed. I pretended not to be looking at
him but to be gazing off into the distance. I was really
looking in the mirror opposite the davenport—you know,
the one with the Florentine frame and I could see Mr. Tatham
looking at me, kind of amazed. I don't think he's ever
known a girl like me before—one who, besides be-

ing attractive, was intelligent too. You know what I mean.
Well, anyway, he had a good time, because he stayed until
eleven o'clock and when he got up to go he asked Mama if
he might call again. He was really very polite and almost
old-fashioned about it, asking her instead of me. It was very
touching; he said that nothing had done more to relieve his
loneliness since he had been in Westerly than these three hours
spent in our company.

After he had gone I told Mama that the evening had cer-

tainly gone over with a bang and I bet he'd come again inside of a week. But all Mama would say was: "I think he had a good time." She's conservative, but you know Mama.

I told her that as soon as I knew Mr. Tatham a little better I was going to strike him to let me write some of the advertising copy in the office. I don't want to go on being just a stenog all my life. I think I'll show him some of the stories and poems I wrote for the Panorama when I was in school. Gee, that seems a long while ago! Why, only the other day on the way to business I passed the high school and it didn't seem possible that it was only last June that I graduated there. And here it is January, and I've been going to business for four whole months.

MR. TATHAM is the most eligible male who has crossed my path in all that time, and I'm glad now that I broke off with Jerry Andrews. He's so young and unsophisticated. Anyway, now that I've met Mr. Tatham I don't ever want to play around with any high school boy again.

I saw a bunch of them going in to school the other morning and they were nothing but kids! They look awfully immature.

And I met Professor Wilson and he said: "We feel your loss in the dramatic club this year." It seems they have nobody to play the leads now—that is, nobody who can really handle them. I told Professor Wilson I'd be willing to come over evenings once in a while and help coach the kids, but he said that really wouldn't solve his difficulty.

Well, Angie, I'll let you know as soon as Mr. Tatham comes again, and now I must end this epistle or I'll be falling asleep over the typewriter. Write me soon, and let me know what you think of my new conquest. Bye!

Betty.

Tuesday night
8 p. m.

DEAR Angie:

I'm staying in tonight so I can write you and tell you about last night. Reed was here again.

He's been over five times in the last two weeks and, if you ask me, I think he was hard hit. We sat around the living room with Mama for a while, and then I got some of my poems and showed them to Reed, including a new one entitled "Cynic Moon." Mama tried her best to keep me from handing it to him. She didn't get mad, of course; Mama never



"Look at the moon," I said to Reed, "kissing some star behind that cloud." And I looked right up into his eyes. He kissed me. Right there in that lovely field of snow he took me in his arms and kissed me

the country club and when we got to the top of the hill I made him stop and get out with me. It was lovely and deserted, Angie; the snow was just like six or seven inches of moonlight all around.

I went up close to Reed.

"Look there's the moon," I said, "kissing some star behind that cloud." And I looked right up in his eyes—Reed's, I mean, not the moon's—and said: "I wonder if I will ever live behind a cloud."

AND he kissed me, Angie! He did! Right there in that lovely field of snow he took me in his arms and kissed me, not very long or satisfactorily, but still he did kiss me. He was awfully funny about it, and sort of naive. He stepped back, afterwards, as if he were ashamed.

"Why the devil did I do that? Now I won't be able to look your mother in the face!"

But I told him: "Don't be silly."

He made me climb into the car then and we drove back to the house. On the way I tried to analyze my feelings. Do you know what conclusion I have come to? I think I'm in love with Reed. And it thrills me all over, Angie. I never felt this way about Jerry Andrews in all the time I was going with him. It was high school stuff anyway! Besides, I've known Jerry so long that if I ever felt a thrill in his presence I'd think he was somebody else.

Betty.

gets mad. She laughed finally and said: "All right, Betty, if you want to shame me, but I think I'll hide my eyes."

Here is the poem:

CYNIC MOON

*The moon is a cynic of
the midnight skies
Who has taken so many
mistress-stars in his
arms*

*That he no longer be-
lieves in true love.
He laughs at us
And behind each cloud
Plies his amorous in-
trigues.*

*I wonder if I will ever
live
Behind a cloud.*

It must have impressed Reed for he looked over at Mama, rather queerly, as if not knowing quite what to say. I think he would have said something to me if we had been alone. Then I let him read "To Beauty" and "Once In Your Arms," and after that I got him to go for a motor ride up to North Mountain. At first he didn't want to go.

"What? On this winter's night?" he said, but I answered: "What's a little snow? Besides, it's beautiful."

So we drove up past

*Saturday afternoon,
right after a good
lunch at home*

DEAR Angie, whom I have neglected shamefully:
And I can't give you much time now either. You'll be complaining to me the way Jerry Andrews does. He called up a few minutes ago and wanted to know if I'd lost my voice. I used to telephone him once in a while, he said, but now I don't even seem to know how to answer the phone when he's at the other end. "Jerry," I said, "don't try to be comic. It's only painful." And I told him I was a very busy person and couldn't indulge in airy persiflage at such a moment. So he hung up. And it's true, Angie; I can't even pause long enough today to write you a decent letter, because any minute Reed is likely to show up.

Guess what! He's coming to take Mama and me skiing.
Betty.

*The first Sunday in
March, after a very
long silence*

DEAR Angie:
I'll try to catch up with what has happened. You know that ski party we went on three weeks ago? Well, it was very exciting. Mama tried to take the hill at the steepest point and she took a pretty spill and twisted her ankle and Reed had to carry her.

Reed has been coming over nearly every night. My dear, he practically lives here! But we haven't done much except sit around the living room with Mama, who is really getting to be quite a problem.

Reed is always polite to her, of course; he talks books and plays and business with Mama, and all that, but I do think she might vacate once in a while and let us have the living room to ourselves. But it never seems to occur to her.

By the way, I'm enclosing a copy of my latest poem, "To His Hazel-Colored Eyes." I must cut you off short again, Angie, for I hear his car outside. He's coming for tea. I'm rather nonplussed by this problem of getting rid of Mama. More anon.

Betty.

*Wednesday night
at a late hour*

DEAR Angie:
Well, we've had a scene here this evening, Mama and I. Of course, I couldn't say anything to Reed; he's so darned



Jerry stopped me on the street, "Hello, stranger," he said. "Want to make a date tonight?" Just imagine that! "Jerry," I said, "you're so frightfully young"

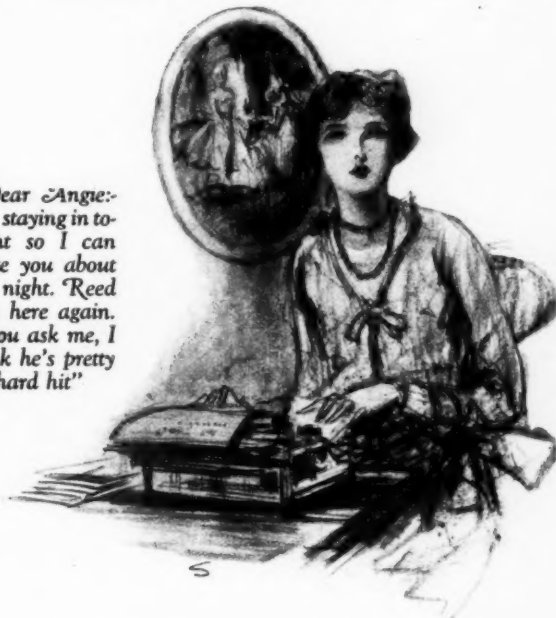
polite! But after he went tonight I had it out with Mama; it was the only thing to do, I decided.

"Now, Mama," I said, "you don't want to crash in on all our evenings, do you?"

"Why, no," she said, "not if you don't want me. I thought you and Reed liked to have me around."

"I do, in a sense, Mama. But there's one thing the older generation will never understand in the younger—"

"You can stop right there, Betty! I may be a generation ahead of you, but only in biological progression. I married at sixteen, remember, and I refuse to be labeled 'antique' at my age. Besides, Reed is almost as old as I am."



"Dear Angie:
I'm staying in to-
night so I can
write you about
last night. Reed
was here again.
If you ask me, I
think he's pretty
hard hit"

"But it's different with a man," I told her.

Of course, Mama is one of the youngest mothers you ever saw, and stunning looking, as everybody agrees, but you just have to forget that when you're dealing with a problem like mine. Reed and I have to be alone together once in a while.

"We don't need a chaperon," I said, "not in this day and age. Besides, you never sat around the living room when Jerry Andrews used to call on me." I had to be downright frank with her. "Reed comes to see me, Mama, not you! Please remember that."

"But you asked me to help you entertain him."

"Only at first. We can take care of ourselves now."

Well, Mama began to cry and the tears ran down her face. She had had a hard day in the shop, and her nerves were kind of on edge, I guess, and, besides, you know how sensitive Mama is. I told her:

"I'M SORRY if I hurt your feelings, Mama. But sometimes the best thing is to inflict a wound and have it over with. You'll get over it and thank me for it later. See if you don't."

Well, she dried her eyes and sat up straight again with a sort of tenseness in her face—that look that makes her seem so spiritual at times. Mama is spiritual, don't you think, Angie? That is, more than most mothers?

"What do you want me to do when Reed calls?" she asked.

I told her she could go upstairs and read in her room, or she could go across the street and visit with Mrs. Hilker.

"Oh, heavens!" Mama groaned. "Mrs. Hilker! Why don't you and Reed, if you want to be alone, go out for a walk, or ride in his car?"

"Reed likes to stay in the house. I suppose he's tired after the day in the office."

Besides, it's not much fun motoring in all this snow and slush, and Reed loves our living room, Angie; he likes the way the lights are arranged, the bookcases, and everything. But wait till spring comes, I'll get [Continued on page 104]

No Wedding Bells

The
Amazingly Frank Story
of A SPINSTER
BY CHOICE

MY FRIENDS' matrimonial troubles have scared me out of marriage.

Since I was eighteen I have watched my chums go to the altar. I have visited them in their homes, resplendent with wedding gifts. They'd bill and coo with the love light in their eyes.

Although they didn't suspect it, I envied them. I consoled myself with the assurance that some day I, too, would meet my Prince Charming and live happily ever after. I had illusions about marriage then.

Alas! In a short time the honeymoon glow invariably faded. My chums, one by one, wept bitter tears on my shoulder and confided tales of marital woe in my ear.

Since then countless wailing wives have fled to me for sanctuary. I've been told every sin of omission and commission that takes the joy out of married life. I've sat with them in consultations with lawyers, while the minutest details of domestic strife were frankly unfolded. I've gone with them to doctors in search of a cure for shattered nerves. I've helped them pack trunks prior to leaving their husbands for good. I've served as a witness at their divorce trials.

Odd as it may seem every intimate woman friend I have ever had has been divorced or is unhappy with her husband. Most of them have been divorced once, four of them twice, and two three times.

ONE OF the three-time divorcées is at present resting on her matrimonial wreckage. She is living in a state of single blessedness, with her young son by her first marriage, in a luxurious seashore home, on the interest from the lump sum of alimony received from her first husband. The other has had the courage of her marrying mania and has gone on to the fourth who happens to be more than ten years her junior. Two years have glided by more or less smoothly since their union. Nevertheless any mail is liable to bring me a letter from her telling me her fourth bubble of romance has burst.

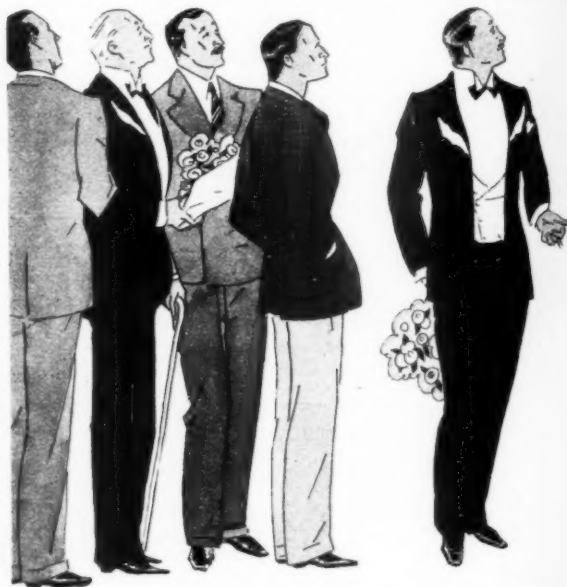
The overwhelming tide of matrimonial troubles that have flowed around me has not been a matter of geography. It has been widespread during my nomadic existence. In the Middle West city of my birth they'd call at my mother's home to tell me their troubles or summon me to their own domains. In New York, where I occupy a furnished apartment from time to time, wives fleeing from home and husband, have come singly or in pairs and remained for different lengths of time. So regular an occurrence has this been, that I call my four walls, wherever they may be, "The Refuge for Matrimonial Derelicts."

I have been told that I have been unfortunate in my choice of friends. Not at all. They are normal women with the usual

feminine complexities. They belong to all sets of humanity from the social realm to various artistic professions. They may have annoying quirks of temperament, but who hasn't?

ON THE other hand the men they married seem on the surface to be normal male beings. Good fellows, good providers and law abiding citizens. Yet somehow in each case after the delirium of romance drifted into the commonplace of day by day domesticity, the feathers flew.

The strangest part of it all is that couples among my close friends have not hesitated to stage a family battle in my presence. Aghast, I have heard their tirades against each other. Dumbfounded, I've seen the expression of hatred, at least a temporary hatred, on their faces. They probably kissed and made up an hour later. They reminded me of two savage



Men have come into my life. They have paused and proposed. Then they have gone on their way, sent forth by my fear of the unhappiness that has befallen my friends



Maurice Goldberg

MISS MAY CERF is a well known society reporter, and her personal experiences with married folk as related in her article are reinforced through what she has learned of marital strife in high life from the outside looking in

beasts beating in protest against the bars of a mutual cage. "If this be marriage," I have said to myself over and over again, "there will be no wedding bells for me." And I have clung to that resolution.

My protracted single state is not due to lack of opportunity. Of course that's what all old maids say but it's the truth nevertheless. I've had my chances aplenty. Some of them good, some of them not so good. I gave each one of them careful consideration but eventually I turned them down.

along would come a weeping wife, expounding at length the domestic unhappiness caused by a husbandly shortcoming that happened to be the predominant fault of my current suitor.

There was Charles W—, one of the leading lights in the medical profession in my own home town. He was broad shouldered and square jawed. The only indication of weakness was a pair of dreamy eyes. He was sound as the Rock of Gibraltar professionally, but romantically he was as unstable as quicksand. When he turned his attention [Continued on page 84]

By
MAY CERF

*Who Also
Gives Her
Specifications
for the
Kind of Man
She MIGHT
Marry*

Men have come into my life. They have paused and proposed. Then they have gone on their way again, sent forth by my fear of the eventual unhappiness that has befallen my friends.

"Why not take a chance?" my divorced friends have asked me. "There's always divorce."

YES, there is always that way out. Divorce is frequently the lesser of two evils. I approve of it for others but I don't want one in my own life. I've heard too many husbands and wives tear each other's reputations to tatters in the divorce court, not to have the thought of one fill me with abhorrence.

That is one of my strongest prejudices. If a divorce were to become necessary, I think I'd crawl into a remote corner and never emerge. Something in me would be hopelessly crushed. When I marry, if I ever do, I intend to stay married.

Several times I had about made up my mind to take the fatal leap when

By PAUL WHITEMAN



Apeda Studio



You Tell 'Em, Paul!

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WHAT do I think about our flaming youth?

Not so hot! Plenty warm enough, but not altogether burning up.

I've had a pretty good look at our flappers and our young folks generally. No one has had a better opportunity to see them in action than I have. For years I have been leading my jazz band in cabarets and night clubs and theaters, watching my band with one eye, and watching and studying my public with the other. It's part of my business to study my public.

For years I have been bringing joy to people in terms of rhythm and harmony and the stimulated energy awakened by my music, and so I have seen America both at work and at play. I have seen our flaming youth, as well as our flaming middle age, at countless parties; our wild young women at their wildest; our fast-stepping young fellows at their fastest. And I've seen them in England, France, Germany and all over

Europe. I've seen high society. I've seen the regular people. I've seen royalty. I've seen them all doing the same dances, drinking the same drinks and enjoying themselves more or less the same way. I've had a good chance to size them up.

Every once in a while people ask me what I think about the way the young folks carry on, and about the effect of the intimate dances of today, such as the wiggly-wiggly in which a couple apparently tries to dance on a space the size of a postage stamp.

Well, for one thing, flaming youth wants to look just as flaming as possible. Young people always did want to show off. The youngsters want speed, and especially they want to look speedy. That's natural enough. Our jazz music helps to give them speed, and there's health in the exercise. But at the same time they want the world to see it. If they drink, they want some one to know it.

THE youngsters want extremes in dress, so that they will be noticed. They want the world to see their silk legs, and they would like to have you think that they are just a little daring and a little shocking. They want a cut-out on the car, but also they like to drive with four-wheel brakes. They want rakish looking automobiles, and especially roadsters that they can drive with the top down, even in winter, so that people will see them. But our fathers and mothers, and grandpas and grandmas would have done the same thing if they could have had our automobiles in their day.

How Flaming Youth Looks To the King of Jazz

Drawing by
ROBERT ORR



Daughters of JAZZ

The young folks are just trying to get a kick out of life, and you can't blame them for that. Sometimes they are ready to go to any lengths to get it, but young people have always been like that. It's the nature of youth to be more or less wild and impetuous, if they've got much life. They want speed, and they step pretty fast. But the real speedy ones are the motorcycle riders. They get a big kick! But this motorcycle bunch don't drink. They don't need to!

HOWEVER, the strange thing is that people talk about jazz corrupting our youth. They talk about our night clubs and wild parties and jazz dancing, but they forget all about the old-time dance halls.

All you need to do is to look back at the public dance halls before jazz was ever heard of, before any one ever heard of saxophones, when the music was made by fiddles and mandolins and people never dreamed of a fox-trot. Some of those old dance halls were pretty fierce, but in any case it had nothing to do with the music. It was because the people who wanted that kind of thing made them what they were. That is equally true today, of all forms of amusement. It was true when they built the pyramids, and probably half a million years before that. There has always been a certain amount of immorality in every civilization. Is our civilization any worse or any better than the others? I don't know. Everybody says it's worse, but I wouldn't say so. I doubt it.

They talk about the petting or necking. Well, perhaps if

there were no petting there would be no marriages and no children, and the world wouldn't go on.

What kind of girls do I see at the night clubs? All kinds. Mostly they are normal, nice girls, looking for amusement in a very natural way, and finding it. It depends partly upon the kind of night club, and there are all kinds. There are the smart clubs, patronized by society people. There are the professional night clubs, where you find the best professional people, more or less identified with a society element. And there are other clubs to appeal to other classes.

In the long run it is all a matter of the individual. Murder is murder, whether you do it with an ax or a twenty-two automatic. It doesn't matter whether it is done in a shabby night club or in a millionaires' lay-out. There is as much moral laxity, and even more, among those who have the most money and the most leisure. It doesn't go with hard work.

WHEN a country gets prosperous there is always an increase in immorality. Maybe that is why God gives us wars. It seems we need them to put us back where we've got to start in to work hard all over again. When people have to struggle just to live, they haven't any energy to waste. When they are busy enough their minds are occupied.

Europe was too prosperous before the war. It's the same here now, though I don't see that we are any worse than they are on the other side. An English gentleman, though he is respectable and happily married, may [Continued on page 90]



Whose Queen?

*The Self Told
Adventures
of a Secret Service Man*

THERE comes a time, I suppose, when it does more harm to keep silent than to tell all. Whether this is true or not in my own case, I can't be sure. But I do know that the tales whispered about me since the Mexican diamond trial are not helping me and there seems to be only one way to stop them—to tell my own story, truthfully, fully, and without apology. After all, it is natural that those tales should arise, for my enemies in Southern California are many and powerful and they have everything to gain by placing me in an unfavorable light before the world.

Thanks to them a great many people have wondered for the past year just how successful I really was in running down my last case. Before that it had been my good fortune never to have been sent on a clue without seeing it through to a successful end. But that

last case, the one that had to do with the greatest band of dope and diamond smugglers this country has ever known — well, there were some ugly rumors of my helping at least one of the leaders to get away.

"Ask Jim Drayton of the Secret Service," men said with an insulting look. "He ought to know."

Yes, I knew. I knew too that in a sense, one of the leaders did get away, so whether it is wise or not, I'm going to tell the story just as it happened and then both my friends and my enemies can be the judges.

It all began one day in early spring when the chief called me into his office at San Francisco. On the desk before him lay a little circular box filled with white powder and two large uncut stones that looked like Brazilian diamonds. As my eyes fell on these objects he nodded.

"Yes, it's about them I've wired for you. Dope and diamonds." He was silent a moment in thought. "Jim, if we could take these two things out of the world, we could do away

I battled my way to the girl, caught her up in my arms and leaped through the window. Near the guarded gate I stopped and stood her on her feet. "You must go," I began. "I can get you by the guards—" A powerful searchlight flooded us and we were face to face with the Commandante of Police

*Was She the Queen of the
Diamond Smugglers?*

*Would I Betray My Oath
Because I Loved Her?*

*Was She Sending Me
on a Mission of Death?*

with half the detectives and secret police and never miss them." He leaned forward. "Of course, I don't have to tell you that the Mexican border has always been a thorn in our side when it comes to smugglers. But I don't know whether you have heard lately of the gang operating somewhere south of the line and making a specialty of opium and diamonds. No ordinary gang, or they wouldn't bother me. From all I can gather they have agents spread north of us and east of us and a thorough organization for buying, smuggling, and selling. The whole Pacific coast seems to be their stamping ground.

"Right now I'd have no difficulty in putting my hands on a half dozen of the outfit, but they're only the small fish.

Somewhere above is the directing brain and that's the bird we want. I'm going to smash that thing up. I've chosen you. For one thing, I'm not getting any younger and when the time comes for me to step out, I'd like you to take my place. You're young but you'll grow out of that and if you're successful on this case, it'll go a long way toward promotion. Get them. Over in Mexico in Tia Juana the police will do everything they can to help you, if you need them. But my advice would be, don't let a single soul in on it until you're ready to spring the trap. Too many leaks are possible. Neither do I want anybody to know we're on the lookout for them so if you get into difficulties over there in Mexico, don't call on this office to help you out. You'll be entirely on your own."

He stopped for a while and drummed irritably with his fingers on the table.

"This opium business," he went on, "has become an obsession with me. I can stand for their bringing most things into this country, but they're not going to flood us with that stuff



*With Drawings from Life
By
AUGUST BLESER, JR.*

while I have a man or a dollar left to fight them with."

Then he looked up and smiled that sudden, pleasant smile of his and we shook hands.

"It may take you a month," he said as I picked up my hat, "or a year. But get over into Tia Juana before the week's out."

TIA JUANA. Always Tia Juana when some particular rascality is brewing in the western underworld. At times I think the entrance to hell itself must be somewhere in Tia Juana. That may surprise you if you've ever been there, especially if you've been a tourist, for then you have really never seen Tia Juana. You've only seen that double row of shacks and saloons where you can buy poor beer and drop your quarters into slot machines that give you a ten-to-one chance for your money. But you haven't begun to see the sinister world of crime and misery that we of the Secret Service know for Tia Juana.

It's likely you've never even heard of La Culebra, that combination dance-hall, gambling den, and thieves' club just on the boundary of Tia Juana and not far from the little red mud fort. The man who serves you your beer in La Culebra may be a perfectly prosaic bartender or he may be agent for a dozen underworld gangs. In any event, it's a safe bet that if your own actions are a little aside from the ordinary, there will be more than one pair of keen eyes watching you, especially if you stay too long. Then, too, not every one that goes to Tia Juana comes out again. Women go there, who never want to come out. Men flee there for protection and sometimes find only the protection of death. A silent, inscrutable, thoroughly villainous little blot of twisted humanity out there on the edge of the desert. That's Tia Juana.

So it was only natural that I should cast about with more care than usual for the best rôle to assume before I went south of the line. All the way down to San Diego I thought it over. And finally it came to me that my best disguise would be that of some temporarily down-at-the-heel Mexican, some black sheep of one of the better families who for reasons best known to himself was lying low for a time. That would give me an opportunity to mix in with any level of human society that might prove most useful. The rôle of a Mexican was easy for me since I had lived ten years in Mexico City while my father was in the embassy there and I spoke the language as well as any border Mexican ever speaks it.

So all this may have been the reason why two nights later a thoroughly disreputable young Mexican slouched up to the bar at La Culebra and asked for a glass of tequila. I took two drinks of that vile, fiery liquid and as I pulled a coin from my pocket, an uncut diamond of moderate size rolled from my hand on to the bar. I snatched at it, but not before the bartender had time to see what it was. Then I paid for my drinks and, slouching over to a table, picked up a pack of tattered cards and dealt myself a hand of Mexican solitaire, the game they call Baraja.

FROM the corner of my eye I could see the bartender beckoning to a little wrinkled Mexican who sat smoking at the further end. A few whispered words between them and a bit later my wrinkled man was standing silently before me, watching my game with intent interest. I didn't get many cards on the board that hand and, as I cursed and reshuffled, the Mexican laughed and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Unlucky at cards, eh, amigo?" he said. "Well, don't despair, there are other things more easy. But look, you are alone as I am, so let us drink together to this fickle goddess of fortune."

He led me back to the bar and before the evening was over I had struck up a close acquaintance with the little chap, José, they called him. Toward midnight José began a few guarded inquiries as to my scruples against making a little money and I was very careful to give him the impression that money was something I'd do anything in the world for, provided of course, it didn't require too many chances.

"But money" I said as we parted, "after all, I myself know ways to get that. Perhaps my ways are better than yours."

We arranged to meet at La Culebra the following night and I went back to my room in the little fonda feeling I had made very fair progress in so short a time. Obviously José was interested in that diamond of mine. Whether he was interested from the standpoint of a smuggler, or from the standpoint of sticking a knife between my ribs and relieving me of it, I couldn't even guess. But it was something to have made the beginnings of an acquaintance with some one from the underworld. For that world, you know, is like a huge, intricate spider web. On the edges of it you encounter a thread here and a thread there and each thread, if you're able to follow it, leads you toward the center where the governing power lies. But you have to follow those threads slowly and with care, or you may not come back to tell about the things you learned.

Now I won't relate every detail of how in the next three months I came to learn more and more and became closer and closer affiliated with that smuggling band, for José turned out after all, to be one of them. I learned that in less than a month. I learned, too, that he was a kind of obscure lieutenant, not one of the big fish. But through José I came to learn a little of the activities and methods of that band. Three times, too, I made myself useful to José and his gang by helping them smuggle some shipments of diamonds across the border. Curiously enough, each shipment was seized later, but my own part in the business went off perfectly.

And I was learning. Daily I grew more convinced that the band was even larger and wider spread than the chief himself realized. I began to feel the existence of some powerful influence behind it all. Some cunning brain with an ability to work under cover and conceal tracks such as I had seldom encountered in my own years of battling with the underworld.

SOMEONE, somewhere was in command who possessed more than ordinary genius for organization and who had daring and imagination far greater than that of the ordinary criminal. He was the one I must wait on. For after all, it's worse than useless to imprison the pawns in a game like this and let the leaders go. It only means that within a year those same leaders have a new and still more carefully worked-out organization than before, and you have gained nothing.

Even after José had come to trust me and accept me for what I seemed to be, even then most careful inquiries brought no satisfactory answer as to the kind of man their chief was. So at the end of three months I was only a little further advanced than I had been on that first night.

One thing, though, aided. That was my growing reputation for learning the plans and movements of the Tia Juana police. It was a helpful thing to the band, but if they had known how I got my information they might not have felt so comforted. Of course, it wasn't all clear progress. There were setbacks and false trails, one or two mistakes and sometimes whole weeks of tantalizingly slow work. And always the same baffling inscrutability of José when I sought to learn more of the men higher up.

So I knew it was something out of the ordinary that prompted



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A door across the patio opened and a girl came forward. I had been prepared to meet many kinds of women, but certainly not the kind who came toward us. There was a calmness and serenity about her more compelling than mere beauty could be. I found a frankness that could have come only from absolute innocence or from one to whom evil had become such second nature that it left neither trace nor stain in her calm candid eyes

By PAUL WHITEMAN



Apeda
Studio



You Tell 'Em, Paul!

Every Once In A While People Ask Me What I Think About The Way The Young Folks Carry On, And About The Effect Of The Intimate Dances Of Today. Well, Here Goes

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Europe. I've seen high society. I've seen the regular people. I've seen royalty. I've seen them all doing the same dances, drinking the same drinks and enjoying themselves more or less the same way. I've had a good chance to size them up.

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Well, for one thing, flaming youth wants to look just as flaming as possible. Young people always did want to show off. The youngsters want speed, and especially they want to look speedy. That's natural enough. Our jazz music helps to give them speed, and there's health in the exercise. But at the same time they want the world to see it. If they drink, they want some one to know it.

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How Flaming Youth Looks To the King of Jazz

Drawing by
ROBERT ORR



Daughters of JAZZ

The young folks are just trying to get a kick out of life, and you can't blame them for that. Sometimes they are ready to go to any lengths to get it, but young people have always been like that. It's the nature of youth to be more or less wild and impetuous, if they've got much life. They want speed, and they step pretty fast. But the real speedy ones are the motorcycle riders. They get a big kick! But this motorcycle bunch don't drink. They don't need to!

HOWEVER, the strange thing is that people talk about jazz corrupting our youth. They talk about our night clubs and wild parties and jazz dancing, but they forget all about the old-time dance halls.

All you need to do is to look back at the public dance halls before jazz was ever heard of, before any one ever heard of saxophones, when the music was made by fiddles and mandolins and people never dreamed of a fox-trot. Some of those old dance halls were pretty fierce, but in any case it had nothing to do with the music. It was because the people who wanted that kind of thing made them what they were. That is equally true today, of all forms of amusement. It was true when they built the pyramids, and probably half a million years before that. There has always been a certain amount of immorality in every civilization. Is our civilization any worse or any better than the others? I don't know. Everybody says it's worse, but I wouldn't say so. I doubt it.

They talk about the petting or necking. Well, perhaps if

there were no petting there would be no marriages and no children, and the world wouldn't go on.

What kind of girls do I see at the night clubs? All kinds. Mostly they are normal, nice girls, looking for amusement in a very natural way, and finding it. It depends partly upon the kind of night club, and there are all kinds. There are the smart clubs, patronized by society people. There are the professional night clubs, where you find the best professional people, more or less identified with a society element. And there are other clubs to appeal to other classes.

In the long run it is all a matter of the individual. Murder is murder, whether you do it with an ax or a twenty-two automatic. It doesn't matter whether it is done in a shabby night club or in a millionaires' lay-out. There is as much moral laxity, and even more, among those who have the most money and the most leisure. It doesn't go with hard work.

WHEN a country gets prosperous there is always an increase in immorality. Maybe that is why God gives us wars. It seems we need them to put us back where we've got to start in to work hard all over again. When people have to struggle just to live, they haven't any energy to waste. When they are busy enough their minds are occupied.

Europe was too prosperous before the war. It's the same here now, though I don't see that we are any worse than they are on the other side. An English gentleman, though he is respectably and happily married, may [Continued on page 90]



Whose Queen?

The Self Told
Adventures
of a Secret Service Man

THERE comes a time, I suppose, when it does more harm to keep silent than to tell all. Whether this is true or not in my own case, I can't be sure. But I do know that the tales whispered about me since the Mexican diamond trial are not helping me and there seems to be only one way to stop them—to tell my own story, truthfully, fully, and without apology. After all, it is natural that those tales should arise, for my enemies in Southern California are many and powerful and they have everything to gain by placing me in an unfavorable light before the world.

Thanks to them a great many people have wondered for the past year just how successful I really was in running down my last case. Before that it had been my good fortune never to have been sent on a clue without seeing it through to a successful end.

But that last case, the one that had to do with the greatest band of dope and diamond smugglers this country has ever known — well, there were some ugly rumors of my helping at least one of the leaders to get away.

"Ask Jim Drayton of the Secret Service," men said with an insulting look. "He ought to know."

Yes, I knew. I knew too that in a sense, one of the leaders did get away, so whether it is wise or not, I'm going to tell the story just as it happened and then both my friends and my enemies can be the judges.

It all began one day in early spring when the chief called me into his office at San Francisco. On the desk before him lay a little circular box filled with white powder and two large uncut stones that looked like Brazilian diamonds. As my eyes fell on these objects he nodded.

"Yes, it's about them I've wired for you. Dope and diamonds." He was silent a moment in thought. "Jim, if we could take these two things out of the world, we could do away

I battled my way to the girl, caught her up in my arms and leaped through the window. Near the guarded gate I stopped and stood her on her feet. "You must go," I began. "I can get you by the guards—" A powerful search-light flooded us and we were face to face with the Commandante of Police

*Was She the Queen of the
Diamond Smugglers?*

*Would I Betray My Oath
Because I Loved Her?*

*Was She Sending Me
on a Mission of Death?*

with half the detectives and secret police and never miss them." He leaned forward. "Of course, I don't have to tell you that the Mexican border has always been a thorn in our side when it comes to smugglers. But I don't know whether you have heard lately of the gang operating somewhere south of the line and making a specialty of opium and diamonds. No ordinary gang, or they wouldn't bother me. From all I can gather they have agents spread north of us and east of us and a thorough organization for buying, smuggling, and selling. The whole Pacific coast seems to be their stamping ground.

"Right now I'd have no difficulty in putting my hands on a half dozen of the outfit, but they're only the small fish.

Somewhere above is the directing brain and that's the bird we want. I'm going to smash that thing up. I've chosen you. For one thing, I'm not getting any younger and when the time comes for me to step out, I'd like you to take my place. You're young but you'll grow out of that and if you're successful on this case, it'll go a long ways toward promotion. Get them. Over in Mexico in Tia Juana the police will do everything they can to help you, if you need them. But my advice would be, don't let a single soul in on it until you're ready to spring the trap. Too many leaks are possible. Neither do I want anybody to know we're on the lookout for them so if you get into difficulties over there in Mexico, don't call on this office to help you out. You'll be entirely on your own."

He stopped for a while and drummed irritably with his fingers on the table.

"This opium business," he went on, "has become an obsession with me. I can stand for their bringing most things into this country, but they're not going to flood us with that stuff



With Drawings from Life

By

AUGUST BLESER, JR.

while I have a man or a dollar left to fight them with."

Then he looked up and smiled that sudden, pleasant smile of his and we shook hands.

"It may take you a month," he said as I picked up my hat, "or a year. But get over into Tia Juana before the week's out."

TIA JUANA. Always Tia Juana when some particular rascality is brewing in the western underworld. At times I think the entrance to hell itself must be somewhere in Tia Juana. That may surprise you if you've ever been there, especially if you've been a tourist, for then you have really never seen Tia Juana. You've only seen that double row of shacks and saloons where you can buy poor beer and drop your quarters into slot machines that give you a ten-to-one chance for your money. But you haven't begun to see the sinister world of crime and misery that we of the Secret Service know for Tia Juana.

It's likely you've never even heard of La Culebra, that combination dance-hall, gambling den, and thieves' club just on the boundary of Tia Juana and not far from the little red mud fort. The man who serves you your beer in La Culebra may be a perfectly prosaic bartender or he may be agent for a dozen underworld gangs. In any event, it's a safe bet that if your own actions are a little aside from the ordinary, there will be more than one pair of keen eyes watching you, especially if you stay too long. Then, too, not every one that goes to Tia Juana comes out again. Women go there, who never want to come out. Men flee there for protection and sometimes find only the protection of death. A silent, inscrutable, thoroughly villainous little blot of twisted humanity out there on the edge of the desert. That's Tia Juana.

So it was only natural that I should cast about with more care than usual for the best rôle to assume before I went south of the line. All the way down to San Diego I thought it over. And finally it came to me that my best disguise would be that of some temporarily down-at-the-heel Mexican, some black sheep of one of the better families who for reasons best known to himself was lying low for a time. That would give me an opportunity to mix in with any level of human society that might prove most useful. The rôle of a Mexican was easy for me since I had lived ten years in Mexico City while my father was in the embassy there and I spoke the language as well as any border Mexican ever speaks it.

So all this may have been the reason why two nights later a thoroughly disreputable young Mexican slouched up to the bar at La Culebra and asked for a glass of tequila. I took two drinks of that vile, fiery liquid and as I pulled a coin from my pocket, an uncut diamond of moderate size rolled from my hand on to the bar. I snatched at it, but not before the bartender had time to see what it was. Then I paid for my drinks, and, slouching over to a table, picked up a pack of tattered cards and dealt myself a hand of Mexican solitaire, the game they call Baraja.

FROM the corner of my eye I could see the bartender beckoning to a little wrinkled Mexican who sat smoking at the further end. A few whispered words between them and a bit later my wrinkled man was standing silently before me, watching my game with intent interest. I didn't get many cards on the board that hand and, as I cursed and reshuffled, the Mexican laughed and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Unlucky at cards, eh, amigo?" he said. "Well, don't despair, there are other things more easy. But look, you are alone as I am, so let us drink together to this fickle goddess of fortune."

He led me back to the bar and before the evening was over I had struck up a close acquaintance with the little chap, José, they called him. Toward midnight José began a few guarded inquiries as to my scruples against making a little money and I was very careful to give him the impression that money was something I'd do anything in the world for, provided of course, it didn't require too many chances.

"But money" I said as we parted, "after all, I myself know ways to get that. Perhaps my ways are better than yours."

We arranged to meet at La Culebra the following night and I went back to my room in the little fonda feeling I had made very fair progress in so short a time. Obviously José was interested in that diamond of mine. Whether he was interested from the standpoint of a smuggler, or from the standpoint of sticking a knife between my ribs and relieving me of it, I couldn't even guess. But it was something to have made the beginnings of an acquaintance with some one from the underworld. For that world, you know, is like a huge, intricate spider web. On the edges of it you encounter a thread here and a thread there and each thread, if you're able to follow it, leads you toward the center where the governing power lies. But you have to follow those threads slowly and with care, or you may not come back to tell about the things you learned.

Now I won't relate every detail of how in the next three months I came to learn more and more and became closer and closer affiliated with that smuggling band, for José turned out, after all, to be one of them. I learned that in less than a month. I learned, too, that he was a kind of obscure lieutenant, not one of the big fish. But through José I came to learn a little of the activities and methods of that band. Three times, too, I made myself useful to José and his gang by helping them smuggle some shipments of diamonds across the border. Curiously enough, each shipment was seized later, but my own part in the business went off perfectly.

And I was learning. Daily I grew more convinced that the band was even larger and wider spread than the chief himself realized. I began to feel the existence of some powerful influence behind it all. Some cunning brain with an ability to work under cover and conceal tracks such as I had seldom encountered in my own years of battling with the underworld.

SOMEONE, somewhere was in command who possessed more than ordinary genius for organization and who had daring and imagination far greater than that of the ordinary criminal. He was the one I must wait on. For after all, it's worse than useless to imprison the pawns in a game like this and let the leaders go. It only means that within a year those same leaders have a new and still more carefully worked-out organization than before, and you have gained nothing.

Even after José had come to trust me and accept me for what I seemed to be, even then most careful inquiries brought no satisfactory answer as to the kind of man their chief was. So at the end of three months I was only a little further advanced than I had been on that first night.

One thing, though, aided. That was my growing reputation for learning the plans and movements of the Tia Juana police. It was a helpful thing to the band, but if they had known how I got my information they might not have felt so comforted. Of course, it wasn't all clear progress. There were setbacks and false trails, one or two mistakes and sometimes whole weeks of tantalizingly slow work. And always the same baffling inscrutability of José when I sought to learn more of the men higher up.

So I knew it was something out of the ordinary that prompted





A door across the patio opened and a girl came forward. I had been prepared to meet many kinds of women, but certainly not the kind who came toward us. There was a calmness and serenity about her more compelling than mere beauty could be. I found a frankness that could have come only from absolute innocence or from one to whom evil had become such second nature that it left neither trace nor stain in her calm candid eyes

José to call me over to his table in La Culebra that evening and of his own initiative began by saying, "Sit down, amigo. For tonight I want to tell you a little of the ones who command me and who lead us in all this."

I yawned and waved the waiter over to order our drinks, but to myself at least, my own eagerness was apparent, for my hand quivered ever so slightly as I rolled a cigarette.

"WHAT do these higher-ups matter to us, José?" I answered with little show of interest. "They get the big cakes and we get the crumbs. We do the work and take the chances; they reap the rewards. And yet, man to man, how much better are they than any of us?"

"Perhaps much. Perhaps little. But she who leads us . . ."

I felt my pulse jump. "She?"

His white teeth gleamed. "Yes, she. It is a senorita whom you serve, amigo. Does that surprise you?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Nothing surprises me."

"No? Then you may not be surprised to learn that tomorrow evening you are to see her."

"She is here in Tia Juana?"

He waved his hand vaguely south. "She lives somewhere out there on the desert. Just where, it isn't necessary that you should know."

"Why am I to meet her?"

"She has sudden need of you. Just what I can not say. And, amigo, I only tell you all this that you may be prepared to meet me here one hour after sunrise." He looked long and searchingly into my eyes. "It is because of what I have told them of you that they are seeking you out. I have told them I believe you are one of us and that you have the brains to help us if you are trustworthy. But sometimes, amigo, I am not so sure that you are all you pretend to be. Well, whether you are or not, my advice is, be trustworthy. For you will not live the length of a fly's life, once you attempt disloyalty to our band. Am I clear, amigo?"

Yes, he was quite clear. But that part didn't bother me. Instead I spent the rest of the night alternating between high elation over my success in at last reaching the center of the problem and perplexity as to their reasons for summoning me. A girl leader! Yes, for the past year rumors had reached us of a clever woman who was behind all those carefully laid plans of the border smugglers. Rumors only and none of us had given it serious thought. But what could she want of me? Had something slipped to awaken their suspicions? Had I been recognized as a Secret Service man?

Dawn found me no nearer the solution, nor was José any more communicative as we drove together, in a wreck of a car, out over the desert south of Tia Juana. For a time we followed the main road to Ensanada, then turned eastward, finally reaching a dry water hole where the road stopped. Two horses ready saddled awaited us. On these we jogged for two hours more, then up a steep mesa and suddenly I found myself facing a long, low hacienda of the better Spanish type, entirely surrounded by a high, spiked iron fence.

TWO peons ran forward to take our horses and I remember asking one for a match as I dismounted. He paid no attention to my question and as I repeated it in a louder tone, José laughed.

"Better to save your breath, amigo," he said. "The servants of the senorita here know neither how to speak nor to hear. These are deaf and dumb. It is better so."

We entered the well-kept grounds, passed between a double row of royal palms, and into the patio. There a dark, thick-set man of about fifty rose to greet us and for a startled

second I felt my heart stop as I recognized the keen, cruel face of de Bariz, the Spanish jewel smuggler who for ten years had baffled the police of two continents. I had never before seen him, but his history and every line of his face were very familiar to me. I could guess now where lay the brains and enterprise of the band. He shook hands with José and as I was presented favored me with a long, half-distrustful scrutiny, then said, "Be seated, gentlemen."

To me he added, "More than once the senorita and I have heard of your ability from our good José. You have been very helpful and it happens that now she has a particularly difficult mission which, if she is satisfied with you, may be entrusted to you."

HE SAID no more for a door across the patio opened and a girl came forward. Looking back I think, perhaps, the sight of her thrilled me more than even the presence of de Bariz. For I had been prepared to meet one of many kinds of women, but certainly not the kind who came toward us. To say that she was beautiful would mean nothing. Perhaps she was not beautiful, but there was a calmness and serenity about her more compelling than mere beauty could be. She was young, alert, very slender, and in her eyes I found a frankness that I remember thinking could have come only from absolute innocence, or from one to whom evil had become such second nature that it left neither trace nor stain in the calm, candid eyes.

Her Spanish was perfect, but it was not the Spanish of Mexico. And it occurred to me, even as she spoke, that she was probably a Brazilian. That might have accounted for the quantities of Brazilian diamonds that had been making their way north to the border.

In her unhurried way she studied me.

"It is pleasant," she said, "to meet one of whom we have heard so often and so favorably, señor, for José has told us much of you and all of it good. Naturally, since we are interested in our friends, we are interested, too, in learning how they come to be our friends. So I am wondering what good chance brought you here to the border country and to us."

"Until this very moment, senorita, I should have hesitated to call it good."

DE BARIZ laughed. "Besides smuggling diamonds, the man creates compliments."

But with a little gesture, the girl silenced him and I went on.

"There's not much to tell about the years that are gone, senorita. I happen to be one of those whose

family has much more reason to be proud of its name than of me. That is unimportant. I was educated in Mexico City and for certain reasons in which you would not take interest, saw fit to join the army there. Then later, to my magnificent pay of the Mexican soldier, I added the proceeds of one or two well-chosen enterprises. I was caught and court-martialed, but I escaped and came to Tia Juana intending to go over into the United States where I should be safe from pursuit. Then by chance I met José, joined your band, and am now the humble servant of yourself."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

From her eyes I could tell absolutely nothing. Her face remained immobile. De Bariz, I think, saw no reason to disbelieve my tale, and so for a time the examination rested. Shortly afterwards the Spaniard rode away and I went out into the patio with the senorita.

"It is not often, señor," she began after one of her long silences, "that we entrust gravely important matters to one of whom we know so little. For after all it is only a few months that José has known you." [Continued on page 101]

A True Story in Seventy-One Words

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

I was standing in front of a theater, late one night, when a man and a pretty girl came hurrying by. "But what will you tell mother?" asked the girl. Her voice was tense with worry. Without replying, he walked into the lobby of the theater, picked up a program, looked at the girl significantly and put the program into his pocket. Then, without a word, they went on their way



M. G. M.

Day Dreams?

Says Ethel Barrymore, "Don't be fooled by that faraway look in a pretty girl's eyes into thinking you're the only man. She may be thinking about your rival!"



Freulich

Universal

Did Jay Webb, above, let the man shoot this close-up as a study of "The love that lies in woman's eyes—and lies—and lies—and lies!"?



*IF ALL things
feminine were
as easy to see
through as
Anna May
Wong's danc-
ing costume—
would girls be
so intriguing?*

Universal

Freulich



Alfred Cheney Johnston

*L*ORA FOSTER knows she is as pretty as a picture and she doesn't have to give a (w)hoop for the frame. Of course it is a glorified hoop Lora rolls in the Ziegfeld Follies



First National

IT ISN'T often that a group of Greek dancers can raise the roof, but Maria Corda and the Marion Morgan girls seem to know how



De Mijlan

IF THIS gay senorita, who is really Henrietta Livingstone in *Artists and Models*, cried, "Si, si senor," wouldn't any man answer, "Si, see you some more"?

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O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month



What PRISON Did To My Friend EARL CARROLL



I HAVE known Earl Carroll since those lean days when he lived over Bustanoby's cafe on Thirty-ninth street and made a vicarious living selling tunes to Tin Pan Alley.

I have watched him go through the Broadway swirl of temptations without touching liquor or even smoking a cigarette. So far as I knew—and I knew him intimately—he never told an off-color story.

He seemed a human anachronism in a street that lived for pleasure. And I watched him rise to the top of the theatrical ladder until a theater bore his name in electric lights.

His first production in his own theater was "Bavu" an allegorical, artistic composition that encompassed his ideals. It was a terrible "flop." And with his backers fearing for the outcome of the venture, Earl gave Broadway what it wanted—girl and leg shows. He prospered but I know his heart was not in his work.

I am not going into the justice of his year's sentence in Atlanta prison. I am his friend and I am prejudiced. The records show that he suffered for protecting his friends and he was carried half-dying on a stretcher through the prison gates.

His world had collapsed and the world of Broadway was cracking jokes at the expense of this pale, sensitive young man who had been everybody's friend. It was all the cruelest mockery I have ever beheld and Broadway has never been quite the same to me since.

A few weeks ago Earl was pardoned. He came back and Broadway met him at the train with its hypocritical huzzah.

It was several days after his return that my telephone rang "Hello Odd," said a tired voice. "This is Earl. I am down in the foyer." I invited him to come up to my apartment.

I was shocked at his appearance. Prison life had squeezed him dry. His long, lean face seemed expressionless and his manner was listless. It seemed to me as though I might be looking at a ghost.

He had been up since six o'clock that morning; prison routine had not released him from its tedious clutches. He had been walking the streets in a sort of agony of hopelessness and had not even remembered that he had eaten no breakfast.

AS IT was about my hour for breakfast I insisted that he have a bite with me. His breakfast consisted solely of an order of preserved figs at which he nibbled half-heartedly.

He has comparatively no business worries. His theater is flourishing and a road company of his "Vanities" is playing to capacity but these things held no interest for him.

He kept looking at his wrist watch as though anxious to depart and when I chided him for being in such a hurry he explained that it was not that.

"It is 12:30," he said, "an hour ahead of Atlanta time. Back there the line of miserable human beings is forming to shuffle to their meal off tin plates. So many of them, you know, do not deserve the awfulness that is theirs."

I tried to tell him that he must get his mind off of the experience through which he had passed. [Continued on page 119]



Don't Miss the Dramatic Escape
of the Stolen Bride from

The Secret

OF THAT struggle in the darkness and the grim results, you're going to hear now.

Joyce and I were weakened from our climb, from lack of food, from the knowledge of what confronted us if we failed.

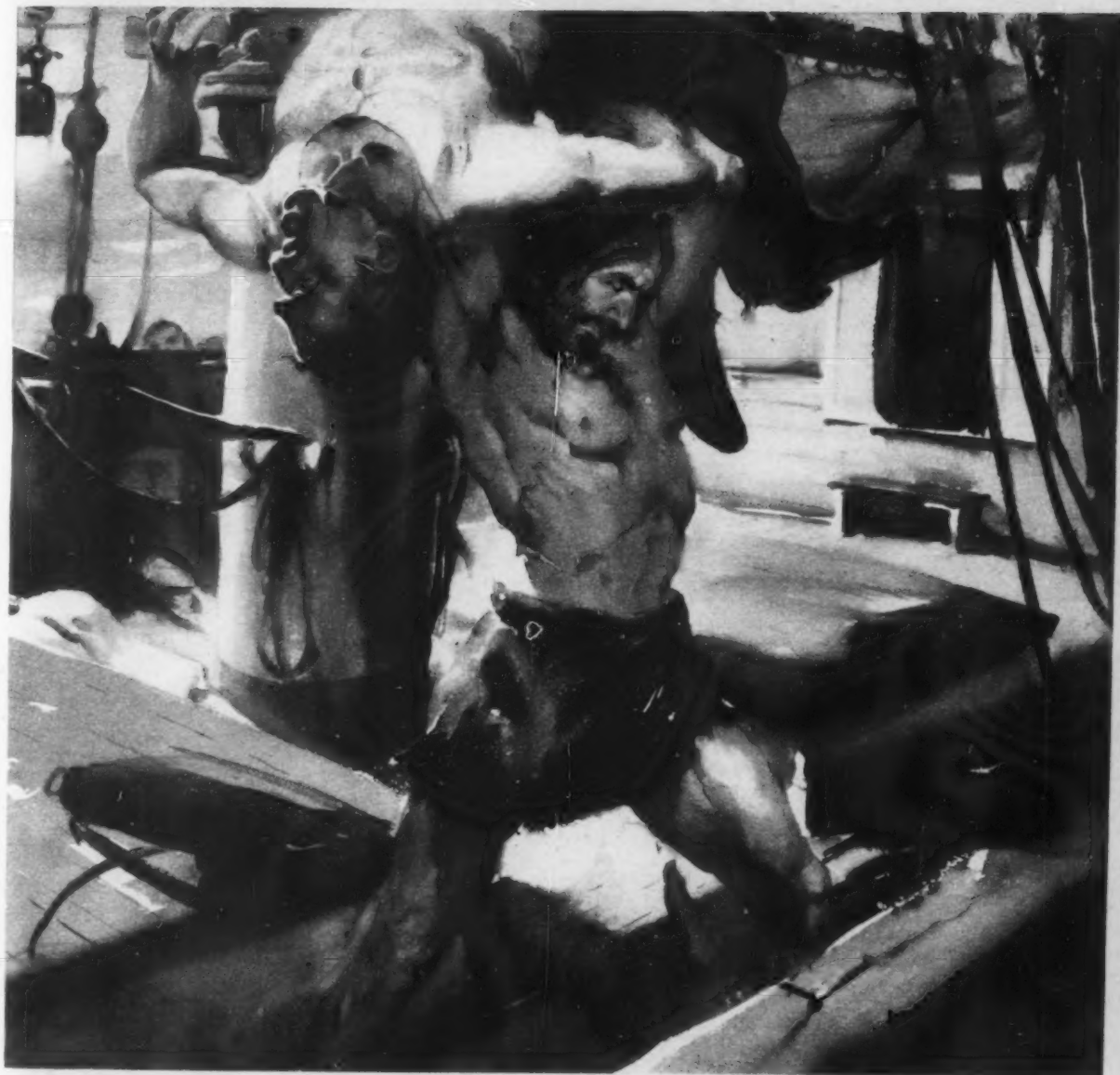
As the savage slowly picked his way up the cliff towards where I stood, I made up my mind I'd have to do for him with one of the loosened boulders, or lose my own life instead. And if my life were lost, what would become of Joyce?

I don't think the savage knew he was observed. He was moving cautiously as if trying to make no sound. He had

had the cunning to wait until the wind grew louder and if it hadn't been for Joyce's vigilance, he would have surprised us.

I got my lever ready and thrust it under one of the boulders I had managed to roll to the face of the cliff. Then I waited. The faint, scratching, scrambling noise went on. I was in complete darkness behind my boulder. The fan of firelight threw a pale arc of radiance on either side.

The slow, scratching noise continued. I could almost hear each footfall of the savage as he pushed on to the next crevice, dislodging sand and pebbles. I wanted to bear down on my



Island

I picked up a revolver, fired at Lucky Blake but missed. Then the savage, before whom the other men had fled in a panic, rushed upon Blake, seized him, hurled him into the air and tossed him into the sea. I saw the rest of the terror-struck crew fleeing to the island

lever and send the big rock hurtling over the cliff, but I had no ammunition to waste and I waited as long as I dared.

I thought of Joyce behind me, waiting, too, trusting me. I felt certain the boulder would sweep aside everything in its path, but I knew that if I delayed until he reached the steeper part of the cliff, there would be less chance for him to dodge.

When at last I pried the boulder free, it rolled slowly forward, gathered a sudden momentum, and crashing and booming, slid down that dizzy incline with a force that seemed to shake the very earth. I heard it go smashing downwards all the way,

cracking trees that stood in its path, splintering smaller rocks.

Then abruptly it ceased, and bending forward, I peered into the darkness below me. What had happened? I heard a branch snap and a rattle of pebbles, as the savage retreated.

I knew then what had happened! The savage had swung himself up into a tree to escape that rushing thing I had loosed.

I was sick with disappointment. The fact that he had retreated temporarily meant nothing in the long run. I had only two large boulders left, and if they failed likewise, then our plight was hopeless.

I heard a whispering voice behind me. Joyce was touching my shoulder.

"Has he gone?" she asked. "Have you frightened him away?"

She was like a child, I thought. I could not bear to tell her the truth.

But she didn't wait for an answer. "I've found something," she said. "It was on a ledge inside. Please come and look at it."

I hesitated, wondering if I dared leave. I peered vainly downwards at that wall of darkness. I listened but there was no noise at the base of the cliff except the thrashing of the trees in the wind, and the storm on the waters that surrounded the island.

I TURNED and went back to the opening of the two big rocks that made a kind of natural hut. The firelight danced on the walls, and Joyce pointed to a ledge. A rusty-colored book lay there.

I took it out with me to the light of the fire. It was a Bible, with an old-fashioned binding. It was in Spanish, and was full of gaudy lithographs of saints and angels and miracles, but on the blank page in the front there was a faint writing. It was smudgy as if it might have been made with charcoal, and in some places it was hardly legible.

I stared at the superscription, and with my scanty Spanish, made it out as follows:

"Now I, under the will of Merciful God, having been cast ashore at this desolate place with my small son, after the terrible storm which wrecked the Santa Rosa, find myself no longer with strength enough to endure. My husband has perished with the rest, and I know not how to live. My powers fail me, and I leave my son in the care of the Blessed Virgin, inscribing here his name and house. If God wills that he survive, and there come those who shall rescue him, let them read this and know that he is Ricardo de la Torre, and his estate—"

At this point the words blurred indecipherably. The writing grew less firm, and I thought I could still make out the dim outline of the word "fever." But no signature or date survived.

I turned the page, hoping I might find some further clue. Then I came upon a picture, not a gaudy-colored lithograph, but an old-fashioned photograph laid between the pages.

It was the picture of a strikingly handsome woman whose proud, almost tragic eyes seemed to stare broodingly from under her calm brows.

In the lower corner, I saw the name of the photographer printed in scrolled type, and underneath that with a flourish, the name of the city where he plied his trade: Sevilla.

It took very little reasoning to tell me that this gravely beautiful woman was the woman who had written the words I had just read.

I PUT the big book down wonderingly, and perhaps a little awed. I was thinking of the bitterness of her death on the island long years before, where she had probably found herself cast away with her small son. As her strength had ebbed from her, her last act had been to do what she could to serve him. She had written his name and history, hoping he would not forget.

And if I could imagine all this, it was a simpler matter to realize why it was the savage had European features.

Somehow he had survived, living like a wild man, but back of his savagery there was an inherited civilization. I could not know how he had come to maturity, but one thing I was sure of: this desperate and dangerous enemy who lurked at the foot of the cliff was the Ricardo de la Torre of the account.

What did he make of it all? What did he make of us, his fellow beings? I had noticed that the photograph of his mother was worn and rubbed as if it had been handled many times. Perhaps he had worshipped that likeness of a mysterious being he no longer remembered.

But all these thoughts, involved though they were, sped by in less than a minute. Whatever my impressions were I did not dare keep away from the cliff-edge any longer.

With a word to Joyce, I made my way back. There was no sound of him below me, and only the howling of the storm came menacingly to my ears as I listened.

Had that boulder really discouraged him from further attempts? Or had he only slunk away to wait for daylight? In

any case it didn't matter, for sooner or later Joyce and I would have to make a desperate sortie from here for food. Dimly in the back of my mind, one last plan was forming.

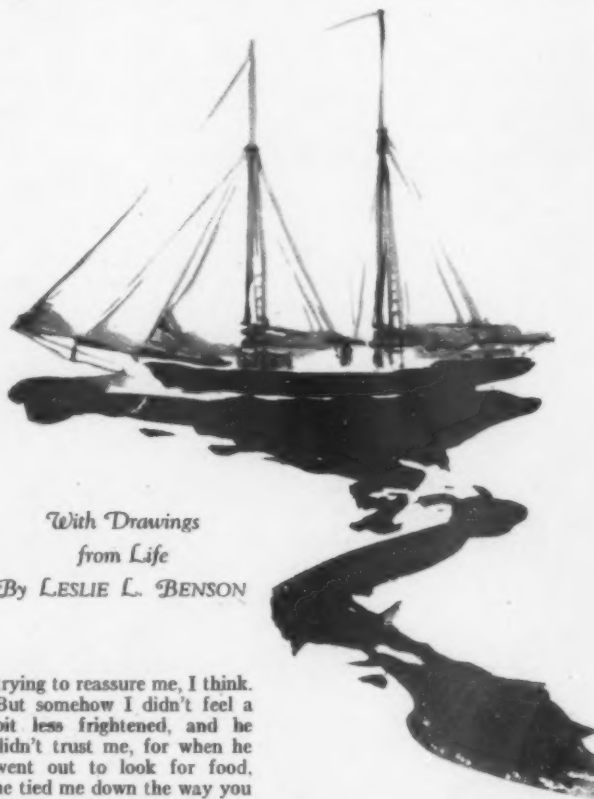
I sat down and Joyce sat near me, her head on my shoulder. Her voice was faint with weariness, but she had not complained, not even of the hunger which she must be feeling. My heart ached for her.

Perhaps it was to take her mind from her present troubles that she told me of her experiences after Ricardo, the savage, had captured her.

She told me how her first fear had been that she had been captured by some strangely human-like ape. She had been sick with terror. She had heard me call, but she had lost hope when Ricardo had plunged through the waterfall into the cave it concealed.

She had squirmed out of his grasp and tried to escape, but he had caught her with one hand. Then in spite of her panic, it had dawned on her that he was really trying to placate her, to be gentle with her.

"He passed his hands over my face," she said with a little shiver, "and he made a kind of murmuring sound. He was



*With Drawings
from Life*

By LESLIE L. BENSON

trying to reassure me, I think. But somehow I didn't feel a bit less frightened, and he didn't trust me, for when he went out to look for food, he tied me down the way you found me. I don't think he

had any idea of how terrible it was for me. But lying there in the darkness, I thought I was going mad. When you came I was really almost crazy. And then—well, it was then I realized how brave you are and how much I need you always."

Her voice trailed off into fragmentary murmurs and presently she slept, with her head against my shoulder. I felt a tenderness I don't know how to describe. I sat, listening and waiting, with the sleeping girl resting against me, and with the gale thrashing across the seas and through the trees of the island.

I think it must have been an hour later, when I heard once more the sound that had previously warned us. There was no doubt that Ricardo was stealing up the cliff again!

I LIFTED Joyce in my arms and carried her back to the fortification. She stirred a little, but did not open her eyes. I put her down gently on a pile of skins. She sighed, still asleep, and did not move.

I hurried back to the edge and got my lever in readiness.



*J*oyce was swaying on her feet. Her face was white and drawn. She had reached the limit of her strength. I lifted her in my arms. Her head fell against my shoulder and her eyes closed. She was a light burden, but that march through the sliding sand seemed endless. I was cheered only by the fact that there was no sign of the wild man



Again I waited in a gnawing suspense, while the sound grew steadily clearer.

It seemed to me this time I waited until the noise came from only a short distance. Then at last, praying for luck, I threw my weight against the lever. The big rock turned slowly and almost hesitatingly. The next instant it had started downward with its tearing, splintering velocity, but as it tumbled, it struck the third and last boulder and carried that with it!

I had managed to roll the rocks so that they would fall directly down the hacked-out steps of the cliff, and I imagined it impossible for anything human to obtain a foothold anywhere else on the precipice.

I held my breath, listening until the uproar had died down. Then to my utter dismay I heard Ricardo continuing his climb!

I looked around desperately. My arsenal was wiped out! I

had nothing to halt him with now! A tide of despair came over me. I had lost!

For a moment I looked about me, as if I were taking my last look at the world itself. A gust of wind came roaring through the crags, whipping the trees back as if a hurricane had come upon them. My fire crackled and the flames leaped and danced.

My mind was racing to a series of swift decisions. I must wake Joyce, and this time tell her the truth. I had scarcely a minute left.

I went back to where she had been sleeping. Evidently the falling of the giant rocks had aroused her for she had risen to her feet.

"What's happened?" she asked.

I tried to speak and could not. [Continued on page 113]

The EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

Formerly Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain

*Asks Your Earnest Consideration of a
Serious Problem in Modern Morals*

Should We Hush Our SCANDALS?

SEVERAL recently reported cases have received wide publicity through the medium of our English law courts. They have presented many unedifying features, and may appear to justify inferences very unfavorable to our standard of morals.

It is extremely important to draw true and not false inferences from social scandals which are widely advertised. It is not less difficult than it is important.

Is English society immoral? Or is it, to make the matter internationally comparative rather than personal to ourselves, more immoral than the society of other great countries?

The question which is proposed invites very deep consideration, and may perhaps be illustrated by some general observations. The temptations and the passions of the world do not alter from generation to generation or from century to century. Men are men and women are women.

There are still among us Helens of Troy, and Phrynes, and Cleopatras, and Ninons de L'Enclos, and equally you may find your Paris, your Don Juan, your Casanova and your De Grammont.

The real truth is that there will always exist in a luxurious society an entirely immoral fringe, lending color in a degree wholly out of proportion to its numbers, to a general charge of national degeneracy. Irregularity of morals is by no means confined to the governing classes. But the amours of our artisan population, though very freely reflected in the records of the divorce court, excite little interest and less attention.

The case is different where those who play conspicuous roles on the erotic stage are notorious for either social or public reasons. Such persons in their difficulties, however much they may dislike it, can command five columns a day from a sympathetic and commercial press.

Here an important problem presents itself. In no other country but England can the indecent details of these nauseating cases be freely presented. Such license is unknown in the United States of America, in France or in Germany.

PERSONALLY I am of the opinion that such evidence ought not to be made public to newspaper readers. Its publication in this country causes every father and mother in England who has young daughters to try to prevent them from reading the papers for several days.

I have always been of the opinion that it would be possible to deal with these mischiefs by a very simple method. I would make it an offense for any editor, in reporting a legal

proceeding, to publish anything which was indecent. I am persuaded that most of our great newspapers would thankfully accept an alteration of our law in this sense.

They are at present forced by competition to supply these indecorous reports, so injurious to our reputation for national morality, because the public likes to read them. This being so, the newspapers have to compete against one another in their reports of these proceedings.

I AM satisfied that ninety percent of our well-conducted and decently managed newspapers would welcome a change in the law which would relieve them from a competition so unbecoming, or, to make the matter quite plain, so indecent.

These observations are intended to make it plain that, in my opinion, a grave injustice is done to the reputation of English morals by the extraordinary publicity which we think it proper to allow to cases of this notorious class. The English attitude has always been slightly arrogant: "You may know all that there is to know about us; then strike your own balance; we shall not on the whole be losers." And truly English life is not unsound at the core.

There is of course in London, just as there is in Paris, in New York and in Berlin, a class in which relaxed conceptions of moral conduct are condoned and even admired. I am unaware of any great and populous capital in any country, at any stage of the world's history, against which this charge could not have been truly made.

IN ORDER to ascertain the moral standard of a country it would never occur to me to do so stupid a thing as to go to the capital of that country, for it will always be the clearing house of indulgence, luxury and wealth. I would rather, if I were dealing with England, go to the provincial centers of population and to its agricultural community.

I would, if I were attempting to reach a clear conclusion upon the morals of the United States of America, avoid its great centers of population and go for guidance to those who in great waste spaces are building up and sustaining the character of its people, making their own contribution to that moral average by which alone you must judge a mighty republic.

And I would remind those who would still draw comparisons between the sophisticated element in the United States of America and in this country, that some allowance must be made for the differences in the divorce laws of the two countries. Our own divorce law is, in my opinion, barbarous and

Do You Think

that boys and girls are made bad and given a vicious slant on life by the publication of sensational scandals? Lord Birkenhead believes these morbid reports should be banished from the newspapers

IS HE RIGHT?



Wide World



Topical Press

America is not the only land of opportunity. England, also, gives its men of genius a chance. Plain Frederick Edwin Smith started life as an unknown lawyer with a name not meant to shine. His brilliance and his success won him the titles, Earl of Birkenhead and Viscount Durneaux; made him Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, Secretary for India and an authority on international law. Out of his experience he drew the material for his *Smart Set* article

prehistoric, but at present we have to live under it. We may succeed one day in altering it; but the road is long and difficult and beset by prejudice.

Until we so alter it, it is generally true that neither husband nor wife in England can procure release except upon proof of infidelity on the part of his or her spouse. Very few women, unless they are defenseless or extremely anxious to make a change, are prepared to make a public admission of their guilt. Many men are prevented by public or by business positions from making such an admission in their own case. And so it happens that in England unions are stereotyped, and homes nominally preserved, from which happiness has fled in despair. Such a menace must, from the very nature of the case, breed immorality.

In the United States these matters are more easily, less publicly and less scandalously adjusted and surely if a man and a woman who no longer love one another can obtain release without private or public scandal, they have less [Continued on page 132]

MISCONDUCT

*When a Girl
Is Engaged Does
She Then
Become Her Man's
Property?*



I SHOULD have grown up "wild" according to all expectations in my little Southern town; instead I came to maturity almost as unsophisticated as if I had been reared in a convent. The very circumstances that the busybodies looked upon askance surrounded me with a constant care and a devotion that were fierce in their intensity.

It was strange, the gossips thought, for a girl to grow up without father or mother, alone in her big white ancestral home save for a negro "Mammy" and a bookish, pedantic uncle who was out of town most of the time on his research trips and lecture tours. From the first strange moment when my mother died and left me in the care of Mammy, instead of my father, they lowered their voices when they spoke of me and predicted that I would surely turn out wrong in the end.

What seemed so strange to them had always been an accepted fact to me. As far back as I could remember there had been no mother; only the brown face and pudgy figure of Mammy. Other little girls had mothers and fathers instead of an uncle who came and went now and then and spoke absently to a little girl.

Still, I had something that they did not: down in the big, gloomy, old, dirty court-house there was something they called a "guardianship" that had charge of me and the property my mother had left for me; and every now and then I used to go down with Mammy to the Chancery Court and have a long, serious talk with the Judge. They called him "Chancellor McGrail" and I liked him. He did not laugh at the things I said; and when I did not understand he explained patiently, over and over again.

IT MUST have been almost an unbearable blow to the gossips when I was grown and my engagement to Roger Wyatt had been announced.

Portions of their comments came back to me: Of course I was very pretty, indeed, if one cared for that sort of beauty, but there was something very funny about a young girl who

had been brought up as I had. There was the wild strain in my blood that could not have passed over the daughter of my father.

Mother Wyatt, however, smiled in her quiet, gentle way and kissed me without a word. That said more than those others could have said in a week of gabbing. The Wyatts were the Wyatts! They had been here even before there was a town and in the South that means a lot.

Maybe they assumed that was why I promised to marry Roger. They could not have known that, since I could remember, whenever Roger came into view my hands would tremble until I was afraid everybody would notice, and I could feel my heart hammering against my side. Roger's quiet, dark eyes, the tanned leanness of him, a just-rightness in everything he looked and did took possession of me. I was

With Drawings
from Life
By Y. E. SODERBERG



I was alone with Terry when his wife and two witnesses appeared. "Willa Deeming," she cried and I saw in a flash the scandal I faced. At that instant Roger walked in, glass in hand. "Howdy, Mrs. Averitt," he said. "I didn't know anyone else was coming to have a drink with us"

so much in love with him that I was constantly afraid, with a deep, genuine fear, of the power that he had over me. No one else could frown and make all the world immediately grow dark. If anyone else told me to do something that I did not choose to do I laughed. I knew that I would do only what I wanted to. But with Roger I was afraid because all he had to do was let me know what he wanted.

We were coming home from a dance one night, Mammy and I, in the closed Wyatt car. Mammy was dozing against the padded cushions in her corner. She never let me go to a dance alone; she always waited for me in the dressing room, no matter how late the dance lasted. Roger seized the chance he had been waiting for, to say his say.

"Willa," he began in a low tone, "I don't want to seem to dictate to you, but I'm your fiancé, dear, and—"

"But Roger," I said. "I wasn't the only girl. There was Fanny Lou Lawrence, and Elsie Baker, and the young Crownshields. We just ran over to Terry Averitt's for a drink."

WE PASSED a street light, and Roger's face showed grim. "Honey," he said, "I quite agree with you that ordinarily that would have been all right, but you sat out an intermission with Averitt, too."

"Of course I did! Everybody sits out intermissions."

"Not with Averitt, honey. You know of course that his wife has left him?"

"Yes."

"For cause, Willa. He—he—oh, well! I happen to know that she stood it as long as she could; and that she's just waiting to get the goods on him. Averitt's not the sort I

want you to be with, Willa."

"Oh, Roger, you make me—never mind! Wake up, Mammy, we're home."

Mammy sat erect with a start. "Law', honey, I ain' been 'sleep. Is you got yo' dancin' slippers?"

"They're in the bag. I'll be along in a minute, as soon as Roger tells me good night, if he's going to."

Roger covered one of my hands with his. "Willa, honey, don't talk like that. You know I care."

"I expect I am cross, Roger," I said, putting up my lips to be kissed. "Good night."

Inside, Mammy was already making ready my bed. There was a certain ominousness in her air. She did not speak until I was in bed. Then she came and sat by my side, as she had since I was a wee girl.

"Chile," she began, "you went 'way f'm de dance tonight; an' you drank liquor!"

I tossed impatiently. "Oh, Mammy, don't be so old-fashioned! I'm not a child. I'm an engaged woman! And there was a married couple with us. I didn't do anything those other girls weren't doing!"

"Mist' Roger didn't go. And I don' care what those other girls did. It's wrong f'r you, baby girl. I knows you. I's raised you since yo' maw died. I's watched you since you couldn't even talk. I knows every thought in dat little head o' yours."

"But Mammy, I can't be a stick-in-the mud! I can't refuse to do what all the other girls are doing!"

"You's got to, honey. You's got you' paw's blood in you; dey ain't. Don' you let me hear o' you takin' no more liquor to drink. You hear me, chile? You hear me?"

"Oh, Mammy, you talk as if I were balancing over a cliff, in danger of falling over it."

"You is! I knows what I's talkin' 'bout! I knows what's



"I tried to tell you gently that you mustn't be seen with Averitt," said him today. I forbid you flatly to have anything more to do with that boss me, but I don't. I'll do what I please!" I said

in yo' blood. I's done give my heart's blood into keepin' de promise I made yo' maw de night she died. Honey, look at old Mammy. Don' you never lemme hear o' nothin' like dat no mo'!"

Long after she had left me I rolled and tossed. I knew what Mammy was talking about. It had been told to me, over and over again, so many times that I knew each scene of it as vividly as if I had been present.

It is difficult for the outsider to grasp the relationship between the Southern girl and the mammy who has reared her. That relationship was peculiarly different in the case of Mammy and me.



Roger. "Half the town saw you riding with man!" "You may think you have the right to and gave him back his ring.

So far as outside manifestations had shown, at the time Mammy had applied to my mother to see if she needed a girl, when I was a year old, she was simply the ordinary colored girl of the South, hiring out for domestic service. True, there was a subtle difference in her appearance, but that was explained fully and concisely by her saying: "My gran'paw had Indian blood, ma'am!"

Within six months there was a bond of genuine affection between my mother and Mammy. To my mother alone Mammy acknowledged allegiance. My father, on those occasions when he was sober enough to know what he was doing, received as much service and respect as he was able to enforce—no more!

He it was who handed down to me the tendencies Mammy feared. There appeared in him the outcroppings of all the wild blood of our hard-riding, hard-drinking, hard-gambling ancestors; and he exceeded the worst they had done. The generous Deeming fortune he had inherited he lost. He became but a wreck of the handsome figure he once had been.

When I was two years old my parents came to open clash. My father wanted Mother to sign over to him her inheritance from her parents; she refused flatly. "No, I won't sign!" she told him. "Willa is going to have that; it's going to be kept for her. I've even had my will fixed so you can't touch it. That will be hers!"

She must have had a presentiment. I was to have had a baby brother; but there came a wild, gloomy, sleety November night when I had neither mother nor baby brother.

Father had left the three of us, Mother, Mammy and me, alone in the big white house. No one knew where he was. And through the night, as the storm rose, Mother grew weaker.

Steadfastly she refused to let Mammy go for a physician. "It's no use, Mammy," she said. "It's too late now."

Steadily the night wore on, the flame of life flickered lower.

Late, just at dawn, my father stumbled in. He was not entirely sober but Mother's condition, plain even to him, brought him as nearly to his senses as anything could. His first move was to rail at Mammy who stood by without a word:

"You should have run for the doctor!" he said. "You shouldn't have listened to what she told you! Just like all of your kind. A man can't turn his back on you! It's what I get for trusting you!"

The last came over his shoulder as he went out. Mother spoke as he shut the door.

"Turn out the lamp," came her weak voice. "I want to see the light."

Her face appeared transformed in the dull gleam: peaceful, almost glorified. Gradually, incredibly her voice grew

stronger and she no longer gasped for breath.

"I'm dying, Mammy. No! I know.

"I want you to take my little girl, Mammy. Take care of her. I've appointed her uncle guardian; but he's a dreamer; he doesn't know what's on earth. I want you to promise."

Mammy stirred uneasily. All her race are affected by death. Her dark face twisted with emotion.

"Don't say dat, Mis' Deeming. You ain't go'ner die."

A cloud passed over the quiet face, deep among the pillows.

"Mammy! I want your promise!"

The dark face settled into lines of [Continued on page 122]



Is the DOUBLE STANDARD

*Have Women the Right
To Indulge Their Emotions as Freely as Men?*

*Should One Set of Morals
Regulate Women and Another Set Men?*

*Are the Two Moral Codes
Based on a Real Difference Between the Sexes?*

*Has the Double Standard
Helped the Cause of Women?*



DR. BISCH

*A Psychologist Who Knows Your Hidden Thoughts
Better Than You Do Yourself*



ARE you one of those women who is trying to throw the double standard on the scrap heap?

Do you believe your sex is being treated unfairly and unjustly when society persists in clinging to the ancient notion that virtue in woman still constitutes her greatest asset?

This question has interested me for several years and I have made it my business to investigate it at every opportunity.

My work gives me the unique privilege of hearing women confess their deepest and most secret emotional problems, of hearing them, in effect, unburden their very souls.

The physician has always stood in the relationship of father confessor to his women patients. Of late years the psychiatrist, in particular, has become the recipient of their confidences.

And my opinion, based upon the secret thoughts, feelings and "affairs" that have been divulged to me, is that women are still on the fence concerning this most vital problem but that they are dangerously near coming to a false conclusion.

Listen to this from a girl of twenty:

"I have been keeping company with a young man for a year. He goes out with whomever he likes and so do I. We never ask each other embarrassing questions. I know what men are and I know that Frank would lie like the rest of them if he wanted to get out of a tight place. That gives me certain advantages too. I can do what I please without being compelled to explain. Why talk about a double standard? It doesn't exist!"

HERE is another interesting bit from a married woman. "Yes, I am happy. And I believe I shall remain happy. In that, to be sure, I include my husband. You see, neither John nor I believe in those old-fashioned ideas our grandmothers worshipped. This is a day and age of freedom for women as well as men. Why shouldn't we women be allowed to do what men have always done? Are we not as human as they? Are we not motivated with the identical emotions they are? Why should one set of morals regulate men and another set women? People used to be shocked at cigarettes and short skirts. Already they are accepting them as though conditions had never been different. The same thing is going to happen to the conventions we call morals. I am firmly convinced that we women not only have a right to exercise our emotions as freely as men, but that such freedom will redound to our well-being."

Unfair to You WOMEN?

A Provocative Article on a Topic

Vital to the Mothers of Tomorrow

By LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D., Ph.D.

"Then I take it you think the double standard is already a dead letter in relation to the modern moral code?" I asked. "As dead as a door-nail," the young matron replied. "And it's the best thing that ever happened."

NOTE the following, which is the most audacious statement I have yet to hear on this subject. It concerns a twenty-two-year-old woman who has always prided herself on her modernism and fearlessness in defying conventions.

What started her off was an expression of astonishment on my part that she had done so prosaic a thing as contract a runaway marriage. From what I knew of the girl and her frequent love affairs in the past I felt that love had not prompted her. I suspected a more selfish reason.

"I married for convenience, pure and simple," she said. "I do not intend that marriage shall change me, nor change my habits. I'm out for a good time. That is all I expect to get out of life. Marriage will afford me a certain protection that I need. The man I married is, I suppose, the sort you would call, 'a man about town.' He understands my sentiments. I understand his. That's that!"

Yes, that's that. But what about love, home, children, virtue? What about all those finer and nobler sentiments that have, from time immemorial, constituted the very bedrock upon which nations and civilizations have been built?

Have you women really become so material, so selfish, so sordid, that all these finer and ennobling values are forever lost?

Have you women, the inspiration of the ages, really turned your backs upon all the ideals that men have lived by, fought for, even died for? Will you women of the future cease being the torch-bearers along the path of cultural progress?

An educator, a man who deals with young college women, said to me not long ago, "The virus of freedom seems to have affected the thinking women more than the others."

WERE one to believe that such opinions were characteristic of the majority of you women, one would be justified in fearing the worst. Happily however, opinions such as these are not the average. Not yet!

But so many of you women do hold them that the danger

line no longer lies at what might seem a safe distance ahead.

A patient of mine, a mother of a grown son and two married daughters—in fact, a grandmother—placed her finger on the crux of the whole problem when she said:

"The whole trouble with us women lies in the indisputable fact that we are made to love and are compelled to love. Our natures demand that we fasten our affections on some one human being of the opposite sex for whom we are willing, if necessary, to sacrifice our very lives. First it's our father, then maybe our older brother, then a sweetheart, lastly, a husband. If children bless our hearts we transfer it largely to them. But always the love interest is centered primarily upon one single individual."

"You consider then that the double standard idea has some sense behind it after all?" I asked.

MOST assuredly it has," she answered promptly. "Men are polygamous by nature, but women are not. A woman flourishes best when devoted to one man. She will work and slave if necessary in order to win and to hold his love. The idea of transferring one's love from one man to another, as would happen if all the women imitated men's love life is essentially and inherently repugnant to woman's character make-up."

"The woman with loose morals," she went on "is not a true woman. She is not a maternal woman. There is something lacking in her or she has foolishly allowed her head to be turned and has deliberately forced out of sight her real, fundamental cravings."

"You know, Doctor," she concluded, with a smile, "we women coquette with you men only as a means to an end. We may not always realize it, but just the same nature is making us flirt so that maternity may be carried on and the species perpetuated."

"And if the means is turned into an end in itself you would call it defying the laws of nature, I take it?"

"Precisely so," this experienced and thinking grandmother replied. "When women become chronic coquettes they cheapen their love; they discard the greatest asset for personal happiness that they possess, the love of man and later of children. that spells sacrifice and devotion." [Continued on page 126]



Do You Believe One Man's Meat
Is Another Man's Poison?

A Cure for LOVE

I LEFT her with a heavy heart, for she had kissed me. No, I wasn't crazy, except about her—and no sane man ought to have been depressed because Ruth Prosser had kissed him. But consider who she was, and what I was.

Ruth was what used to be called a bud. She lived on Park Avenue, and got her picture in the paper about once a week for selling programs at a charity bazaar or being a bridesmaid at St. Thomas's. Like most buds of our day, she was a full-blown rose so far as knowing everything was concerned; but the dew was still on the rose, the fragrance was as fresh as ever.

But she was nineteen and I was thirty-four. A worn and battered thirty-four, at that, for I had been around! A little too far around, I suspected, as I considered her unspoiled, unwearied youth. I had a dark past; not the kind you read about, murky with wickedness, but a really dark past, black with work and clouded with worry.

True, the dark past had given way to a fairly smiling present. I had recently cut loose from the newspaper where I had started as copy boy and worked my way up; now I worked for myself. I wrote a daily letter about New York life that was syndicated in newspapers all over the country. I went around town, met everybody who counted, saw everything that was going on, wrote about it, and made some fifty thousand dollars a year. With that income I could look Reginald Prosser in the eye when I told him I was going to marry his daughter.

But could I look into Ruth's restless blue eyes, twin fountains of unwearied youth? For years I had worked fourteen hours a day; also, I had picked up a dose of malaria while covering a Mexican revolution. Now at last, when the strain was over and a glorious future was opening up ahead, it seemed that the dark past of overwork was calling for payment.

For I had been feeling uncomfortable of late, restless and uneasy. Even after she kissed me, I went home with a heavy heart and lay awake till daylight. It wasn't long in coming for we had been dancing at the smart night club where we had first met two months before. At any rate I greeted it, still wondering if I had any right to ask a girl who was as lively as a new tennis ball to tie herself up to a worn-out

insomniac such as I had become in the last few weeks.

But sunrise brought optimism. I couldn't believe there was anything the matter with me that a little rest and a little dieting wouldn't cure. Obviously the thing to do was to see a doctor and find out. I'd see a good diagnostician, take his prescription, and then I'd go to Ruth. And I'd have to hurry, for I knew she was waiting.

ASSUMING a good deal, you think, on the strength of one kiss? Ah, but if she'd kissed you like that—

That very morning I asked a friend of mine who was a cancer specialist for the name and address of the best diagnostician in New York. He referred me to Jack Siebring and I immediately called up his secretary. She told me she could



With Drawings
from Life
By FRANK GODWIN



He: couldn't sleep at night and he felt a sort of gone sensation under his watch chain. So the poor nut thought he was sick.

She: played around with his rival, the Doctor, when she tired of college boys and played around with college boys when she tired of the Doctor. Still she was lonesome.

They: Found The Cure.
Read How They Found It.

That impressed me; it sounded like going to communion. So I sent Ruth an armful of roses and went through my day's work, and then once more I lay awake till daylight, wondering if I could make her happy and vowing that I would.

It didn't look so easy, however, when I came to Siebring's office at nine o'clock. Without breakfast I doubted my ability to make anybody happy, even myself.

He was a handsome fellow, this Siebring. He looked rather like a clergyman, the kind that is out to save your soul whether you like it or not.

"WELL, Hilton!" he said after a brief examination, "I was rather surprised when you told me this was urgent, but it certainly was. Amazing, how a man's appearance belies his real condition. You say you don't drink to excess? But of course they all say that. Ever use drugs?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, that's something. But you drink coffee and smoke cigars; and you've had malaria. Well, we'll see. Take off your clothes and lie down."

I looked apprehensively at the stenographer in the corner, but evidently she felt no embarrassment; so I undressed and Siebring set to work.

He punched me and pinched me and prodded me all over, and with every punch and prod he called out some derogatory remark that the stenographer wrote down with ghoulish glee. And at last he told me to come back the next day and hear sentence pronounced.

This time, I was glad of the respite. I telegraphed to Ruth that I'd been called away to Philadelphia. I might have said that I felt ill, which by this time was true; but I didn't want to worry her. And I didn't dare to go to her since I couldn't ask her to marry me till I'd heard from Siebring.

At any rate I could eat breakfast the next morning so I called on Siebring with recovered hope.

"Well?" I asked. He looked up from the charts and reports and X-ray photographs in his hand and bent a compassionate gaze on me.

"I wish it were well," he said. "My dear fellow, you're a wreck."

A wreck! Two days ago I wouldn't have believed it; but that examination and the remarks he had hurled at the stenog-

give me an appointment Thursday morning, the next week.

Next week! I couldn't go to Ruth until I knew, but I couldn't stay away from her till next week Thursday. If I tried it I knew she'd come after me. So I got the secretary to connect me with Siebring himself.

"It's urgent," I told him. "No time to lose." He seemed surprised.

"Oh, if it's as serious as that, old man, I can give you a little time tomorrow morning. Come in at nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock!" I wasn't used to being anywhere at that hour of the day, for my business of seeing the town kept me out pretty late at night.

"Nine o'clock or next week," Siebring told me. "And come fasting. No breakfast."

rapher had prepared me for the worst. Besides, I knew the examination was going to cost me five hundred dollars, which somehow made his conclusions sound more authentic.

"What's the matter with me?" I asked.

He smiled tolerantly.

"You'd have to study medicine for years before you could understand. But what's the use of going into technical details? You're a wreck, that's all."

"WELL?" I pulled myself together. "How long do you give me?"

"Oh, you may live for years, but your power of concentration, your earning power, is likely to vanish if you continue your present mode of life."

I grasped at the straw.

"Then something can be done if I change my mode of life?"

"I hope so. In fact it is not too much to say that I think so. I've prepared a regimen for you, Hilton. If I'm to undertake a treatment I'll expect you to obey orders."

I nodded, by that time I was ready to obey anybody.

He handed me a sheet of paper filled with the typewritten commandments of my new dispensation. When I saw that I was expected to cut out absolutely not only alcohol and tobacco, but coffee, tea and chocolate, all sugar and fruits, all meat and fish, all condiments and spices, I emitted a groan.

The list of foods I was permitted to eat was worse: Bread and milk and an assortment of vegetables. I hated some of them and had never heard of the rest. The paragraph on general instructions was the worst of all.

Lie down for an hour after each meal. Stop work at sunset and go to bed at half past ten. Avoid excitement. Refrain from nervous stimulation such as music, dancing, and watching athletic contests.

Cultivate a sane, healthy optimism; do not worry. Be relaxed.

"Relaxed?" I cried in utter amazement. "I'm ruined!"

He smiled at that.

"You're pretty well ruined now, my boy. This regimen may save you, if you stick to it. Of course, if you prefer to consult some other physician—"

But everybody knew Jack Siebring was a good diagnostician; everybody knew a dozen people whose lives he had saved.

Still I protested: "I simply hate vegetables. I can't live on a diet like that."

"No? Hilton, let me tell you something. Once I was a wreck like you. I, too, led this artificial city life. It's inhuman. No wonder we take to stimulants. But beefsteak and coffee and cigars never did any man any good. They wrecked me as they wrecked you. In despair, I turned to rational living and look at me now. Do you know how I spend my vacations? Hunting bears in the Rocky Mountains."

"One night last year," he went on, "after a hard day's hunting, our guide saw a bear on the mountain just after supper. I'd been up since dawn, but I followed that bear three hours, Frank Hilton, and I got him and then came

back and sat till midnight, telling stories around the camp fire. That's what rational living has done for me."

"But I don't want to hunt bears in the Rocky Mountains," I said.

He rose to dismiss me; I gathered my courage.

"Doctor!" I said, "I've been thinking of getting married. Can I still go ahead with that?"

"Married? Well, if you improve as we have a right to hope, perhaps in a year or two."

"A year or two?" I groaned.

"Now, now; don't take it so hard. Plenty of years left. It will give you something to work for. The girl will wait if she cares for you. Well, I must ask you to excuse me. Busy man, you know. Report in a month."

The lump of wreckage that but yesterday had been Frank Hilton, a man among men, stumbled out to the sidewalk. For the first time in years I felt really ill!

A stream of limousines flowed down Park Avenue. As I stood hesitant one of them pulled up short and drew in to the curb; Ruth's curling coppery hair and dancing blue eyes were framed in the window.

"Frank! Just back from Philadelphia! Then you may take me to lunch."

OUR shoulders touched, her hand clung to mine, as we rode the three short blocks to Montholon's. She said nothing; waiting for me to say something, I supposed. But what could I say? It would be criminal to saddle a woman with the care of a man in my condition.

The head waiter gave us a fluent bow and the best table; he adored her.

"Two Martinis," Ruth said.

"Only one," I said. She looked at me with a quick concern that made my heart leap, but I remembered that I must avoid excitement.

"What's the matter? Frank, were you coming out of Dr. Siebring's?"

"I'm afraid I was."

I paused. In a year or two! Ruth would wait—maybe. But in decency I couldn't heap this black burden on her.

"Why, it's nothing serious," I added. "Nerves upset, or something. He wants me to go on a diet."

"Siebring's clever," Ruth said. "He saved father's life once; they've been friends ever since. Siebring dined with us just last week. Awfully handsome, isn't he? A great outdoor man."

"Yes," I said. "He promises that if I obey orders I can chase bears over the Rocky Mountains."

"YOU'D look so funny chasing bears! Well, what do we do this afternoon? Oh, I know! Toscanini's conducting the Philharmonic. You'd have to cover it for your syndicate letter and I want to go anyway, so that's that. Maybe we can have tea somewhere, and dance; and then we can hurry home and dress, and get together again for dinner. Afterward? We can finish off the evening at the Club Cerise."

I stared at her in horror, but she was laughing with sheer delight.

"Isn't it funny, Frank? All the things I want to do today are just the things you have to do for your business. And isn't it nice?"

"Refrain from stimulation—music, dancing, athletic contests. Go to bed early every night without fail."

Oh, what was the use? If I told her she'd be frantic with worry, this gay, laughing, impulsive creature. It would be criminal. I couldn't tell her the truth. I must make some excuse that would sound reasonable.

"I have some extra writing to do today," I told her. "No time for anything else. I'll have to pick up the concert and



He punched me and pinched me and prodded me all over, and with every punch and prod he called out some derogatory remark that the stenographer wrote down



I clouted the college boy, who ordered me to let Ruth alone, and sent him back to his table head first. Disgraceful, I admit, but it was an immense relief to find that after a couple of months of Siebring's diet I still packed a punch

the hockey match and so on from people who've been there."

I could see her freezing, hardening, drawing back into her shell. She knew I was lying. She knew that a dozen other men would have jumped at the privilege of spending that afternoon and evening with her, and I was lying out of it.

Well, she was only nineteen! For all she knew, I hadn't taken that one kiss as anything more than—one kiss.

"Oh, well, I'll have to find somebody else then."

She was serenely gallant, but her fingers shook as she took a cigarette and automatically offered her case to me. I refused. She looked at me blankly, shrugged, and turned to ordering her lunch. When she finished, the waiter turned to me.

"A glass of milk," I said, "and some mashed potatoes. And have you anything that's been cooked four hours?"

"Four hours? I'm afraid not, sir."

"Then give me some oyster plant that's been put through a sieve."

He went, and Ruth stared at me in undisguised dismay.

"Frank! What's the matter? Are you really ill?"

But if I told her she'd worry; worse, she was such a sportsman that she might insist on marrying me offhand so that we could face it together.

"Of course I'm not ill," I said, although I'd never felt worse in my life. "I've merely decided to cut out the unnatural artificial stimulations of city life, and go in for rational living."

CONSIDERING that she and her doings were my chief stimulation I might as well have struck her in the face. But she put up a brave pretense and even smiled as she said: "I'm afraid you're going to be lonesome."

I certainly was; and my work, among other things, showed it.

For my work was writing about what was going on in New York; and where could I go? Concerts and operas, hockey

matches and prize-fights, the great costume-balls? I had to refrain from such artificial stimulation. That meant panhandling the news from people who had been there; which annoyed them and annoyed me.

It was my business to meet people who were being talked about. But where are such people to be met except at parties? I went to parties, and saw my celebrities eating food that I dared not touch, smoking cigars whose aroma I used to sniff furtively as it eddied past me. My friends began to treat me like a jinx. I didn't blame them; but week by week it became harder for me to get anything to write about.

NOT that this mattered much considering the way I wrote it. For twenty years I had worked at night and slept in the morning. Under Dr. Siebring's orders I went to bed at half past ten, but I couldn't sleep and to lie awake till four is poor preparation for writing something snappy after breakfast, especially if the breakfast is bread and milk. Without coffee I was loggy and lumpy, without cigars my nerves were rags and tatters. Even when I had something to write I couldn't write it decently; and naturally my readers began to find it out.

I told all that to Siebring when I reported at the end of a month.

"Doctor," I said, "I'm a sick man. Really sick."

"I know it." He smiled with the satisfaction of the successful prophet.

"But I wasn't, before I started this diet."

"That's all imagination, my dear fellow. For years I've lived practically as you do, and it's meat and drink to me."

"They say one man's meat is another man's poison."

"That's superstition. The laws of rational living—"

"Do they have to be the same for everybody?" I demanded.

"This diet works, for you. All right. [Continued on page 92]

Paul accepted the utterly different atmosphere with the amused condescension of a boy wearing his first-rented-tuxedo. He dogged Doris's footsteps, tremulously happy. At first she seemed a little casual, but soon she began to display the dainty friendliness of the chemistry lab and Paul was in ecstasies



Crucible of

Paul's Story So Far:

PAUL BENTON had been a freshman in a country high school when he first visited the city that later became his home.

Strangely enough the strongest impression he had of that trip was of meeting a beautiful girl on the street—a girl who wore a pink slicker with a butterfly painted on it.

None of the girls Paul met after he came to live in the city and entered East High was ever able to dim his memories of that girl. Not even Fritzie Wentgill, who regarded Paul as her private property. Not any of the flashy girls of the Palace dance-hall could make Paul stop dreaming of Doris Bulen.

She was in some of Paul's classes at high school but she made it clear that she intended to remain daintily aloof from a boy who travelled with a crowd of cigarette-smoking, gin-drinking dance-hall girls and gambling "fraternity men."

But try as Paul would he could not shake Fritzie Wentgill. When he told her in plain English that he was through with her she threatened to tell every one about the time Paul, driving his father's car without permission, had seriously injured a man and driven on without stopping.

So Paul blundered on, having what the gang called a "hot time" but never absolutely satisfied with himself as a regular guy.



Another
Brilliant
Instalment of
**ROBERT S.
CARR'S**
Story of
High School
Life

*With Drawings
from Life*
By C. R. CHICKERING

Youth

WHEN the girl in the Jordan Play Boy beckoned to Paul he was not nearly as surprised as he should have been. He had seen her about the halls for more than a year but all he knew about her was that she was high-hat.

Paul had just turned out of the high school's broad front approach on to the sidewalk. It was afternoon. He was walking rapidly but without animation; his jaw was belligerent but there was scarcely any fire in his eye.

The girl beckoned to Paul again, her lips forming the words "Come on!"

At the wheel of the Play Boy sat a lad Paul knew well

by sight but with whom he had never exchanged a word. His name was Roland Van Arsdale and his father was amazingly wealthy. Rolly ignored the smeary-minded high school frats and was rumored to be informally pledged to one of the real fraternities at the university, which was a terrific distinction. Taken all in all, he was an extremely high-class young collegian whose acquaintance was certainly to be cultivated if possible.

So when Paul saw Rolly Van Arsdale also grinning an invitation to him, he brightened. Here was something new, a glimpse into another world. Paul responded to the lure of adventure with a zest and sparkle. "Ah's a-comin', Gabriel, ole gal!" he laughed, running forward. He got into the machine and sat down beside the girl who had called him. There was another boy in the back seat, holding a girl on his lap. Rolly, too, had a girl up in the front seat, but not on his lap. The Play Boy swirled forward like a plane about to take off. Everyone grinned and Paul felt happily foolish.

"Here's the situation," the girl in front explained, turning half-around, "Vivian's man evaporated or something. Anyway we couldn't find him. Just as we were all ready to go to the day nursery and see if they had any to spare, Vive here sees you. Not being blind, why—"

"Whoa there Hec!" commanded Paul's captress, Vivian. Then she turned to him interestedly. "Your name's Paul Benton, isn't it? Seems to me I recognize the back of your neck. I believe I sat behind you in study Fridays, last semester. You're the boy who drew that awful cute picture of Mr. Spindrich sitting on Mr. Skinner's lap saying 'goo-goo' aren't you? And stuck it up on the main bulletin board?"

"YEAH, I guess that was me," admitted Paul with modest pride. The incident had made him somewhat of a celebrity around East for several days.

"Another smart young feller!" exclaimed Hec. At which they laughed so loudly that Paul thought it a bit queer.

He quickly learned, however, that "another smart young feller" was their current stock phrase. A policeman had thus addressed Rolly, when the latter cut some piece of foolishness in down-town traffic, and the word-combination had appealed to his barebrained crew.

Almost at once Paul felt acquainted with these superior young people; in five sparkling minutes he was gratefully and very much one of them. He learned that the boy who shared the back seat with him was Gordon and his girl was "Hic," twin sister to "Hec" of the front seat. They chattered all at once, Rolly seemingly not paying the least attention to his driving. Out Morris Avenue and into fashionable Berkley Addition they whirled, to slow up before a home almost splendid enough to be a mansion. Rolly swung sharply up the drive and under an elaborate porte-cochere. The car stopped with a jerk, its occupants leaping out in the same continuous movement.

"Come on!" insisted Vivian once more, seeing Paul's hesitancy. "Come on" seemed to be another catch-phrase.

Paul found himself in a quiet reception hall vaulted like a cathedral and sumptuously furnished. A butler was taking his hat and topcoat. He was not the stony-faced automaton the boy had supposed butlers to be, but a pleasant old white-haired gentleman who said "How do, sir. Nice wintry day."

The rest of the young folks casually handed him their things and drifted on through an arched doorway. A sense of awe enveloped Paul, washing off the unreal mask of sophistication. A happy look of dim wonder settled on his face.

"Let's see if there's anything good on the radio," said Rolly.

Paul sank into the window-seat, Vivian beside him. She cast an odd, motherly look of surprise at his bewildered expression of delight.

"What's the matter?" she asked softly.

"Why this. It's—oh, gee,—it's wonderful." His voice was a little tremulous. With a sweeping gesture he indicated the room about them.

SHE looked at him a moment longer, her kind brown eyes glowing. Then she arose quickly, drawing her hand up the soft stubble of Paul's neck. That same hand made the motion of patting his hair but somehow did not quite touch him. "You poor kid," she whispered to herself, dreamily.

"Huh?" Paul looked up.

"I said, can you dance?"

"Dance? Me? Say, just try me and see!" A little of the timid wonder went from him but all of the delight remained.

Rolly tuned in the toe-tickling rhythm of some far-off orchestra, made more enchanting by that slight blurred huskiness radio imparts to music. The twins were dancing together, weaving about in all sorts of eccentric slides and hops.

"But let's not dance right now," added Vivian, settling down in the cushions. Her hand found Paul's nervous one and

rested there but there was only friendliness in her clasp.

"You must think I'm awful," she murmured, "snatching you off the sidewalk and dragging you away like this. It was Hec dared me to do it. Do you think it was awful?"

"Not very. Oh, I mean no, not at all! I think it's nice. Besides, we kinda knew each other anyway."

"Did you know me? But I knew you all right. I'm a good friend of a very good friend of yours."

"Who's that?"

"Doris Bulen."

"What?" The last bit of ice was broken from the stream of Paul's restraint. "A very good friend of mine, did you say?" He quieted himself with an effort. "And what does she have to say about me?" he asked, as polite as a young taxi-driver with his first fare.

"Oh, that'd be telling!"

Suddenly Vivian jumped up and threw her arms about the twins as they twirled past. The three girls spun for a moment in the middle of the floor like dervishes then scampered to the bench before the grand piano.

HIC and Vivian plunged into an impromptu duet, with the other twin occasionally assisting at one end or the other of the keyboard. Gordon and Rolly joined them and Paul followed. The room was filled with their laughter and the banging of the piano. "If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like-a you!" They did not sing or even try to sing; they simply rocked back and forth and yelled as they felt it.

Paul could not hold in. The cynical aloofness of a big-time frat man crumbled in this sunshine. He locked arms with Rolly and Gordon, giggling like a silly girl as Rolly rendered his version of "Ukulele Lady," "Gif goo gike ga gooka gaily gaidy—"

"Move over!" Rolly shouted, forcing his way on to the piano bench between Vivian and Hic. "I'll show you the way old Pat his-whiskers plays 'Prelude.' Gimme plenty elbow room!" He elaborately went through the motions of rolling up his sleeves, clawed his hair down over his forehead and growled fiercely. Then he stuck his two forefingers out stiffly parallel as if showing someone the length of a fish, and with them he vigorously struck the opening octave of a Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor.

Plung! He held it, blowing through his mussed-up hair.

Plong! The Piano hummed and twanged angrily, so viciously did he assault it. He released the keys and raised his hands high to club the third note to death.

Plung! He missed it dismally, one of those horrible, half-tone misses that make music-lovers cry out in anguish.

"Rotten!" shrieked Hec, pulling him backwards off the bench. He landed sprawling in a flapping of trousers. Paul and Gordon helped him to his feet amid hearty guffaws and the three stood tickling the backs of the girls' necks till at last they turned on their tormentors.

Vivian charged into Paul and drove him laughingly backwards till he fell on to the davenport. She closed in on him with rosy face and flashing eyes. When she discovered that he was ticklish she had him at her mercy. She tickled him in the ribs until he howled, "Aw, don't! Aw, gosh, Vive, don't! Aw, have a heart!" He collapsed weakly when she relented and lying back, marvelled half-subconsciously at the sheer joy of being a rough-house kid once more. Then he arose and was in the midst of madly pursuing Vivian around the room when Rolly cried:

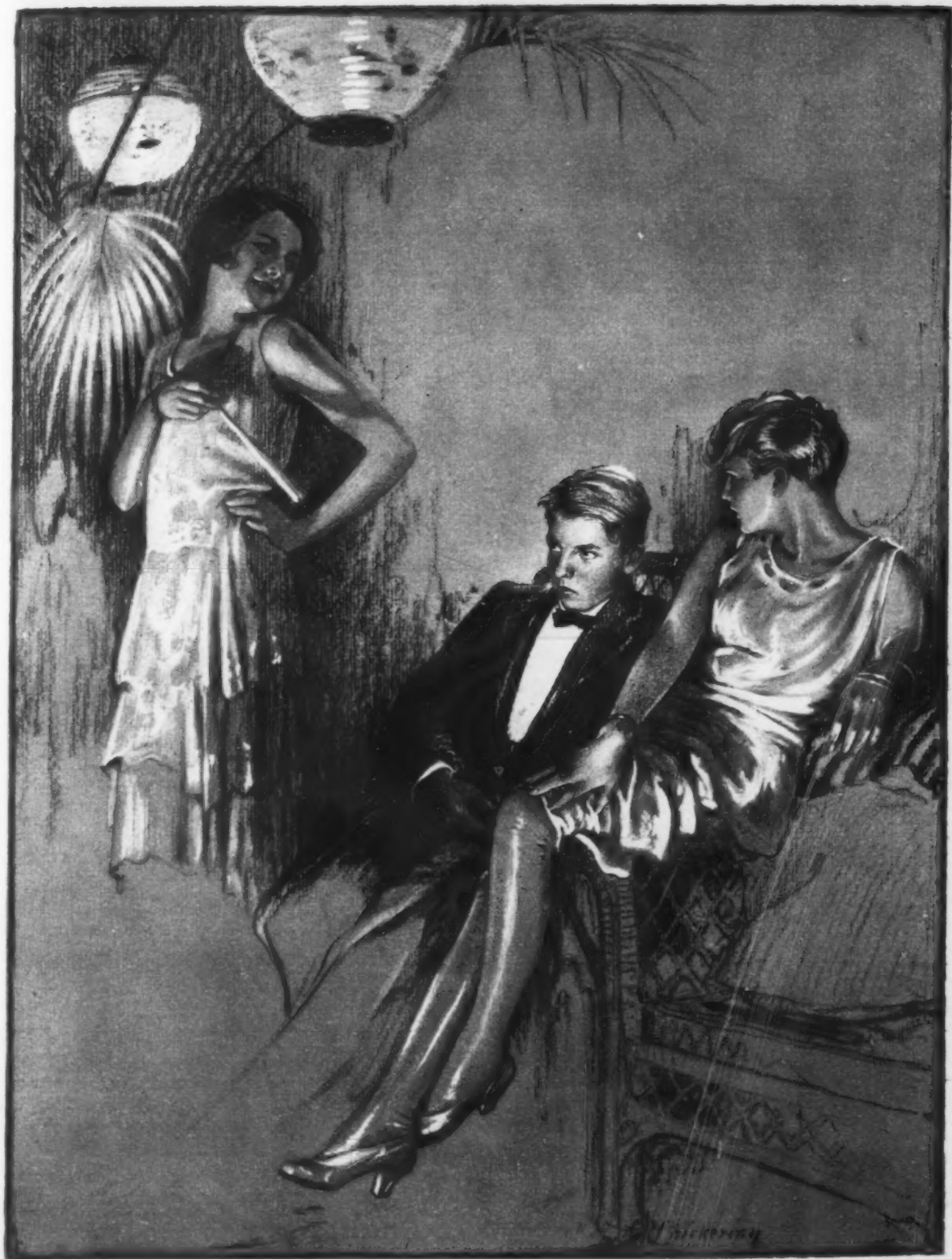
"Come on!"

With one accord they rushed for the door. Paul looked about a trifle startled, thinking perhaps a fire had been discovered, but all the while he was thinking he was diving into his coat and hurrying toward the side door after the rest.

"What's the rush?" he gasped as he plunged down the steps. Nobody heard him. They leaped for the Play Boy like firemen answering a three-alarm call. Gordon slipped awkwardly



A lot of high school boys and girls think that Bob Carr, who is cranking his car, is all wrong about today's young people as told in his "Crucible of Youth." What do you think?



"Oh, there you are, Snookums, you old blond thing!" cried Fritzie Wentgill, coming on Paul and Doris suddenly. "I've been looking for you." Doris shrank back. Paul took a deep breath, his face growing white and grim as he watched the change in Doris

on the running board and almost fell as he vaulted for the back seat. "Another smart young feller!" they shrieked in unison. Rolly raced the motor till the light car rocked, then backed down the curved drive with a hair-raising abandon.

In truth they did not know where they were going, or why. And Paul discovered he didn't care either. Their happy recklessness corrected perfectly the pathological symptoms that had been developing in him.

The streets in Berkley Addition were wide and winding. Coming toward them around a curve was a sedan driven slowly and sedately by a middle-aged gentleman. As the speeding Play Boy turned the curve Rolly was busy trying to tweak Hec's nose. A look of horror overspread the countenance of the sedan driver as the other car hurtled directly at him. He started for the nearest front lawn.

Paul caught his breath, shut his eyes and braced himself for the crash.

"Atta boy Rol, run him up in the grass!" yelled Gordon, drawing his feet in from over the side where they had been dangling.

Rolly swung the wheel perhaps three inches. There was a rending sound as the two cars scraped fenders, the Play Boy careened wildly under the impact. Rolly doubled their speed and roared on, still trying to tweak Hec's nose. His face had not lost its magnificent moronic grin.

"Another smart young feller!" again was wafted to the sky. Gordon stood up and bowed politely back towards the middle-aged gentleman who was at that moment climbing shakily out of his sedan to inspect the damage done.

FOR a moment Paul's head swam with bewilderment, awe and delight; then from the bobbing balloon-basket of his mind another bag of ballast was cast gaily overboard. "Let 'er rip! If we wreck we're wrecked, but give the old bus the gas anyway!" He laughed with wild merriment as Rolly slid up and seated himself on the high back of the front seat, from where, for a brief space, he guided the hurtling car by means of his feet on the steering wheel.

Paul snatched Vivian's hat, doffed his own and set the girl's jauntily askew on his head. They tussled, their shrill cries of laughter piercing the thick roar of the motor.

ALL this on the comparatively deserted streets of Berkley Addition. When Rolly plunged into the traffic parade of Morris Avenue he calmed himself to a speed and behavior almost law-abiding. Back past the high school, where they waved a gusty greeting to an astonished janitor on the front walk. Darting up a side street, skidding a corner, they slid to a dramatic halt before Strader's, where they sprang out and rushed in with that same senseless air of excitement which pervaded their every movement.

Several of Paul's fraternity "brothers" were in there, and

they looked curiously at him as he wedged himself into one of the collegiate booths with Rolly Van Arsdale and the rest.

"Don't anybody order anything under forty cents!" commanded Rolly, poring over the soda fountain menu card.

Hec was half on Paul's lap, half on Rolly's as they waited for their dishes of luscious goo. Paul was a little slow in adjusting himself to this new way of treating girls. He had somehow considered Vivian as "his girl," but now she was tightly wedged in beside Gordon in the opposite seat and plump, grey-eyed Hec was the girl Paul poked in the ribs.

THE fluffy blobs of pretty stuff the waiter brought were soon demolished. They ate informally:

"Trade you two spoonsfulla my whipped cream for that piece of pineapple!"

"Another smart young feller! Nope—sir, this piece of pineapple's mine!"

"Who's game to eat this red-painted moth ball that's 'sposed to be a cherry?"

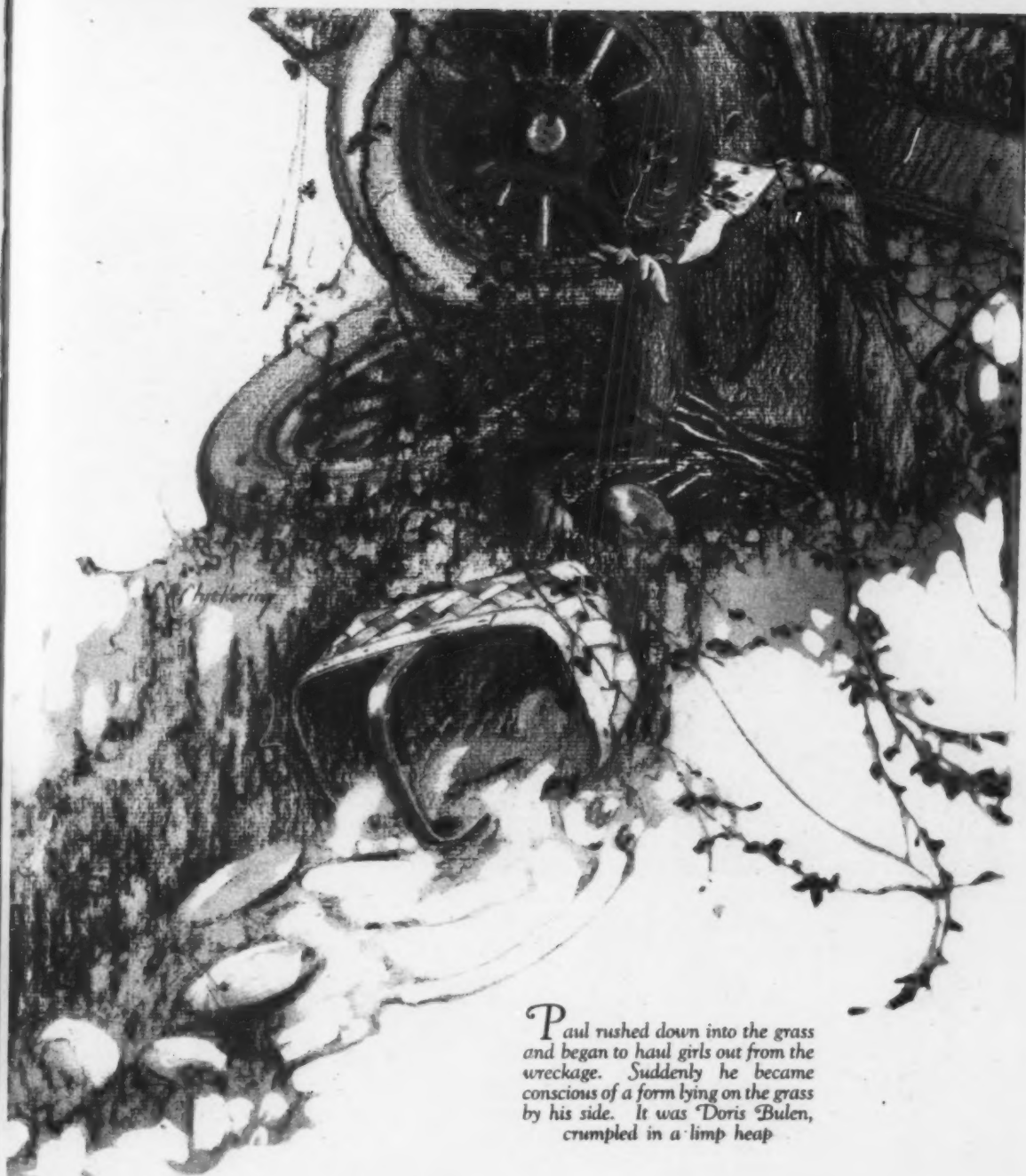
"Gimme it, didn't I letcha drink parta my glassa water?"

Smack, yum-yum, rich and sweet; only a half-hour till supper time.



Paul's eyes bulged out a little when he saw the denomination of the bill Rolly laid down to pay the check.

It was Hec on his lap this time in the back seat. She hid her face in the collar of his topcoat to shield it from the cutting cold wind. Paul told himself that he had never before seen a girl who could sit on a fellow's lap as politely as Hec Hanover. They drove past his house and he leaped out amid a babble of "good-bys" and "tomorrows."



Paul rushed down into the grass and began to haul girls out from the wreckage. Suddenly he became conscious of a form lying on the grass by his side. It was Doris Bulen, crumpled in a limp heap.

As they clipped the curb by the Kruger Store he heard Vivian cry, "Another smart young feller!" On the step he paused, looking after them with a delighted smile.

He ran up the steps and into the house. His mother met him in the front hall. "Why Paul, where on earth have you been?"

HE HUNG up his hat and coat. "Oh, just ridin' around." He pushed past her and into the dining room.

"Riding around with who?" demanded his father, drawing his chair up to the table and reaching for the biggest muffin.

"Oh, Rolly Van Arsdale, and the Hanover twins, and Gordon I-forget-his-last-name."

"Who are they?" asked Mrs. Benton anxiously. "I've never heard of them before. You've always been so good about telling me who you're with that I hate to have you go running off

with folks I don't know anything about and never heard of." Paul hastily bit into a muffin to keep from laughing in her face.

"Which Van Arsdale is that?" asked Mr. Benton slowly, after a moment's queer staring.

"The rich Van Arsdales. Live out in Berkley Addition; butler n'everything. Rolly drives a Jordan Play Boy. Why, do you know 'em?"

"Uh, no! Well, yes! I know Mr. Van Arsdale, that is. Met him at the club."

"What kinda fellow is he? Stuck up? Rolly's not."

"Hardly that, uh, just a business acquaintance; only know him in a business way. Scarcely know the man at all. Seems to be a pretty good sort of chap personally. Uh, yes—that is—"

Paul frowned a penetrating, ques- [Continued on page 106]

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Hec was half on Paul's lap, half on Rolly's as they waited for their dishes of luscious goo. Paul was a little slow in adjusting himself to this new way of treating girls. He had somehow considered Vivian as "his girl," but now she was tightly wedged in beside Gordon in the opposite seat and plump, grey-eyed Hec was the girl Paul poked in the ribs.

THE fluffy blobs of pretty stuff the waiter brought were soon demolished. They ate informally:

"Trade you two spoonsfulla my whipped cream for that piece of pineapple!"

"Another smart young feller! Nope—sir, this piece of pineapple's mine!"

"Who's game to eat this red-painted moth ball that's 'sposed to be a cherry?"

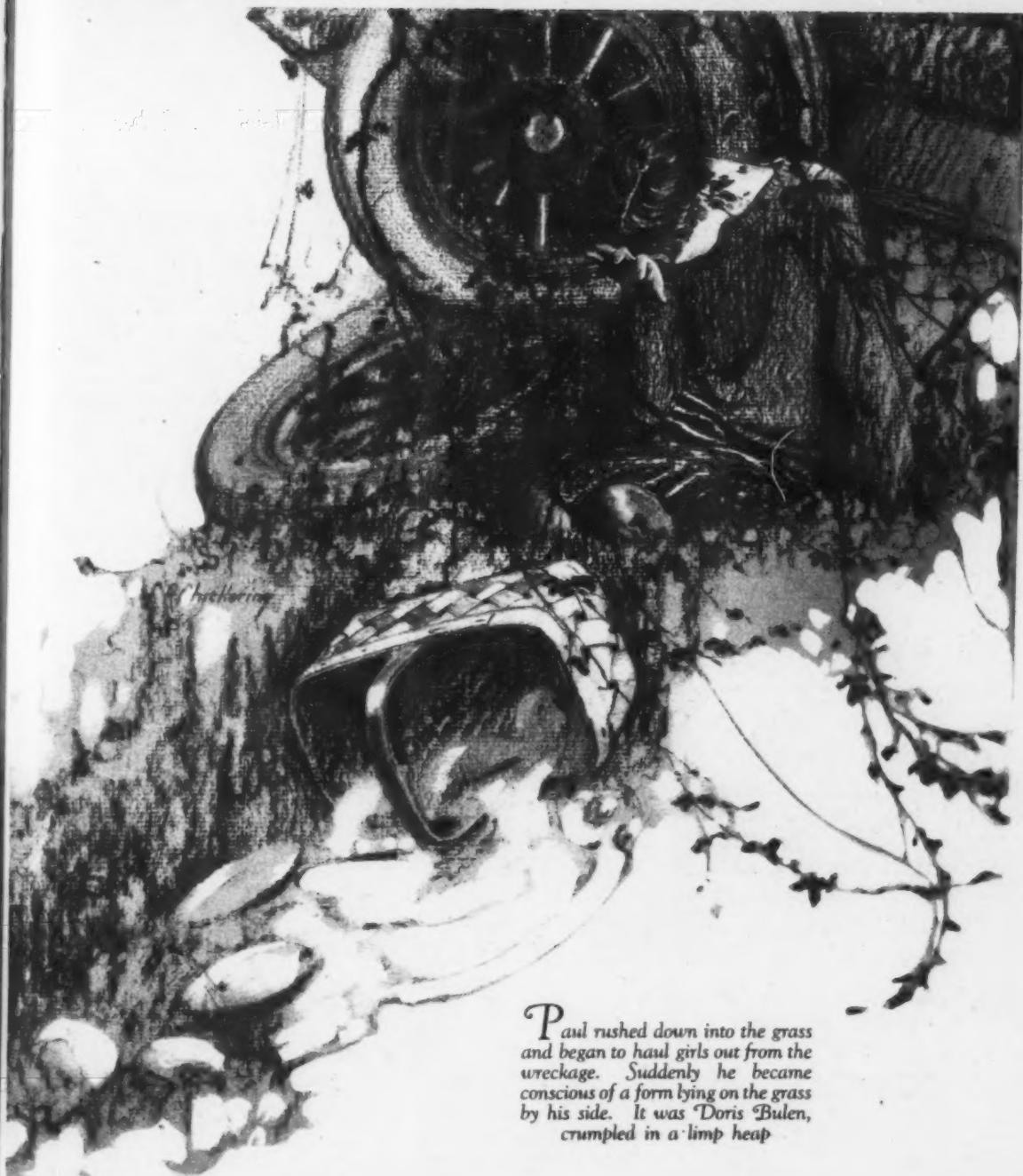
"Gimme it, didn't I letcha drink parta my glassa water?"

Smack, yum-yum, rich and sweet; only a half-hour till supper time.



Paul's eyes bulged out a little when he saw the denomination of the bill Rolly laid down to pay the check.

It was Hec on his lap this time in the back seat. She hid her face in the collar of his topcoat to shield it from the cutting cold wind. Paul told himself that he had never before seen a girl who could sit on a fellow's lap as politely as Hec Hanover. They drove past his house and he leaped out amid a babble of "good-bys" and "tomorrows."



Paul rushed down into the grass and began to haul girls out from the wreckage. Suddenly he became conscious of a form lying on the grass by his side. It was Doris Bulen, crumpled in a limp heap

As they clipped the curb by the Kruger Store he heard Vivian cry, "Another smart young feller!" On the step he paused, looking after them with a delighted smile.

He ran up the steps and into the house. His mother met him in the front hall. "Why Paul, where on earth have you been?"

HE HUNG up his hat and coat. "Oh, just ridin' around." He pushed past her and into the dining room.

"Riding around with who?" demanded his father, drawing his chair up to the table and reaching for the biggest muffin.

"Oh, Rolly Van Arsdale, and the Hanover twins, and Gordon I-forget-his-last-name."

"Who are they?" asked Mrs. Benton anxiously. "I've never heard of them before. You've always been so good about telling me who you're with that I hate to have you go running off

with folks I don't know anything about and never heard of." Paul hastily bit into a muffin to keep from laughing in her face.

"Which Van Arsdale is that?" asked Mr. Benton slowly, after a moment's queer staring.

"The rich Van Arsdales. Live out in Berkley Addition; butler n'everything. Rolly drives a Jordan Play Boy. Why, do you know 'em?"

"Uh, no! Well, yes! I know Mr. Van Arsdale, that is. Met him at the club."

"What kinda fellow is he? Stuck up? Rolly's not."

"Hardly that, uh, just a business acquaintance; only know him in a business way. Scarcely know the man at all. Seems to be a pretty good sort of chap personally. Uh, yes—that is—"

Paul frowned a penetrating, ques- [Continued on page 106]

THE night Dick moved down to the club "for a few weeks to think things out" I realized that our marriage had failed. We had started out with very definite ideas on all the great problems of life, especially marriage. For my own part I had a horror of marriage as I'd seen it in my rather large family: surveillance, questions that insulted, bickerings, lies where there was no real need for lies, merely to keep peace, discoveries and jealous rages.

"The minute two people have a ceremony said over them," Dick had declared, "they begin to regard each other as a new house to which they have acquired a deed. You can cage a dumb animal, and in time it may be so cowed that it won't try to escape, but the minute you try caging the human animal, that minute he begins to look for holes in the wall." His blue eyes blazed with high conviction. "It's not adventure that married people want," he added excitedly, "but freedom."

We had a great many high-browish talks on the subject, and had the perfect system worked out.

We began with all the fuss and furbelows of civilized life—church, orange blossoms and wedding ring; but "without the ball and chain."

Our joint families gave us a whole floor in a new apartment house east of Fifth Avenue. We furnished it with old-fashioned glee and hung the latch-key outside. We were quite frankly in love; but we respected each other's privacy and liberty of thought and action. Our attitude toward each other was tender, thoughtful, considerate. In our five years together there were no bickerings, no heroics, no wild rages and splendid makings up.

Dick would often call up in the late afternoon to say: "Won't be home to dinner tonight, dear. Going with some chaps to a studio party."

Or I: "Dick dear, take care of yourself this evening will you? I'm going out to Florrie's. She just got back from Europe today and wants me to see the spoils."

In our crowd we were looked upon as exponents of the ideal marriage. The girls flirted quite openly with Dick but I was not uneasy.

NOT that I was vain of my charms. I was what is known as an outdoor girl, slim and strong and full of life, having a certain amount of brains, darkish hair and eyes, a good complexion and irregular features. There were many girls in our own set more beautiful, but Dick had chosen me. I say "chosen" because he was the type of man who could choose. Big, fair, virile, with a careless good humor and a promising business of his own, he had been one of the most popular young men in our crowd. That he loved me didn't preclude the idea of his enjoying the company of an amusing girl. And he seemed always to find greater charm in me by comparison.

I let the boys flirt with me more by way of playing he game than for any other reason. A woman in love differs fundamentally from a man in love. The society of other men loses its zest. She doesn't really enjoy them. But I was determined to put no bridle on Dick even by implication.

We had been married about four years when Doris Pierce made up her mind to get Dick. He had been a young man of considerable promise when I married him; he was rapidly becoming a man of consequence. And Doris had passed the twenty-five mark.

I wasn't shocked. I knew Doris was not common, that marriage was her game. Dick was "wise to her,"



SHE
Wanted
Him

*And Because We Had Agreed That Ours
Was Not to Be a Ball-and-Chain Marriage
She Thought She Could Win Him*

The Tyranny





HE
Married
Me

*But Because He Seemed Dearer to Me Than
Ever I Resorted to the Old-Fashioned Woman's
Last Line of Defense to Hold Him*

of Tears



*With Drawings from Life
By LOUIS G. SCHROEDER*

and a little flattered at her deliberate pursuit of him.

Her energy in this instance was incredible, for she wasn't naturally energetic. She found out where he lunched and when, and dropped in two or three times a week, at first pretending surprise, then openly acknowledging that she was bored and lonely and it cheered her to talk with him. She would be passing his office and stop for "just a minute."

DICK told me about her visits and, although he saw through her, he was not altogether displeased.

"She looked ripping in a new hat she'd just bought. Stopped in to get my O. K. on it. Little minx! I wonder if she thinks I fall for that stuff. Why it's got whiskers on it. But one thing, she doesn't make a nuisance of herself; she's in and out like a flash."

I understood her methods. She didn't expect Dick to "fall for" her devices. On the contrary she knew he'd see through them, but it vested her with a certain naivete that she should try such childish tricks on him. And more important still was the subtle suggestion that finding him irresistible, she yet had brains enough not to make a nuisance of herself. She was darkly beautiful, wore charming clothes and had a lovely smile.

At the parties where we met she openly appropriated him. His steps suited hers exactly in dancing. She maneuvered to sit beside him at dinners. She kept herself informed as to when we had an open evening and called on us with a hastily gathered crowd.

If Dick's car was laid up she called to take him to the office, sounding the horn loudly in front of the house till he came out, and waving gaily to me when I came to the window.

To the older generation it may seem criminal carelessness that I made no fuss and seemed unaware of what was going on. But my response to them is that I didn't propose to help her game by trying to block it. I knew Dick was not a cad and I hoped when the novelty wore off he would weary of her pursuit.

It was not until Dick quit mentioning Doris's visits, their little tête-à-tête teas at this place and that, and my friends stopped chaffing me about running into my husband and his "girl friend," that I realized the situation was becoming serious. But even then I was not prepared for Doris's visit.

She stopped in one morning just after Dick had left. She did not sit down but began at once:

"Nina, what are you going to do about Dick and me?"

"Do?" I said. "I didn't know I was called on to do anything."

"THEN you're a fool. We love each other and it's up to you to divorce Dick, or own up that you mean to hold him to a contract that you profess to scorn. Would you hold him against his will?"

"I didn't know I was doing that?" I said. "He hasn't mentioned the matter to me."

"Of course he hasn't. He never will. He's the regulation scared husband, afraid of hurting you and all that twaddle, just as I dare say you are really the Victorian wife ready to hold on like grim death. Why a neglected husband should pity his wife, feel obliged to take care of her and see that she isn't hurt, heaven only knows. But your position isn't any more enviable than mine. Everybody knows he loves me and that you are either a fool or too selfish to get out of his way and let him be happy."

The Unexpected Outcome of an

"Doris," I said, "would you mind going? You have made your position very clear and, also, my position in your eyes. The only thing that interests me is Dick's position: I can't take your word for that. You'd better go at once."

She stared at me a minute, then turned and walked to the door. "Dick will be mad as the devil with me for this," she said, "but he won't deny what I've said." With that she went out.

I looked up at the clock. Why does one note time when the end of one's world has come? For contrary to my avowed friendship with my husband I loved him as deeply as any Victorian wife or any jungle woman has ever loved her man. But I knew that Doris would not have dared to come to me like that if she had not been very sure of her power over Dick.

I REACHED for the telephone, then drew back. I had to get hold of myself. No hysterics. She said he pitied me.

When Dick came in that evening I knew he'd seen Doris. He ate silently. After dinner we went into the music room and he closed the door.

"Well," he said, "out with it."

His fair boyish face was pale, his blue eyes defiant. He stood with his hands in his pockets, his legs apart as if to brace himself against an attack.

I stared at him a moment unable to speak. Then I said:

"Dickey, can't we talk this all out in the same spirit we did before marriage? We were friends then as well as sweethearts. Surely marriage hasn't robbed me of your friendship. I am the same girl grown older, you the same boy."

He flushed. "I don't know about that," he said sullenly.

But talk it out we did, and in the process he revealed the whole ugly mass of lying suggestions on which Doris had been feeding him for months.

It appeared that he had decided our intelligent, mutually respectful marriage was like a well-ordered meal without seasoning, basically good, but tasteless. Marriage without ups and downs was unstimulating, an achievement as romantic and glamorous as roast beef. Marriage to be a success must have rain as well as sunshine, storms to relieve the deadliness of tranquillity. He was fed up on theories. He wanted what

every man wanted—love, and not just friendship in his wife.

All this and much more he said striding up and down the music room. Finally realizing that I neither reproached him nor sought to defend my position he stopped in his restless walk. He stared at me a moment, then dropped miserably into a chair and covered his face with his hands. "I'm a cad,



When Doris burst into the room, I sat up shaken by fear of what the next ten dinner with me," Doris screamed at my former husband. "You brute. Carrying

Nina. It's no wonder you never thought I was worth holding. I'm not." In that revealing accusation, that I hadn't thought him worth holding, and in the outburst that followed I saw as if it were on a printed page before me, how cunningly Doris had set herself to undermine Dick's love for me.

"It's true," Dick went on. "Doris and I do love each other. She's so tender, so thoughtful. Always concerned over me. I guess men are egotists."

Experiment in Modern Marriage

He lifted his head but his eyes avoided meeting mine. "You've been the finest little pal in the world, Nina. Cheerful, always ready to frolic, or keep still when I was too tired to frolic, a model home-maker in spite of the outside activities that absorbed you. I haven't a single complaint to make except that—well I didn't absorb you."



minutes would bring. "So this is why you couldn't have on an intrigue with her the very night before our wedding"

"No." My voice was amazingly calm. "It's what every man and every woman wants but a man gives two-thirds of himself to success. In doing that isn't he indirectly absorbed in his wife? He wants success more for her sake than for his."

"That's true."

"A woman, especially of our class, is apt to become a brooder and a nagger if she has too much time on her hands. It doesn't follow that she is not just as much absorbed in him because

she occupies her mind with outside interests to avoid the sickness of an idle mind. Isn't that really indirect absorption?"

His eyes lifted. He stared at me a long minute. "Nina do you still love me? Because if you do—"

If I still loved him! How well she'd done her work. There was resolve in his face, but not eagerness.

I made my voice casual. "Of course I love you, Dickey boy, just as I always did. And that's a great deal. But I'm not going to lie down and die if you want to go. No woman does that. If she says she will it's because she loves herself most, and is bent on holding her man no matter how she hurts him. I love you, Dickey, but you couldn't make me happy by just sticking your life out with me. I'd rather be your good friend who had helped you to happiness than your unloved wife."

He got up and began striding about once more. "You're right, Nina. That would be torture for you. I could stand it; I'm busy—but, oh, Nina, honey, I'm all at sea. I love you. I swear I love you, Nina. But I love Doris too, in a different way. There's something so soft and sweet about Doris. She appeals to me. Her little flares of temper amuse me. Her humble penitence for days afterward is so childlike. She seems to be in a fever of one sort or another over me all the time, and I admit, I like it. It's my darned egotism."

"You're so calm and sane. Take this talk we're having right now. I bet there's not another woman in seven states who wouldn't have pulled a fit of hysterics. I admire your wholesomeness and good sense and I feel a tenderness toward you that I don't feel toward Doris. I like to hurt her at times. I get a kind of thrill out of it, but I'd cut my right arm off rather than hurt you."

"Pity, perhaps."

"No, Nina, you aren't the type of woman any man could pity. You'd bat a chap in the eye if he tried it. You've got grit and common sense and yet you're such a little thing, sweet and frail and inviting. I feel this minute as if I'd like to just grab you up in my arms and crush you; yet I know I couldn't bear to hurt you."

"WHY don't you try it, Dickey?" I asked. I was nearer hysterics than I'd ever been. "I'd like it."

He took a step toward me then stopped short.

"No. No. This business has got to be thought out, not patched up by a flare of emotion. I'm going to move down to the club for a few weeks to think things out. I can't stand this pulling about, and it isn't fair to you. It isn't getting us anywhere."

For the next few days I went about the business of living with punctilious attention to its demands as expressed by our crowd. I played bridge; danced; attended the usual rounds of luncheons, teas, dinners and theaters. I met Doris everywhere, and while we didn't pretend friendship or preference for each other's society, we smiled, spoke casually, and made no effort at avoidance. However the savage raged in my soul, I had the mind of the modern young woman.

I knew everybody was whispering behind my back, knew it

the more certainly because nobody showed awareness that things were in any way wrong. That's our code. Gossip, but no open prying. Say anything and everything you want to say, so long as you don't say what's really in your heart. Hearts are out of date.

At first Dick was terribly embarrassed when we met in public, but I was so casual, so ready to desert him if another man came along, so ready to make way for Doris, so serene with her that, manlike, he gradually dropped his defenses.

THERE was no definite separation, no quarrel between us, merely an understanding that he would remain at the club until he'd fought the matter out. A la Doris, I ran in on him at the office for a bit of advice, or to show off a new hat or frock, never lingering till the light of admiration had given place to the consciousness of pressing business. We never referred to the past or the future. I treated him as a good man friend whose opinion I valued and whom I enjoyed as a playmate.

But Doris managed to tie him to her side most of the time.

A few of our crowd were even beginning to turn the cold shoulder to Doris. Not that they repudiated her for her conduct so much as that they saw through my swaggering cheerfulness and impudent friendliness with Dick, and they respected swaggering impudence. I asked no sympathy. They offered none by word, look or gesture, but quite casually they began leaving Doris out of things.

Thus, instead of helping me they put a cudgel in her hands, for Dick was the sort of man who would find it intolerable that a woman's reputation should be injured by her love for him. Wearing the garb of a new order he really belonged to the old, as most of us do under our poses and pretenses.

I played hard to hold him, according to the rules of my generation, but as time went on and he said nothing about coming home I began to think a divorce was inevitable.

Dick was caught in the age-old masculine trap. How many men before him have been convinced they love two women. And when "the other woman" is as clever as I knew Doris to be, the wife's position is nothing short of impossible.

THE matter came to a head one afternoon when Dick and I were having tea together some three months after he'd gone to the club "to think things over." Suddenly he put his hand over mine as it lay on the table. "Nina," he said, "I'm coming home."

"Because I'm your wife, Dickey, or because I'm the woman you love?" I asked.

He stared at me a minute, then his eyes fell. "I'm a beast and a cad."

"You are neither, Dickey. You are simply in a devastating position," I said. "I've been thinking a good deal lately and I think the only decent thing is a divorce."

"You're right." His voice was husky. "It's the only decent thing. And, Nina, I can't keep on being friends with you. I want to, God knows, but you see what I am."

"Nonsense, Dickey. It's only because you can't forget that legally I'm your wife. You'll feel differently after the divorce. Even after proceedings are started, because I'll be forbidden, no longer your property, so to speak."

"Don't say that. I hate that word 'property,' Nina—"

"So do I," I said. "But promise me, Dickey, that you won't let any other woman take your friendship from me, until she has the legal right to dictate your friends."

"No woman will ever dictate my friends," he said.

I might have smiled at his masculine reaction if my heart had not been bursting with the weight of tears I wouldn't shed.

"Well, until you are married again, we're pals. You promise that?"

"Yes."

No doubt my methods were not the approved methods for holding an unwilling husband. But I could see no advantage in holding him if he continued to stay at the club. Moreover, for the woman who fails to hold her husband's love, yet ties herself to his coat tails I have only contempt. The fact that he couldn't have Doris made her seem a delightfully dangerous adventure.

To remove these inequalities I had let him go to the club, hoping to hold him, not through duty, pity, conscience, habit; but through the love which I believed and hoped was still mine. I wanted to prove that I was not going to be an obstacle.

When I offered to start divorce proceedings it was with the same idea of clearing away the lumber of marriage obligations and privileges.

I knew that he still considered me an attractive woman. New York being the most difficult state in the Union in which to obtain a divorce, I counted on a long period while suit was pending in which I would have the advantage of being an attractive woman who was not his wife. This was my final desperate play.

TEN days later the proceedings were launched. The whole thing was so amazing, so revolting! A lawyer chosen by Dick. A detective paid by him. A rendezvous arranged. A trip up state with my lawyer, my detective and my witness to avoid publicity, and it was done.

Neither Dick nor his lawyer appeared at the trial. The detective and Mary Truman, my witness, swore, as I did, that Dick had registered in a hotel with a woman as his wife and that we'd walked in on them. My lawyer questioned us painstakingly, the judge asked one or two questions. The dissolution of "the sacred bonds of holy matrimony" required, in difficult New York State, something like twenty minutes.

What a travesty on law and order and decency was that whole nauseating procedure! Especially so to me was the discovery that the woman with whom Dick had registered at that hotel was not one of those women who for twenty-five dollars a case make a living by furnishing trumped up evidence, but Doris, the exquisite, the discreet, the girl he loved.

How she had obtained Dick's consent to this final compromise I could not imagine; but this I knew—it was equivalent, with a man of Dick's sort, to a marriage ceremony. He was hopelessly committed to her, devastatingly lost to me after that visit to the hotel.

As we drove home, Mary, true to form, plunged into talk about marriage and divorce in the abstract. She was a brilliant girl who surrounded herself with the pseudo-intelligentsia from Greenwich Village, with [Continued on page 87]

The Value of a Day

BY

REV. H. S. McCLELLAND

Pastor of Trinity Church, Glasgow

"NOW is the accepted time," said an ancient prophet. He was right. It's the only time that is Here to be accepted by anybody. The Past is ours as a memory. The Future as a hope. The Present alone is here to do with as we will. Learn then to live One day at a Time, and that day This day. Get rid of the costly habit of regarding Today as something to be endured for the sake of Tomorrow which is going to be enjoyed. Let no day close without doing some helpful deed to someone. Don't think you've wasted your time if you've done that kindly thing to someone belonging to you. Don't wait till Tomorrow to go in search of Beauty. Look for it in the park or the picture-gallery. "Take no thought for the morrow," said the noblest Soul in history.

We're Married Now!



JOAN: Now that I'm Mrs. Neal Burns do you promise never to talk about the pies that mother used to make?

NEAL: Joan darling, as long as you hold the family rolling pin I'll never have the crust to criticize anything you do

JOAN: Oh, Neal, do you really like my one piece wedding dress?

NEAL: Certainly, my dear. Nothing could be more appropriate. As my wife you'll be right in the swim



NEAL: Say Joan, what do you expect me to do with this?

JOAN: First learn those rules by heart, second, promise that you will obey them and third never try to enforce the rules that concern the wife



This may look like a joke—but really Neal Burns and Joan Marquis of Christie Comedies are married



Gwen Lee and
Johnny Mack
Brown
M.-G.-M.



Educational Comedy Girls

LADY WITH THE SAW: 'Ready to be cut in two!'

LADY ON THE BENCH: Go ahead! I always
wanted to know the truth about my better half

FUN from

JOHNNY: Say,
Gwen, am I the
only fellow you
let give you a
black eye?

GWEN: A
blackeye? Hon-
est kid, since I
met you no other
guy has even
dared to gimme
a black look



M.-G.-M.

SALLY O'NEILL:
Are you the goose
that laid the
golden egg?

INDIGNANT
BIRD: You wrong
me Sally! My
name's Henry



Mary Brian
Paramount

WAR HORSE: Say,
Mary, what's the
hurry? Don't you know
the war is over?

MARY: Keep going!
If I catch Charlie talking
to that maid, Estelle,
across the way, I'm going
to start a war of my own



Marie Dressler
and Polly
Moran
M.-G.-M.

POLLY: Gee, Marie! That turkey's tough. He doesn't feel bullets

MARIE: Is that the bird ye've had me trailing all this time? He's not tough; he's stuffed



Posed by Mariot
Davies M.-G.-M.
and Laura La
Plante Universal

the FILMS



Charles
Lamont and
Estelle
Bradley
Educational
Comedies



THE FAIR
CO-ED: You're
some poker
player! Now
that I've won
everything you
have including
your silk stock-
ings, I'm going

LAURA: Go
ahead. I don't
care. I can
paint on a pair
that will be
the real thing

ESTELLE: Love mama, Charlie?
Whose baby is oo?

CHARLIE: Ssh! Never mind that
stuff! Here comes my wife on horse-
back and if she doesn't recognize that
baby in your arms as a stage baby it
won't matter whose baby I am



First Division Production

STYLISH STOUT: What would you think if I sang you a love song?

MAID: I'd think you were singing through your hat



Fox

THE BOSS: How do you hold your job? You have no idea of office procedure

THE P. S.: Oh, I dunno. Being a private secretary is a kneesy job



M.-G.-M.

MERMAID: Oh, please won't you put me back into the ocean?

CAVEMAN: I will not. I'm going to keep you to prove that there are still as good fish in the sea as ever were caught



BILLIE: Say Marg, I'm tired of being a brunette

MARG: All right. I'll make your hair sandy for you



Billie Copeland and Marguerite Burton
Christie Comedies

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<i>Mill, Fif</i>	<i>Magnetism</i>	<i>Doubtful Happiness</i>
<i>The Inn</i>	<i>The Thief</i>	<i>The Diamond Necklace</i>
<i>The Devil</i>	<i>Love</i>	<i>The Story of a Farm Girl</i>
<i>Mademoiselle</i>	<i>The Hole</i>	<i>The Carter's Wench</i>
<i>Graveyard Sirens</i>	<i>Fecundity</i>	<i>A Way to Wealth</i>
<i>Am I Insane?</i>	<i>Ghosts</i>	<i>A Wife's Confession</i>
<i>A Little Walk</i>	<i>Room No. 11</i>	<i>Love's Awakening</i>
<i>Bed No. 29</i>	<i>Margot's Tapers</i>	<i>The Wedding Night</i>
<i>After Death</i>	<i>The Bed</i>	<i>One Phase of Love</i>
<i>A Passion</i>	<i>An Old Maid</i>	<i>The Diary of a Madman</i>
<i>The Mad Woman</i>	<i>The Artist's Wife</i>	<i>In His Sweetheart's Livery</i>
<i>Forbidden Fruit</i>	<i>Virtue</i>	<i>Virtue in the Ballet</i>
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<i>The Rendezvous</i>	<i>Words of Love</i>	<i>The Farmer's Wife</i>
<i>Was It a Dream?</i>	<i>A Piece of String</i>	<i>A Fashionable Woman</i>
<i>Waiter, a Bowl!</i>	<i>In the Moonlight</i>	<i>The Love of Long Ago</i>
<i>Boule de Suif</i>	<i>The Venus of Branzis</i>	<i>A Queer Night in Paris</i>
<i>Woman's Wiles</i>	<i>The Sequel of Divorce</i>	<i>The New Sensation</i>
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*A Self-told Love Story of a Girl in the Ticket Booth
Who Thought She Had to Choose Between Good and Bad*



Rich Man? Poor Man?

MAYBE you who read this have walked down Broadway in the forties and seen me. I was the girl sitting in the little glass booth, selling tickets for the Pantheon Movie Theater.

But if you did see me, I don't suppose you'd have thought it was my first job or that I had come to it directly from the country.

I'd been living in a place I'm going to call Middleburg. I'd been born there, and nearly everybody who was born there died there, too. Maybe I'd have spent my entire life there, if a terrible calamity hadn't happened.

My big sister ran off with a city man, and about a year later came home with a tiny baby. She didn't know where her husband was, and acted as if she didn't care either. He'd been a summer visitor, and said he worked in a big exporting

house. As far as I could make out he didn't work at all, and Helen had had a terrible time.

The shock broke mother's heart, and it wasn't long before in our old brown house, there were just the three of us, big Helen, little Helen, the baby and me.

Helen was working at the dry-goods store in the village and I was just getting through high-school. One day the girl who took care of the baby when we were out, let her fall. I can see Helen holding the poor little thing in her arms, while I ran for Dr. Martin. I was wondering why this had to happen to us, as if we hadn't had trouble enough already.

I was so scared and breathless I could hardly tell Dr. Martin what had happened, but just managed to gasp that we wanted him.

Little Helen had to be strapped [Continued on page 134]

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No Wedding Bells for Me

[Continued from page 37]

to me I was flattered and other women were green with envy. When he asked me to marry him I thrilled with a natural feminine triumph, although I knew it was not because he loved women less but me more. I took a few days to think it over, so I told him, but mentally I was planning my trousseau and arranging the furniture.

LATE one afternoon the telephone rang. It was Peggy on the wire. She was a member of a jolly group with whom I had played around for some months past. She lived diagonally across the street. Her voice sounded agitated as it came to me.

"Please come over at once," she said. "Something terrible has happened."

I dashed across the street ready to give first aid to the injured or to call the coroner. Peggy confronted me. Her eyes were blazing. Her face was twisted with rage.

"Arthur is untrue to me," she said. "He and Ann have an affair."

I gasped with amazement. Surely it was but a figment of a jealously inflamed imagination.

"Don't stand there gawking at me," she screamed. "Didn't you suspect it? Well, I did. That earring I found in his car belonged to her."

The incident of the earring recalled itself to me. We had been at Ann's one evening when Peggy, who can be the most tactless person in the universe when it suits her purpose, told of finding the earring in Arthur's car. She even produced it. It was an inexpensive bauble but incriminating evidence. Ann's face had been as expressionless as a mask. Not a ripple of guilt marred its surface. It had not entered my mind to suspect Ann as the owner of that earring.

Peggy and Arthur separated that night. A few days later they became reconciled but the truce was only temporary. They were divorced after Arthur's next indiscretion and Peggy is now married to an interne in a local hospital.

After I left Peggy I did some slow and careful thinking about my own matrimonial prospect. Peggy was a beautiful woman with wavy brown hair, deep blue eyes and a flawless complexion. She had charm and magnetism. If she could not hold her husband's wandering fancy, who was I to expect to prevent similar occurrences from marring the sanctity of my future home? The doctor was a born Lothario and I could not hope to change him.

It was too great a chance for me to take, so I declined the dashing M. D.'s offer of marriage. Nor did I err in my decision as subsequent events have proved. He is now married. Jealousy has become a monomania with his wife, and not without cause, so it is said. She accompanies him on his daily calls and waits in his car while he calls on his patients, most of whom are women.

MILLIE was one of those loyal souls who stick to their husbands through thick and thin. She had lean pickings during her marriage with the rotund, rosy cheeked Robert. He had his business ups and downs but they were mostly downs.

They lived in a modest flat. Millie did her own housework without complaint although as a girl she had been accustomed to every luxury. She loved Robert devotedly and was willing to take the bitter with the sweet.

The influenza epidemic claimed Millie. It was a mild case but confined her to her bed. The expense of a nurse was out of the question and Millie's friends took turns in doing what they could for her comfort.

One noon I stopped in to see what I

could do for her. The cupboard was bare and I was about to go to the nearest delicatessen when I walked Robert. He was a bit the worse for liquor, which was no unusual condition for Robert.

"You poor kid," he said to his wife, patting her hand tenderly, "what you need is hot soup."

Robert went out to get the soup. He returned a week later.

No one knew until the divorce petition was filed that Robert was a habitual dipsomaniac. Millie had suffered in silence until her home life became intolerable.

In the meantime I had met Billy L., a Chicago Board of Trade man. He was a generous soul. He always grabbed the check in restaurants and gave a coin to every blind beggar on the streets. Flowers and others gifts were sent to me from Chicago by the carload. Yes, Billy was a prince of a good fellow and a good loser at rolling the bones, his favorite indoor sport. I didn't mind that. A man must have some amusement, costly as it was to Billy. I liked him immensely and his sense of humor was divine.

BILLY'S married sister invited me to be her guest in Chicago for a week. It afforded me the opportunity to study Billy at close range and I made eye-opening discoveries that shattered all the illusions I had about Billy. How that boy loved his liquor! In truth he didn't draw a sober breath the entire week of my visit. I let him go as far as he liked without a word of protest. If he had gotten prettily inebriated it would not have been so appalling but his eyes watered, the tip of his nose turned red and he lost his voice. At first it became a husky whisper and then faded into sullen silence.

I thought of Millie and Robert. I was not going to take the chance of having Billy go out for soup when I was ill and not return for a week. I therefore scratched Billy as a possible husband.

There was one couple, Jack and Edith, among my intimate associates. They were considered an ideal couple. Their home was delightful. It glided along on well-oiled household machinery. Both looked upon it as their castle and were always making changes to add to its attractiveness. Their manner toward each other was courteous at all times. They were apparently deeply in love with each other.

I was greatly encouraged. There at last was a happy, well-mated couple. I lost part of my cynicism against matrimony.

At the time I was again debating the question of marriage. My suitor was an educated man, travelled and financially sound. Besides he was a convincing talker. The word pictures he drew of our future life together were enticing.

I spent sleepless nights weighing the pros against the cons. I finally decided that my answer would be "Yes." He had successfully sold me the idea of marriage.

THE next morning bright and early my door-bell rang. There stood Edith, trunk, suit case and canary. Her face was white and stained with tears.

"I've left my husband," she said. "Will you take me in for a couple of days?"

After black coffee and innumerable cigarettes she was capable of coherent speech.

"He's insanely jealous," she sobbed. "Last night at a party, he accused me of flirting with the host. As if I would. His wife's my best friend."

For two days I listened to a ceaseless recital of similar accusations. Then a respite came in the shape of the remorseful Jack.

"Smarty, Smarty, Smarty!"

For two weeks, the "gang" has seen him not. After the ninth reading, "The Black Pirate" does not seem so black. As if sore throat were not enough, and just to prove that justice is seldom tempered with mercy, little sister is on the job from 9 to 5 emitting words of scorn and derision. Was ever a gentleman so galled? Will he ever neglect a sore throat again?

Healthy youngsters may

throw off sore throat or a cold in a hurry, but adults are not usually so fortunate. Lacking the stamina of youth, they are easier prey to disease germs.

Watch your throat these days, and at the first sign of irritation, gargle with Listerine full strength. Rinse the mouth with it also.

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By Mlle. Renee Duval

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He certainly ate humble pie. Such contrition would have melted a heart of stone. He swore he adored her and I believe he does to this day, but he has a peculiar way of demonstrating his deep affection. They made up with tears and kisses and I shed a few in sympathy.

Every now and then Jack indulges in an outburst of jealous rage. He can't help it. He was born that way. Edith has fled to me innumerable times but she invariably has taken her clothes back home. Whenever my door-bell rings I would not be one whit surprised to find Edith standing there with her suit case and canary. Their spats and reconciliations go on forever, but who wants to live in a state of constant turmoil.

AFTER the first Jack and Edith episode, I accompanied my suitor to dinner. It was one of those quiet, dignified cafes where the most decorous conduct and dinner clothes are the rule. I happened to be gazing into space, turning over in my mind the chances for connubial peace with him.

“Stop making eyes at that man over there,” he thundered.

I was then treated to a scene à la Jack and Edith. The accusations he hurled at my unoffending head didn't make a hit with me. I loathe jealousy. It's an indication of distrust and a petty, suspicious, evil-minded nature.

I overlooked his first offense. That was my mistake. A leopard can not change its spots. Later he accused me of flirting with the leader of a jazz band in a dizzy night club. The next morning I sent him presents back.

Yes, though single I've had more matrimonial troubles than any other woman in the world—that is by proxy. I'm familiar with every possible wifely complaint against an erring husband.

The grounds for divorce among my friends have been varied and in some instances somewhat asinine.

One of the three time divorcees left her first husband because he was a ne'er do well. A short time later she married the lawyer who had represented her in the divorce proceedings. He was a wealthy man and very generous. She had her own home, two cars, a chauffeur, two or three servants and a fortune in jewelry. He showered gifts upon her son by her first marriage, but his habit of reading bed time stories to the boy in stentorian tones got on her nerves. She left him. Her third husband folded his tent and stole away so silently that no trace of him has been discovered to this day. No one knows why he did it but her third divorce was based on desertion.

THE other three time divorcee each time told me harrowing tales of the current husband's faults. The first one was morose. He'd sit for hours without noticing her. The second one was domineering. He even wanted to think for her. The third one beat her.

My latest suitor, and he may be the last one I will ever have, was the best of all. I think of him with regret. The mention of his name sends a pang of pain through my heart. I really loved him. He was a clever conversationalist with a profile straight from the gods and he sang in a deep rich baritone.

He wanted to play fair. I'll say that for him. He knew my horror of unhappiness in marriage. He knew my prejudice against divorce in any connection with my own personal life. He could have overcome that prejudice if any one could.

One evening he made his confession. I'll never forget the shock his words gave my sensibilities. It was as though my world had been suddenly uprooted and plunged into Stygian darkness.

“I have been divorced,” he told me.

There may have been extenuating circum-

stances but, much as I cared for him, I could not forget the disturbing fact that he had been divorced.

So that was that.

My women friends were not entirely blameless in the failure of their marriages. They seemed utterly incapable of understanding the masculine viewpoint. They were not big enough to overlook normal masculine shortcomings. They were so irritatingly petty at times I wondered that their husbands did not wring their necks.

They failed to act up to the adage that a soft answer turneth away wrath. Instead they would retort with all the venom of which they were capable. Stupidly, they failed to realize that more flies are caught with molasses than with vinegar. They forgot that men are but little boys grown up and need not only a lot of petting to keep them in good humor, but a divine patience to train them in the way they should go.

I'M supposed to be a self-reliant, self-sufficient, ultra modern bachelor girl but that is the mask I show to the world. In reality I'd like to play the clinging vine to some man's sturdy oak.

My mother's friends and many of my own say, “Too bad May doesn't marry. She would make a good wife.”

It is too bad. I would make a good wife and I'd appreciate a good husband. But where is he? According to the tales of marital woe I have heard by the hundreds “there ain't no such animal.” I have been told that all good husbands are either dead or unborn. I don't believe that. Surely somewhere in this world is the type of man who could make my life complete.

I know the kind of man I want for a husband. I am equally positive about the kind of man I do not want.

I do not want a Galahad nor yet a Chesterfield. A Don Juan would be equally undesirable. I do not want a handsome man. They're invariably conceited. I do not want a walking fashion-plate. Clothes are apt to be his god. I do not want a golf fiend. Golf-widowed week-ends are lonely. I do not want a jealous man or one given to exaggerated bursts of sentimentality. It's the steady flame that burns the longest. I do not want a Prince of Good Fellows. They're too much in demand and neglect their wives. I do not want a café spend-thrift. They're apt to be stingy with household expenses.

What I do want is a regular two-fisted he-man with enough tolerance and sense of humor to make our home a place of harmony instead of the usual marital battlefield. He need not be rich but he must be a business success. I have no patience with failure in this world of opportunity.

I want a man who trusts me implicitly and whom I can trust in return. He must know that when once I have taken my marriage vows no power on earth could cause me to swerve one iota from them. I want a man who will not consider me a chattel or a toy, but a human being with a brain and a conscience and a keen relish for normal fun.

I want him to know my faults, of course, but to love me in spite of them. I want a man who is self-reliant, but one who has the boyish qualities all real women adore. I want a man I can respect, one who respects himself and makes the world respect him. I want a man to be as willing to give and take as I would be. He must be modern in ideas and actions and free from narrow prejudices.

I WANT a mate and a companion and a playmate for all kinds of weather and for all time.

But one thing is certain—I'll cling to my peaceful solitary existence until such a man can convince me that marriage is not the hell on earth that the experiences my married friends have had led me to think it is.

Tyranny of Tears

[Continued from page 76]

a mixture of our crowd who craved the intellectual refreshment and uplift that intimate subjects publicly discussed are supposed to give. I made no effort to answer her and presently out of a rather long silence she said:

"For heaven's sake, Nina, cry or scream or do anything but sit there like a Chinese image."

"THE one thing I don't feel like doing, Mary," I said, "is crying. I think I've shed all the tears that are in me these past months."

"These months that you've been cavorting around playing the jolly little pal to him! If you'd killed Doris in the good old-fashioned way you would have come clean. Instead you've lost Dick and got the name of being a game sport. Analyzed that means a coward. Afraid to be yourself. I believe the old system of human bondage called marriage was all wrong. Marriage shouldn't enslave, but we are carrying it too far. It's Bolshevism not Freedom. It's a reign of terror in which organized society is being slaughtered and decent instincts smothered in the name of freedom."

"Don't, Mary," I said: "I've thought of all that and there's no good in crying over milk that's spilled. Dick and I agreed to have no ball and chain in our home. If we were wrong, if we were defeated by our own—"

"You weren't. You were defeated by a sneak thief who plundered your house under cover of a lot of chatter about Freedom. And a set of cowardly friends assisted the plunderer when they sat by smiling, afraid of being dubbed Victorian. Oh we're a fine little bunch. Slaves to a lot of inhuman forms worse than the old slavery we're trying to escape. We don't know what it is to act like natural human beings. The expression of honest emotion is the only sin we recognize."

Feeling as she did it was not strange that it should be Mary who precipitated the final conflagration.

Three days later at a large party she rose from a floor-pillow as Doris entered the room and holding her glass in the air said: "Ladies and gentlemen, a toast to the only person in this room who has the nerve to walk out when a home wrecker walks in." Whereupon she drank, set her glass on the floor and walked out.

THE following day there appeared in the society columns the announcement of Miss Doris Kay's engagement to Mr. Richard Clawson who was recently divorced by Mrs. Nina Fallon Clawson. The marriage would take place in the early spring.

They say the Scotch never know when they are whipped. I am Scotch, Irish and French. And that announcement affected me like a bullet in the breast of a man who, though dying, staggers to his knees for one final shot at his enemy.

I had been in bed since the day of the divorce. Now I rose and dressed myself in my most becoming gown. At about ten o'clock I descended upon Dick at the office.

"I wanted to be the first to wish you happiness, old dear," I cried giving his hand a hearty shake. "I'd love to give you a little blow-out, but I suppose it wouldn't be just the thing. We are still somewhat under the Victorian form known as 'good taste,' but I've half a mind to break another leash and give you a bang-up engagement party."



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He looked frightened. "Oh, no, Nina." "Why not? I'm a sort of relative. Not converted to conventions are you?" "No. Yes. I don't know. Oh, hang it all, you know Doris wouldn't come." "I've been to parties at her house when I was your sweetheart and she was your pal."

"I know. But you're—well—," he struggled for a word "more forthright, and less emotional. Oh it wouldn't do at all. Doris wouldn't come."

I assumed a nonplussed expression. "Why Doris never struck me as being overburdened with conventions." "No, she isn't. But the fact is, she thinks I've still got a soft spot for you."

"I SHOULD hope you have, old thing. I'd be all cut up if you hadn't. And I'd be disappointed in you if I thought you were too Victorian to be friends with me merely because we were once in love."

"You know I want to be friends, Nina." But he didn't look it. He looked what he was, a befuddled and harassed man.

"Then prove it by having dinner with me tomorrow night. We'll celebrate your engagement on the sly since you think Doris wouldn't like a public demonstration. Just a nice quiet little dinner."

I saw protest in his eyes and hurried on: "I'll tell you. We'll make it a real lark. I'll pack the old camping outfit in my car, lay in the necessary groceries and meet you at seven o'clock over in Jersey at the old Rand camp. It'll be a real adventure Dickey, with all the spice of guilty adventure—sneaking and hiding and fear of being found out. And yet no more guilty than if we were two fellows. Say yes, Dickey. I've never had a guilty adventure. I'm keen for it."

His face darkened. "If you want guilty adventure there are plenty of fellows who would be willing to accommodate you."

"Oh, I know that. But I wouldn't trust them. I'm not afraid of you. But we'd both be scared to death of being found out and laughed out of town."

"Don't you see, we'd get all the kick of guilt without the bad conscience!"

As I well knew a camp-fire dinner in the Jersey woods was Dick's idea of complete paradise. Doris was scared of bugs and snakes.

HE WASN'T keen for the adventure but he hated to disappoint me. The habit of pleasing me was still strong on him. And after all there'd been no bitterness between us to uproot tender consideration.

I was so persistent, he yielded. Poor Dickey! Harassed by business and general disorganization of his private life, he could not be expected to see too deeply into feminine chicanery. No man does. And my attitude of friendly unconcern disarmed him.

"Hooray for my first guilty adventure," I cried. "At seven. And for heaven's sake don't breathe a word to a soul. Things leak out so easily. We'll have to be secret as the grave. Tell Doris you have a business appointment if she insists on hanging on to you. It's an old gag. But some of the old gags are the best."

"I never lied to you, Nina." "No. Of course not. But as you say, I'm different. Besides I think we can profit in our new marriages by some of the mistakes of the old."

If Dick and I had been sweethearts that camp-fire dinner would have been a wonderful success. It was a success for him. He loved the fire building, the dark forest enclosing us, loved the pungent smell of frying bacon, boiling coffee and a special dish of rice, ham and cheese cooked up together. He enjoyed watching me fuss over the fire, had great fun laying the cloth on the ground and opening boxes of cake and fruit,

pickles, olives and anchovies. He ate ravenously and laughed with the glee of the little boy he was.

After dinner he wanted to sit by the fire and talk; but I declared I was cold. The one thing I didn't want just then was conversation. Folks sometimes think with speech. Moreover the situation was too intimate, too romantic, to admit of inaction or relaxation. If Dick had been moved to kiss me that night he would have fled in terror from me. As it was he had thoroughly enjoyed himself and would be susceptible another time.

AND so I saw him almost daily on one pretext or another. We had a secret between us. Something a little outrageous and not downright wrong. Of course there were other stolen camp-fire parties over which we lingered.

There is no need to tell how, cribbing Doris's own methods, I made him see Doris. How seeming to apologize, to justify her for this or that, relating her conversations, pretending to admire her "cleverness," in reality I was exposing her inanity or cunning. I imitated her prettily studied gestures, her drawing voice so that he would see the posturing behind the prettiness.

When the time was ripe, with all the sophisticated knowledge of human nature at my command, I began playing subtly, with seeming unconsciousness on the never distant male instincts. He never forgot that he was the affianced husband of another woman, but when he began trying to escape me I gloated in secret. Knowing Dick's easy-going nature, which made him tractable to the leash, so long as it was unsuspected, I wouldn't let him get away. The very fact that he realized the urgent need of escape was the power by which I held him.

As the only persons ever permanently deceived by an intrigue are the parties concerned, I had known from the first that discovery was inevitable. Dick was the only person who didn't know that our secret rendezvous was the joke of the town. Not in some time had the jaded senses of our set been in such a furore of delighted expectancy.

That he lied to Doris, I knew. I sometimes put the words in his mouth. Our places had become curiously reversed. I knew that the more lies he had to tell her, the more of a sneak she made him, the swifter would be his masculine reaction of resentment; the more he would turn to me. It was the old story modernized, the wife becoming the other woman!"

THE final day for the ratification of the divorce decree was less than a week away. Doris was busy with preparations for the wedding. I proposed another camp-fire party. Dick was reluctant—afraid. I was in his office. I put my hand on his and looking him in the eyes: "The last, Dickey dear," I said barely above a whisper.

Our eyes clung. He yielded.

That night he was restless. He wanted to go immediately after dinner, but I insisted on lingering a few minutes. He sat down, and for the first time in these harrowing three months I sat close beside him.

It was four A. M. when we crossed the ferry to New York in wretched silence. Dick had at last broken. Holding me in his arms, kissing me as he had kissed me in the first mad days of our love he told me he knew at last that he loved me; that his feeling for Doris had been altogether different, but that he was inescapably committed to her. To throw her down now would be yellow. Aside from the wedding preparations, there was her heroic stand with him in staging the evidence, the gossip, the court records. He couldn't see me again. I mustn't ask him. I didn't. Not once during that final week.

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cluded the three months. I called him. He hadn't been to the house since our divorce, that being one of the requirements to final ratification by the courts. Now I asked him to have a farewell dinner with me the following night. I pointed out to him that the legal time had expired; and appealed to him as a last favor to me. I'd never ask him again after his wedding.

He hesitated. Then brusquely: "I'll be there at seven."

I had prepared all the things he liked for dinner but he was embarrassed by the sight of familiar surroundings, and uneasy over the situation.

The meal began with some inane talk between us, but the strain was too great. We fell into silence. He ate with downcast eyes. I ate nothing.

As the coffee was brought I said, "Dickey I'm desperately sick. Get me to bed quick."

He rose and as his arms reached for me I sank into them, a dead weight.

Lifting me he ran to the living room and laid me on the chaise longue.

The phone had gone dead just before dinner and he sent the maid out to call a doctor while he got my dress off and wrapped me in the lovely pink tea gown she handed him before leaving.

He bathed my face, cursing Jeanette's delay. When he suggested going to see what had become of her, I protested, "Don't leave me alone yet, Dick."

He sat down on the side of the couch and began smoothing my hair back awkwardly.

And that's how we were when Doris burst into the room. Dick had removed his coat and appeared very much a man at home. He scrambled to his feet. I sat up shaken by fear of what the next ten minutes would bring.

"So this is why you couldn't have dinner with me," Doris screamed. "You brute. Carrying on an intrigue with her the very night before our wedding." She turned on me, called me a vile name and burst into tears.

I covered my face with my arm, sobbing too. For a space there was no sound, no movement from Dick. Then suddenly he sat down on the side of the bed and took

hold of my hand. "Don't, Nina. Don't cry, honey, for God's sake. I can't stand it." I flung my arm around his neck and wept with exquisite abandon.

"You wanton!" shouted Doris. "You couldn't hold him as a wife and you're so low you'd stoop to this. Well, I'll blazen this night to the whole town. I'll give the story to the papers."

I lifted my face.

"It won't be much of a story, a husband found having dinner with his wife—unless it's because the husband was scheduled to marry you."

"You're right he is and he'll marry me, or I'll know the reason why."

"But he can't. At least not tomorrow. My lawyer forgot to make formal application for the final decree yesterday. He's Dick's lawyer too and there's still time to retreat of course—if Dick wants to."

DICK'S face was a sudden blaze of light. He drew me fiercely to him. With a scream of rage Doris went out.

After a long ecstatic space Dick said: "God, but I'm glad Samuelson forgot to make application! How do you suppose Doris knew I was here?"

"Jeanette phoned her instead of the doctor."

He looked blank. "Phoned her?"

"This was the final test, Dickey," I said.

"I knew when we both fell to crying you'd turn automatically to comfort the one you really loved. If you'd turned to her, I'd have refreshed Mr. Samuelson's memory tomorrow. It would have meant a little delay in the wedding but—"

"Do you mean you framed all this?"

"Do you mind, Dickey?" I said.

"Mind? Does a man mind when his life is saved? Doris is a she-devil."

All this happened three years ago but the fact that we so nearly lost each other through rebellion against old abuses has not converted us to the ball and chain. We realize that every step man has made toward freedom has been attended by rebellion; every rebellion has taken toll in victims. The great thing we learned was to distinguish between liberty and license.

How far can a flirtatious husband or wife carry on an "affair" without being actually unfaithful? Where is the dividing line between the spirit and the letter of one's marriage vows? Let Mme. Elinor Glyn answer that question for you with her article "What is the True Test of Fidelity?" in March SMART SET.

Daughters of Jazz

[Continued from page 39]

keep four or five apartments, if he can afford it, and nothing is thought of it, unless he stumbles into some kind of scandal. The publicity on it is bad. Sometimes the wife has a lover, while hubby has his own affairs, but so long as it is all under cover they get by. It's that way in France and Germany and all over, especially under conditions of prosperity and leisure, with or without jazz.

YOU ask about the present standards of dancing. Well, most of it is poor dancing, but that's all. So far as I can see it doesn't mean a thing. Maybe it looks sensational to the reformers who don't dance, and who perhaps think that they would get a great kick out of it, but the fact is that it is too common and taken for granted. When anything becomes common the sensibilities are dulled and blunted. Even lack of clothing doesn't mean anything any more, because it has become commonplace. You get so much of that sort of thing in the magazine, and

you see so much of it on the stage and at the seashore, that you don't get as much kick out of it as you did in the old days when you caught a fleeting glimpse of a girl's ankle.

And it's that way with this matter of dancing. It is just commonplace. It doesn't mean anything. At least I know that it doesn't for most people. It's just the rhythm of the music expressed in dancing. People feel the music better that way and enjoy it more. That's what dancing is—music in motion. Now, it may be that a few people really do get a kick out of it, but that's up to the individual. When they do it's their own determination to do so, and when they've got that intention you couldn't stop them irrespective of anything.

But has jazz anything to do with moral laxity? Not that I could ever notice. Really, the worst that any one could possibly say against jazz is that they think it is not good music. That's a matter of opinion. I think good jazz is very good music,

and so does the whole world. There's good jazz and poor jazz, but there's also good opera and some that isn't so grand. There are poor waltzes and marches just as there are good ones. I try to give the people good jazz, and they surely like it.

There may be something sensual about jazz music. I don't know. Personally, I have never been able to discover it. That is, I have never been conscious of it, and I've had as much to do with jazz as anybody so I ought to know. I have done my share toward raising jazz up to the level of an art.

BUT if jazz has any sensual quality at all, it doesn't hold a candle to the music of Wagner and other great composers of grand opera. There isn't much doubt about the sensuality of some of the music of these sublime masters. Sometimes that is what the story of the opera is all about. Take some of the music in Tannhauser, Samson and Delilah, Faust and others. By way of comparison, I might say that if we have our little flirtations in jazz, I am sure that Mr. Wagner and others have gone much farther than that.

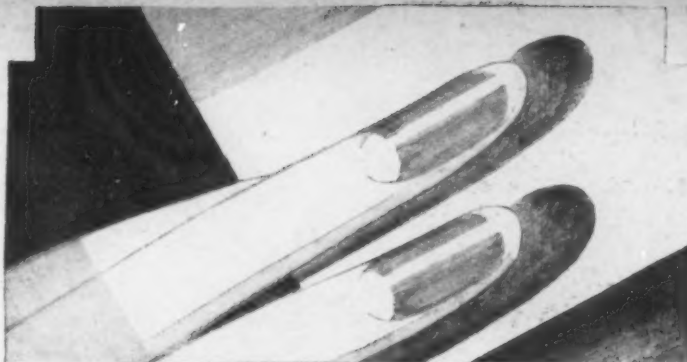
To me, jazz is just rhythm—and rhythm is the great law of life. Lack of rhythm will stop your automobile engine, and when you die it is the failure of your heart rhythm that kills you. It is rhythm that makes good walking or dancing or running. Charley Paddock's sprinting is perfect rhythm. Nurmi couldn't run without it. Well, jazz is just the greatest rhythm yet discovered in music. That's why a girl who thinks that she can't walk a mile can dance all night.

Has jazz anything to do with drinking? People speak of jazz and booze and crime waves all in the same breath. How do they get that way? Jazz is music, beauty of sound, harmony and melody and rhythm. It has its moods, dramatic and powerful, or sweet and tender, anything you wish to make it, but it is usually happy and joyful and energizing. To most people it is a tonic! It does more good than harm.

FROM fifty to a hundred million people are listening to jazz every day in their homes, whole aerial oceans of jazz coming by way of the radio, not to mention the phonograph, with children, old people, everybody, listening to it, dancing to it, enjoying it. Jazz bands are among the most popular acts in vaudeville. Jazz has no more to do with drinking than the soft waltzes of the "little German band" at a Turnverein picnic have to do with the number of kegs of beer which are consumed during the festivities.

Our young folks are not angels, but neither are they the opposite. They are just youngsters. What can you expect? It is only on the surface that the world has changed, with automobiles, moving pictures, radio and booze, such as it is, getting more popular every day. Whether these things have had much or anything to do with moral laxity, aside from general prosperity, I don't know. But there isn't much that our flaming youth is doing that they couldn't have learned from any flaming past generation. The kids like to look as speedy and fiery as possible, and they make mistakes. But at heart they are decent and human enough—the same old sons and daughters of Adam and Eve.

What would you do if the handsomest boy you ever saw ignored you in spite of all your efforts to vamp him? Would you resort to trickery as I did to win him, or would you let him go? I'll tell you in March SMART SET why I finally had to confess that I was "Just Fooling"



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WIX

The Original Waterproof Liquid Lash Dressing

A Cure for Love

[Continued from page 65]

But even you wouldn't eat hay, any more than you'd feed beefsteak to a horse." He smiled.

"Further than that, I've had to rent an apartment, and hire a cook to do tricks to my food. It's boosted my expenses about four thousand dollars a year."

"You can afford it."

"Not much longer. Six papers have canceled the contract for my daily letter. They say it's rotten. So it is; I can't write on this diet. They'll all cancel it if this goes on."

"All that a man hath will he give for his life," he reminded me.

"If you call this life!" I said.

"Rational living doesn't cut you off from pleasure... Did I ever tell you how I hunted a bear in the Rocky Mountains—"

"Yes, you've told me. But I hunt celebrities in Manhattan."

"You won't have to live this way forever," he said.

MY GROAN of gratitude must have told him that he had gone too far.

"I don't say you can ever give up the diet," he warned me, "but in a year or two perhaps you may go to the theater or the opera now and then, even dance a little. I can do that, now that rational living has rebuilt me. I went to the opera last night with the Reginald Prossers, and danced a little at the Club Cerise afterward. Delightful young girl, that daughter of Prosser's. Do you happen to know her?"

"I knew her once," I said.

Which was about the truth. For where could you find Ruth Prosser? At the opera, at concerts; at hockey games and prize-fights; at costume balls and night clubs; wherever you couldn't find a patient of Siebring's.

Once the Prossers asked me to dinner; but I ate only a roll, for their vegetables hadn't been cooked four hours, and when I left the table to lie down for an hour I rather put ice on the party. They never asked me again.

I knew Ruth was hurt, terribly hurt; but she didn't show it. She was tearing around, now, with a set of wild collegians, and on the rare occasions when we met by chance she seemed the wildest of the lot. I knew that was only a gesture, but what could I do?

So, presently, I ceased to see her at all; and more papers canceled their contracts; and I was undeniably a sick man.

However, I tried to cultivate a sane healthy optimism.

One evening after what I still called dinner I dragged myself into the Marmot Club. Nobody noticed me. Why should they notice a man who no longer went where others went or did what others did, a man who practically speaking was dead already? Like a ghost I drifted into the chess corner and tried to get a thrill by watching the finish of a drawn game. As the players rose one of them noticed me, out of pure charity.

"Hello, Hilton. Didn't know you were interested in chess."

"I'm thinking of taking it up," I observed. "Maybe Jack Siebring will give me some coaching. He's champion of the club, isn't he?"

"You'll have mighty little chance of getting Siebring to coach you now. He's out somewhere every night with Reggie Prosser's daughter. The engagement isn't announced yet, but—"

But already I was on my way out. This had gone too far. What if I did live thirty years? This wasn't living. And it would be worse if Siebring married Ruth!

Oh, no doubt she would marry him; she

was bound to marry somebody. I'd been insane to expect a vivid, restless girl like Ruth to wait for me; especially as she didn't know why she was waiting. I hadn't told her because I hadn't wanted to worry her. Probably it wouldn't worry her now. But whether it did or it didn't, I was going to tell her at last. She deserved to know the truth and so did I.

I called up her house, but she was out. Of course; she was always out! But her father was in and I brought him to the telephone.

"Where's Ruth?" I demanded. "Yes, I know she's gone out, but where?"

Reggie groaned.

"I wish I knew," he admitted. My sense of fair play was gone by now.

"Is she out with Jack Siebring?" I asked.

"I wish she were. She's gone down in the village somewhere with that wild college crowd. Siebring's reading a paper at the Academy of Medicine, if you want him."

"He's not the one I want," I said, but Reggie didn't hear me.

He was continuing, "I expect he may pick her up later at the Club Cerise."

I went home and put on evening clothes for the first time in months, and in course of time I turned up at the Club Cerise. I didn't care if she was with Siebring; she'd have to give me ten minutes at any rate. For whatever might happen to me or to her, I couldn't endure any longer that she should think I didn't want her.

The club was crowded, smoky, noisy—wilder than of old; it had started with a Park Avenue clientele and was getting more Broadway every night. Siebring was nowhere in sight, but presently I saw Ruth's fur coat flung over the back of a chair at a table for eight.

Ruth was on the floor, gowned in sea-green chiffon, her copper curls tossing as she danced with somebody fresh from Princeton. Very fresh, I decided in a moment; entirely too fresh. So I went out on the floor and took her away from him.

I'd meant to take her off somewhere and sit down, and tell her quietly, and then go. But when she looked around into my face, and gasped, and turned white and crimson, my arm went around her automatically, and we had danced half way round the floor before I remembered that I ought to refrain from artificial stimulation. And just then she found her voice.

"Frank! Have you really come back to life?"

LIFE? Yes, certainly this was it. I made my decision.

"Yes," I told her. "You know, Ruth, that's all bunk about 'all that a man hath will he give for his life.' The kind of life I've been living isn't worth it."

"I know. It hasn't been worth it for me, either."

And—well, I don't know who started it. The idea came to both of us at the same time, I suppose. But at any rate we kissed right there on the dancing floor and they threw us out.

Oh, it was a great little riot, for a moment; an assistant manager hustled up to us and told us that that sort of thing didn't go. Ruth made some heated remarks; and just then the college boy I'd taken her away from stalked up and ordered me to let his girl alone.

I thought that since we were being thrown out anyway I might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, so I clouted him on the jaw and sent him back to his table head first. Disgraceful, I admit, but it was an immense relief to find that after a couple of

months of Siebring's diet I still packed a punch.

They threw us out, but we didn't care. The Campanile Club was right around the corner. We walked to it, and on the way I told her everything.

"You poor darling!" she said. "But why didn't you tell me at first?"

"I didn't want you to worry. I thought I could cure myself with this diet, and then—"

"Why wait till then?" she asked, and that settled it.

Presently we were at a table at the Campanile.

"I don't suppose I ought to eat anything if you can't," she began, and then— "Frank! I'll marry you on your diet or off your diet; but oh, I'd rather see you happy for a year than miserable for a lifetime."

She was, I perceived, a woman in a million.

"Waiter!" I said. "Two Martinis, and a planked steak."

Oh, that was a glorious evening. All the forgotten, forbidden joys! I got a separate, individual thrill out of every mouthful of steak, every sip of coffee, every whiff from a big black cigar. But Ruth, I noticed, looked a little apprehensive as I demolished that meal.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"I never felt so well in my life. I've been starving for months. This diet may do for Jack Siebring but one man's meat is another man's poison. Did you ever hear him tell how he hunted a bear over the Rocky Mountains?"

"Did I? Why, I'm so sick of hearing about that bear! I played around with Jack when I was sick of the college boys, and I played around with the college boys when I was sick of him, and all the time I was so lonesome."

We were side by side on the cushioned seat along the wall; I kissed her, and this time nobody threw us out.

"My dear!" she said presently. "I don't want you to be miserable; but if you're really sick—"

"I'm not. I've been really sick ever since I went to Siebring; but I'm well now and I'm going to stay that way."

"But before that," she persisted, with a new proprietary interest. "Two months ago, when we were just finding out about each other. What made you go to Siebring? Were you sick then?"

"Something was the matter with me," I said. "Not like what I've suffered since, but I couldn't sleep of nights, and I felt a sort of gone sensation under the watch chain most of the time—"

She stared at me and burst into pealing laughter.

"OH, YOU priceless idiot! I couldn't sleep either, in those days; and if I'd had a watch chain I'd certainly have had a gone sensation under it. Frank, you delicious imbecile, weren't you ever in love before?"

"Not like this," I admitted.

Our fingers interlocked, our eyes met—and then something drew our gaze toward the door. There stood Jack Siebring. He'd trailed us from the Club Cerise as he had trailed that famous bear across the mountain; and he came to us across the dancing floor, frowning thunderously. But we were ready for him; Ruth waved her glass and I waved mine and without any previous agreement we chanted, in hilarious unison:

"The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could see."

Siebring certainly saw an eyeful before he turned and ran away.



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MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

Uneasy Love

[Continued from page 23]

There was only one thing to do, except to drop dead. When the family moved on, I moved in their train.

What would happen? Could I possibly pass at such close quarters as a third Miss Morse? It all depended upon how well Miss Gold and her aunt knew the Morses and how observant the Morses themselves were.

"So glad to see you," murmured la Comtesse d'Amaranthe, in a New York voice that tried to be English.

"So glad!" echoed Miss Virginia Gold.

I FELT like a spy approaching a sentinel without knowing the countersign. The two hostesses glanced at me with more interest, I thought, than at the other Morses, and if I hadn't been too frightened I might have believed that was because I was better looking and better dressed. Thank heaven, two or three Morse girls were the same to them? We passed on to the door of the ballroom. I wasn't lost after all. Anyhow, not yet! But now came another terrible moment of suspense.

Several young men stood together, evidently waiting for someone they expected. Two of them stepped forward, and each claimed a Morse girl for the dance.

"Pa, let's see if we can do this, will you?" chirped Ma, and towed her husband away.

I was left alone and my nervousness must have shown in my face, for the three young men who remained of the group gazed at me with sympathetic and rescuing expressions.

"Oh, dear," I sighed, and instantly the three invited me to dance.

I was so grateful I could have kissed them, but all I did was to say: "I'd love to!" and let myself be seized by the nearest.

The boy danced divinely and fortunately what I'd learned in little old Riverdale I'd kept up more or less in Greenwich Village. Another of the three cut in. Then the third grabbed me. There was a funny tussle. We laughed like children; and to tell the truth they were very young indeed, only a year or two older than I was. But a girl is grown up at twenty!

"WHO are you?" they asked, as with a single voice, when the dance was over.

I gave the first name I thought of, the one of the taxi telegram. I was Miss Mayne. Mary Mayne! I'd lost my chaperon, I explained. Not that I wanted to find her, if they would look after me. This was my first big ball; I didn't know anybody. I was so afraid I wouldn't have a good time!

"You should worry!" said one boy. "You'll have a good time all right. Leave it to us and forget your chaperon."

I said I would, as she seemed to have forgotten me, if I shouldn't be too much bother to them?

They reassured me about that. I was their discovery, and they'd like nothing better than to keep me to themselves. But they wouldn't be selfish so after a while they brought up numbers of friends to dance with Miss Mayne. Some of these asked to be introduced. I heard them doing it. I was a "wow," my first knight told me, and I hadn't lived in New York for months without knowing that to be a "wow" meant you were a wild success.

I might be Cinderella, but the real Cinderella had only one prince; I had a dozen! Of course, some of the princes asked embarrassing questions but I laughed them off. If they didn't know my face it wasn't for me to supply a label.

"I'll bet you're a new movie star," one

said. "Now, tell the truth! Aren't you?"

"Maybe," I said, but stopped laughing when he threatened to ask Virginia Gold. "Oh, don't," I begged. "I came with someone she knows, of course, but she doesn't know me personally. She might think my friend had taken a liberty. I should hate that."

I was having a wonderful time. Miss Blake's dress was the prettiest one at the ball, and I wasn't sure that I was not the prettiest girl. I began to feel at home, as if I belonged in this happy set, and I almost forgot that the gown I had on didn't belong to me! When I did remember, now and then for a second, I said to myself what I'd said before:

"It's no harm! I won't hurt the dress. Tomorrow morning early I'll press it out and it will be as fresh as if it hadn't given me all this fun. Miss Blake will never know."

BY AND BY the nicest boy of all invited me to go to supper with him. His name was Black, I thought, or something that sounded like Black. I went, very happy and hungry. I'd had nothing since lunch, except a cup of strong coffee I'd made at home to keep my courage up!

There were two supper rooms at Miss Gold's. One was the conventional sit-down affair, in the big dining room. The other was, it seemed, a new innovation. They called it "the bar." Just beyond the conservatory which led out from the ballroom, a long counter had been set up in a small picture gallery. This counter was piled with all sorts of sandwiches, and every kind of delicious food that could be eaten standing up without spilling mayonnaise or whipped cream.

The boy I thought of as Mr. Black took me to the "bar." He provided me with several caviar sandwiches, and a glass of champagne. We stood in a corner, out of the crush, and he was just saying that, if I wasn't a movie queen, I must be a runaway princess from the Balkans when, suddenly, before I could conjure an answer, he stopped and stared.

"Hello! What a darned nuisance!" he said.

"Who's a nuisance?" I asked. "Not me, I hope?"

"I'll tell the world you're not? I've just seen a cousin of mine from Washington, Rachel Blake, and in a minute she's bound to see me. She's with her stepfather, 'Breakneck' Lawrence. Maybe you've heard of him?"

Maybe I had! And maybe I would have been glad if a trap-door could have opened under my feet. Why hadn't I understood that the boy's wretched name was Blake, not Black?

"I can't stand Rachel. She's the limit," he was saying. "What vile luck she should turn up here!"

Mild words, "vile luck!"

"Say, would you mind changing places with me, to face those two, and let me turn my back? They might miss me that way and—no, gee, it's too late! She's spotted us! She would!"

I COULD have fainted, but that was the last thing to do to save myself from public disgrace.

"You must go to her quickly!" I said. "Then it will be over with, and you can come back."

"Oh, hang, I suppose you're right. Promise to wait here, won't you?"

I didn't answer. I let him take the promise for granted, but, hardly had he turned to

do his duty, than I fled for dear life. I dashed through a door close by and ran along a narrow corridor. It was lit by a hanging lantern, and halfway down I spied a door with glass panels, that looked as if it would lead outside. I raced for it and in a minute I was out in the cold night air.

For a few seconds I stood bewildered, hardly knowing what to do. It was still drizzling. Miss Blake's gown would be ruined. But that was better than being caught and accused as a thief. There was no mercy in that girl. I'd felt it at first sight. Even her cousin hated and avoided her. "She's spotted us!" he'd said? "Us!" That meant she had seen me, and seen her dress. I'd save up money and pay for it somehow, but the one thing now was to get away before she gave chase.

THE door I had shut behind me opened. "She's sent someone to catch the thief," I thought. And then I ran and ran. I fell and hurt my knees, but I thought of the frock more than the pain. That would finish the dress! I stumbled to my feet, and ran on again. If I could only get outside the gates into the road, I might hail a passing car.

The rain struck on my bare neck like tiny whips, and the wind blew my hair into my eyes. Suddenly I thought of Miss Blake's cloak, left in the dressing-room, and of my bundle in the summer-house. But they didn't matter.

Splash! Splash! In my delicate shoes I hurried across the soaked lawn. The high silver heels nearly turned my ankles when I stumbled into a hollow hidden by grass. After a while I found the avenue, where I could run faster, despite the slippery mud. Sometimes I thought I was being followed, but I dared not look back. Then I heard the noise of a car. As I reached the gateway a big limousine which was turning in swerved to one side.

White lights dazzled my eyes. Someone yelled a warning. Brakes were slammed on. A man jumped out of the car, and was picking me up from the ground. It had all happened in such a rush that I hadn't even known when I fell.

"FOR God's sake, are you hurt?" a voice asked, twice over, I think, before I had breath to speak.

When I could I gasped an answer: "I don't know. I don't feel any pain."

"I'm sure of one thing. The car didn't strike you," the man said. And even at that awful moment I realized the charm of his voice. "But, good heavens, what are you doing out here in the cold and rain without a wrap? Let me take you back to the house."

"No, no!" I panted. "Not back to the house. Oh, do save me! I'll be so thankful! Please! I haven't done anything wrong really."

The man laughed. "I'd save you if you were a murderess, dripping with your victim's blood instead of rain, you poor child!" His nice voice comforted me. "Say what you want me to do and it's as good as done."

"Drive me in your car to the station," I said.

"All right. Jump in. We'll talk afterwards." He swung me into the car, rolled me up in a soft rug, jumped in himself, and didn't speak again till he had backed out through the gates and turned. "Now, where do you want to go?" he asked.

"Oyster Bay, I suppose. I have to get back to New York by the first train I can catch."

He stepped on the gas, and, the coast being clear, found time to give me a long steady look, which I gave back for a second or two. It was my first chance to see what he was like. Before, I'd judged only from his voice. If he had roared like a fog

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and Eyebrows
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30 days**

By Lucille Young

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Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

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For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

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Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

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Loretta Prine,
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Miss Flora J. Corrievau,
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horn instead of having the most charming voice I'd ever heard, I would still have begged a lift in his car. Now I saw that the face was equal to the voice; he was dark complexioned, with eyes that seemed inscrutable in the shadow of his hat, a strong mouth, and a square chin with a cleft in it.

"I don't know about trains," he said, "but if you're not afraid to trust me, I'll drive you to New York."

"Oh, you are kind," I exclaimed. "Of course, I trust you. Only it's a shame! You were on your way to the ball."

"The ball can go to thunder. I came only because it was an old promise. Now, about you. Are you such a baby that you don't know it's dangerous to trust any stranger to drive you anywhere at one o'clock at night in his car?"

"I do know that, of course," I answered, "but I was desperate. Besides, you seem different."

"I hope I am. And as it happens you can trust me."

"I have to," I said. "But I would anyhow."

HE LAUGHED at that. "Thanks for the compliment, such as it is."

"Well, it's true," I insisted. "You are different from horrible men. A girl knows! Your face is a little like—"

"A brother's, I suppose," he broke in. "Or that of the man you're engaged to."

"I have no brother, and I'm not engaged," I told him. "What I was going to say sounds sentimental and silly. But I'll say it! You look a little like pictures I've seen of knights."

"There are knights and knights!" he said and I saw he was laughing again. I seemed always to be making him laugh. But what did it matter? He was wonderful, and he was rushing me fast to New York. "I hope I am the King Arthur blend."

"I hope so too. I think you are, if men can be nowadays. You're treating me as those knights treated the girls they saved from dragons."

"Have I saved you from a dragon?"

"Indeed you have."

"And I mustn't ask you any questions about him?"

"It was a female dragon," I said. "But please! No questions about that, if you don't mind."

"I do mind, of course, being human. However, I must live up to Round Table traditions, Cinderella!"

"Thank you, Prince," I said. "But I'm worse off in some ways even than Cinderella."

"Why? Your coach hasn't turned to a pumpkin."

"No, but there are lots of other reasons why, and I haven't any magic glass slipper to bring me back to joy."

"We must see if we can't find a substitute for the glass slipper magic. I'm almost sure we can."

"I wish I were sure of anything nice from tomorrow on!" I sighed. "But I don't want to think about tomorrow."

"Very well. Yet I shall think of you tomorrow. That can do you no harm, for I'll be far away. I'm sailing for France at nine o'clock."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" The words spoke themselves.

"Why are you sorry? Would you have let me see you again if I hadn't been going away?"

"Yes," I said. "At least, I'd have liked to see you again."

ONCE more he studied my face for a moment. I had the feeling that I'd only to speak, only to say "I am in great trouble; I need help" for this man, who hadn't known of my existence half an hour ago, to tell me he would stay.

It seemed too strange to be true, and per-

haps it was very conceited of me to think it might be so, but I couldn't help thinking it. With the thought came a thrill, and an intense wish to try and see what would happen if I did appeal to him. But instantly I realized that I didn't want him to stay and see me disgraced. Very likely Miss Blake could have me arrested. If she could, she surely would! She was that kind of girl.

Here was the most wonderful man I had ever even dreamed of, the most wonderful who could ever come into my life, yet even if I could keep him I must not. Maybe, I meant romance to him now. If he stayed, runaway Cinderella would turn into a runaway thief, and all the romance would be spoiled. So I must never know if my instinct had been right, or if I really had the power to hold him.

"You will see me again some day," he was saying.

"I wonder!"

"I don't wonder. I know."

AFTER that we didn't speak for a while. All our joking was over. There seemed little left to say just then. As we sat silent, and the car raced on, I was asking myself what to do. Should I let myself be driven to the house where Julie and I lived, or should I take the precaution of asking my "knight" to stop at a wrong house in a wrong street? If he didn't know my name or where I lived, newspaper paragraphs telling the tale of Miss Blake's dress and the girl who stole it would mean nothing to him. I couldn't bear to have him read that his Cinderella had been sent to prison.

I'd almost made up my mind to trick him, when he spoke out of a concentration as deep as my own.

"You are afraid I mean to try and find out things about you, that you don't want me to know, Cinderella. But ease your mind. I don't want to know anything you don't want me to know."

"Thank you," I said.

"You said you were sorry I was sailing. Did you say that only to be polite, because I've tried to help you out of a scrape?"

"No," I answered. "I was sorry. But when I stopped to think, I was glad. Because I couldn't see you again at present, even if you were in New York."

"At present! But when I come back it will be different."

"Oh, I do hope so!"

"I won't even ask your name tonight, if you don't wish me to."

"I don't!" I said.

"Then that's that. But I shall tell you mine, all the same. It's Hughson Hardinge. They call me Hugh for short. And I warn you that when I come back you won't get rid of me so easily as now."

"When are you coming back?" I asked.

"In a few months. As soon as I've finished some important business on the other side."

"You'll have forgotten all about me by then."

"No. My memory's one of my strong points."

"Or I may have moved from where I live now."

"That won't make any difference, I can trace you if you let me see where you do live now, and—"

"I will!" I interrupted. "I thought maybe I wouldn't. But I can't play such a trick, Mr. Hardinge. I said I trusted you, and that's the proof!"

"Thanks. But you didn't let me finish. I was going to say, and, if you don't get married."

"I shan't!" I cried. "I'm as sure of that as you seem to be that you won't forget me."

"I wish I dared to think it was for the same reason."

A THRILL went through me, but I wouldn't ask him what he meant, and

he didn't explain. I told him reluctantly where I lived, hoping that I wouldn't have to regret my frankness when the newspapers got hold of me.

By and by, we came to Eighth Street. I showed him the house, and when he'd slowed down, I began taking off the rug which had kept me warm.

"Don't!" he said. "I told you I'd have to think of a substitute for Cinderella's magic slipper. Some day, here or elsewhere, I'll call for my rug! It won't be so long before then. But if you should want me meanwhile, to help you out of another scrape, read the papers tomorrow morning and you'll know how to reach me with an S. O. S."

WE SAID good-by. His hand was warm and firm in mine for a moment. Then he and his car were gone. As if I had dreamed them both! But I had the rug, and whatever the price I might be forced to pay tomorrow, I told myself that it could hardly be too big!

I thanked heaven that Julie was still away when I got home. But my thanks were given too soon for she burst into the room before I had got myself out of Miss Blake's spoiled dress.

"For the good-cat's-sake!" she gasped. And I was too wrought up, too emotional after what I had gone through, to keep anything from her. Besides, perhaps it was better to blurt out the whole story, in case worse things should follow tomorrow. I knew that I wouldn't be safe one minute after Mrs. Farwell opened her place, for if Miss Blake wanted my address she would get it. Though I hated confessing to Julie, who was 'hard-boiled' and always made fun of everything, maybe that very quality would make her useful. She was marvellous about getting out of scrapes. It would be worth while telling her what a fool I'd been, if she could tell me what to do next.

But her first remark made me wish that at least I'd kept the way I got home a secret.

"You little idiot to let the man go," she said. "If he fell for you the way you thought he did, he'd have stayed and stood by you, if you'd given him the glad eye."

"But I didn't want him to stay!" I said. "More fool you. Now you've got only yourself to look after yourself. Except me, of course. I won't let you down. How much did the dress cost? Perhaps, with what we've both got saved up we could pay for it. Then the Farwell hag and the Blake cat couldn't have you arrested."

"That's good of you, Julie," I said, "but I haven't left myself fifty dollars, and I wouldn't borrow of you, even if—"

"I might run to seventy-five," she offered.

"I wouldn't take it! And it would be no good if I did. Mrs. Farwell charged Miss Blake, or rather, Mr. Lawrence, her stepfather, three hundred dollars for the dress."

"OH, GOSH! But say, listen. There's hope if it's this Lawrence chap who paid. I know something about him. He's the kind wouldn't care what he spilled out if he liked a girl. And you said he sort of liked you."

"I said nothing of the sort. I said he stared at me."

"What's the dif, with a guy like Break-neck Lawrence? You try to get him. That's my advice. I bet he turns up in the morning at Farwell's with the Blake girl to see what you're going to say for yourself about this dress business. And there's your chance, if you have the brains to use it, which I doubt, since you were so soft with Hardinge."

"I couldn't bear to lose Mr. Hardinge's respect," I said but I felt foolish.

"So you preferred to lose him instead! For you have lost him all right. He won't come back. Not to you. If you bank on that, you don't know men. A few months'



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Please tell me how superfluous hair can really be destroyed at home without electricity. Also send **FREE** liberal sample of your Massage and Tissue Building Cream.
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Please send the generous 7-day trial packet of SEM-PRAY Compressed Cream, SEM-PRAY Face Powder and SEM-PRAY Rouge. I enclose ten cents for packing and mailing.
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absence and every single thing's wiped off the slate! You've got his rug and that's all you'll ever get out of friend Hardinge. If you'd had a cat's sense you'd have had the rug, plus cash enough to pay for the dress. Now you'll have to play your cards better with Lawrence, my girl."

"I won't go to Mrs. Farwell's," I said. "I can't face her. You don't know what she's like, Julie. She'd drive me to throw myself out of the window. I thought I'd write her a letter. I'll tell the truth about the dress, and say I'll find work somewhere else at once, so I can save up and pay for it. It's no use urging me to go to her, instead of writing. I'd rather die this minute. I'll write, and take the letter myself. I'll slip it into her box early, before it's time to open up. That's the best I can do. And I'll stay out all day looking for work. If Miss Blake sends the police here—oh, Julie, but it's awful! I'm getting you into this trouble too."

"DON'T worry. It takes more than somebody else's trouble to phase me," she said. "There's no good my wasting my perfectly good advice since you won't take it. But, at least, you'd better be here. Then, if Lawrence breezes in to talk matters over, as I feel in my bones he will, you'll get your chance."

"Well, I'll take the letter to Mrs. Farwell's, and come home then, if you think it's best."

I wrote the letter before I went to bed. It was three o'clock then, and at seven I was up and dressed. Julie was fast asleep, and I didn't wake her. I made myself a cup of steaming hot coffee, and at eight I was on my way to Mrs. Farwell's.

I was nearly an hour earlier than usual but I had to be sure of not meeting Mrs. Farwell and being face to face with her fury. I kept repeating to myself all the way: "Well, anyway, I'm safe for the present. I'm safe. Nobody'll be there yet."

But all the same, I had a creepy sensation that somehow I wasn't safe. There was a feeling in my spine as if last night's rain was trickling slowly through it, and I jumped as if I'd been shot when I saw Breakneck Lawrence standing on guard at the door I'd meant to enter.

He saw me as soon as I saw him, maybe sooner. I stopped short, swaying on my feet, and for the second time in my life I was afraid I should faint. He looked at me gravely and steadily. It was too late to run away, so I stood still. I remembered Julie's prophecy and her advice, but that strange, hard face promised nothing, and I said to myself that it would be as easy to vamp Grant's tomb as to vamp this man.

"I HAVE been waiting here for you since eight," he said. "I figured that you would come early and leave a letter for Mrs. Farwell. I see you have it in your hand. I'm some detective, it would seem!"

Julie, even in such a crisis, would have had some wise crack in her repertoire to throw at him. But I wasn't Julie. I was only myself, Bobby Mayo, late of Riverdale, Kentucky. All I could do was to stare up into those steely eyes, like a mouse hypnotized by the sight of a trap.

It's not worth while to faint, Miss Mayo," Breakneck Lawrence said, still without the trace of a smile, and it frightened me somehow, that he had remembered my name, which he could only have heard dropped once or twice by Mrs. Farwell while I showed frocks to Miss Blake. "And don't look at me as if I were an ogre, getting ready to swallow you. You seem to misunderstand the situation. I haven't come here to catch you. My idea is to help. I thought my best bid, if I wanted to do that, was to be on the spot and save you from balling things up as you would if you left

a letter in the box for Mrs. Farwell."

"Oh," I breathed. "Thank you. I—"

"Don't begin to thank me yet. We'll talk first. Give me that letter. Or, if you prefer, put it away in your handbag. But don't risk dropping it in the street."

I put the letter into my bag.

Then at last he smiled, but it wasn't the kind of smile Julie would have approved. "All right," he said, "but I rather expect that presently you'll give me that letter to read of your own accord, and ask me to tear it up. Have you had any breakfast? But what a fool question! I know you haven't. We'll go to the St. Regis. It's close by."

He took me by the arm, and marched me along, which was just as well, for my knees felt like melting ice. He got me into the restaurant and chose the nearest disengaged table for two. Then he proceeded to order breakfast without consulting me. I ate and drank what he ordered me to eat and drink, but there was no conversation between us, except about food, until he remarked:

"There! A little color is coming back to that white face of yours. You can't say you're not feeling better."

"I'm all right, now," I said.

"Well, if you're not yet, you soon will be. Are you strong enough to talk business?"

I nodded. That was easier than speaking. "Did you see me last night at Miss Gold's?" The catechism began.

"No. But I—I knew—"

"The Blake boy told you, and you bolted. Quite right. It was the best thing you could have done. But I guess you worried a bit about Rachel Blake giving you away at the ball where you were the prettiest girl, thanks to her dress!"

"Worried" is such a weak word," I said. "I nearly died of shame and fright."

"WELL, you can crawl back to life again. Rachel didn't give you away to anyone, not even to her cousin. She'd have liked nothing better than to make a scene if I hadn't been with her. But I was. Consequently nothing was said. And, if you like, nothing need be said."

"If I like?" I repeated.

"I'm going to explain, Miss Mayo. That's why I brought you here. You notice that I remember your name?"

"Yes," I said, "I—you—"

"Exactly! If you! Does it surprise you that I remember, and that I've taken some trouble between last night and this morning to be of service to you?"

"Of course it surprises me," I answered. "Why? You must have seen that I looked at you a good deal the other day. In fact, I saw that you saw."

"I saw, but that was nothing! People do stare—I mean, look at me sometimes."

"I am not an ordinary person. When I look twice at a girl or woman there has to be something remarkable about her. There is about you. I should have made an opportunity to meet you again, if this thing last night hadn't happened. I intended to arrange something, when Rachel had gone back to Washington. But Fate's a smart stage manager. I was born to luck."

"You call this luck!" I said. "You're cruel."

"Cruel only to be kind."

He looked at me from across the narrow table and I thought I could read the meaning of that look. But I'd never met such a man as Breakneck Lawrence. His mind was not one that could be easily read.

"I know just what you're thinking," he said. "How long have you been in New York, that you imagine yourself able to judge men's motives?"

I told him about coming from Riverdale to work for Mrs. Farwell. "But I've lived in Greenwich Village with a friend," I added. "a girl who knows a lot about men. She ought to! She's an artist's model."

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"Has she introduced her men to you?"
"A few of them. I don't care so very much for that sort."

"Ah, you came to New York for better hunting, eh? Is that what you mean?"
"I didn't think of it like that. I suppose I wanted to see life but not Julie's kind of life."

"I understand. You thought you were pretty and wanted to try your luck in the city of the white lights?"

"Well, yes."

"Why didn't you try to get into the Follies? That's a good way."

"I don't think I have talent. Those girls are so clever and well trained. Besides I have no cheek. I can't go to people and boast about myself and try to make them give me things."

"You take the things instead!"

I felt the blood stream to my forehead. He meant Miss Blake's dress!

"You have a wonderful complexion," Breakneck Lawrence said, coolly. "I noticed at first sight how you changed color. No paint. And your hair's not hennaed, and though your eyebrows and lashes are dark in comparison, they're not dyed. You are by far the most beautiful girl, Miss Mayo, that I've seen for years. But it isn't only your beauty that has attracted me. It's something more. There's a sort of sincerity and old-fashioned innocence about you, which makes you pretty well priceless in this town and in these days. Now, you are saying to yourself 'He wants to spoil the innocence he admires.' That's where you're wrong! I don't!"

I sat still, waiting. I was very curious and rather frightened, though not in the sick, panicky way I had been.

"NOW, before we go any further," Breakneck Lawrence said, "I'll tell you one thing. I have a proposal of a sort to make to you, but if you turn it down I shan't blackmail you, my dear girl. In any case I shall protect you from that little cat, Rachel Blake, and from the results of your own silly childishness last night. I'm sure it was nothing worse than that, and what with your own self-torture last night and all you've suffered from me this morning, you've been punished sufficiently. But if I stand between you and trouble I suppose you'll feel a little human gratitude?"

"Indeed I will!" I put my heart into the words. "I was afraid of you at first. But I'm not now. I believe you're good!"

The man laughed out loud. "Thank you, my child. This is the first time that compliment, if it is a compliment, was ever paid me, but I've got all the will in the world to be good to you."

"What are you going to ask me to do, to show my gratitude?" I asked.

"Still a few more questions first! Are you in love with anyone?"

"No," I said, but I blushed as I said it, for the image of a very different man rose before me, a man who was going further away from me every minute.

"You didn't go with some sheik to that ball last night?"

"No. I went all alone for the fun, the adventure. I was so tired of being in New York and missing everything. That's why!"

"I thought so. You're a plucky little devil to do it. I must hand it to you for that! And you've got a sense of humor, too. I spotted it when you were floating around showing off in those fancy frocks that would have suited you about twenty thousand times better than Rachel Blake, who was up-staging you and putting on the airs of a princess. I liked that! Humor's a rarer gift than beauty in a woman."

"But never mind that now. If you went alone to the ball, how did you come home? Had you been spending all your pennies keeping a taxi waiting in case of the worst?"

I was tempted to say yes, but those eyes

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were so keen I felt they would read a fib in mine. "No, I couldn't have afforded to play safe that way. I'd meant to 'phone the garage for the car that brought me to fetch me again. But when the blow fell I just ran out of the house, without knowing what would happen next. At the gates I saw a car and I asked a man in it to take me to Oyster Bay station."

"You what! That wasn't pluck. That was recklessness."

"Oh, but he was a nice, kind-looking man, and he brought me all the way home. He was as good as gold."

"SAINTS still walk this earth or travel in motor cars. Was the man blind?"

"I must have been looking a fright, all wet and blown about and dishevelled if that's what you mean. But anyhow he—"

"It is what I mean. Well, you were lucky. And he was either a fool or a monk. But tell me, what would you do if a man did get 'fresh'?"

"One of Julie's friends tried it once, quite a nice artist, but silly. Afterwards he wanted me to sit to him, because he said I had a madonna face and eyes that looked like Medusa eyes when I got angry."

"Medusa's eyes turned men to stone. Yours would be more likely to turn a stone into a man! Well, that's the end of my questions about your past and present, my child. Do you want to ask any about mine?"

"No. Why should I?"

"I suppose Mrs. Farwell dished you a little dirt about me; that I was married, separated from my wife, but not divorced?"

"Yes, she did tell me those things. And that you were a great sportsman."

"I've sported with life and got a lot of fun out of it, though I've never been happy. I used to be furious with my wife because she wouldn't listen to the idea of divorcing me, and she was so beastly good I couldn't divorce her. But in the past few years I haven't cared. Now and then a background wife's a great convenience."

"A background wife?"

"A man like me, young enough to enjoy life with plenty of money, is glad to say to a woman sometimes, 'My dear, I wish I could marry you, but I've got a wife I can't get rid of.' See?"

"Ye-es."

"I SHOULDN'T say that to you, though, if it came to a question of... but, look here, the reward I want from you now is just your friendship. That's all I ask, though what I've promised to do for you about that silly dress business and my stepdaughter and the Farwell female is nothing to what I intend to do for you later when we're friends. As I explained, refuse my request, and you won't suffer. I'm no movie villain. But accept it, and, as our old pal Monte Cristo said, 'The world is yours.' At least, the things of the world that a girl like you wants."

"But I want so much!" I sighed. And the word "Love" seemed to go whispering through my heart. Something told me that never, never could I learn to love Breakneck Lawrence, attractive as he was in his strange, brusque way.

"I can give you much. And only for your friendship."

"Is that all?"

"That depends. I admire you now as the prettiest girl I've seen, maybe the sweetest. I'm not head over heels in love with you yet. Maybe I never will be. I'm not a boy. But meanwhile I can get you on to the

stage, or into the movies, and put you into the way of seeing and being seen, according to your dreams when you first came to New York. If I do fall in love with you, which—though I'm forty-four years old, is more likely to happen than not—if you turn out as sweet a friend as I think you will, why, you can choose again. Love me, or leave me, and no harm done, at least to you. Is that fair?"

"It sounds fair," I said. Yet it was so astonishing to hear such a man pleading with a girl like me to be his friend! "I—I'd like to know what your idea of a girl's friendship with a married man is."

"Nothing underhanded, my dear. My cards are on the table queer as that may seem. I'd expect the first call upon your time, with no other man in the offing. I'd take you to dances and theaters and cabarets, and all the places you've longed to go to I expect. I'd take you for long drives in motor cars, but I'd behave as well as that saint of yours last night. I'd buy you presents, such as I buy for my stepdaughter, with a thousand times more pleasure. I tell you that you can trust me! I'll give you warning when I change. What about it?"

"I will trust you," I said.

BREAKNECK LAWRENCE put out his strong, well-kept hand.

"Our bargain starts now," he said. "I'm going to send you home in my car, which I'll 'phone for. It will be at your service all day. Don't worry about me. I own other cars, and I have an understudy chauffeur, too. Take your friend Julie on a shopping bout. Here's five hundred dollars to go on with for the moment: all I've got on me. It's only a loan, if you disapprove of money presents. You must fit yourself out with a lot of fine feathers if you're going to play around town with me. I want to be proud of your appearance. And soon you'll be earning a salary in the movies or something, enough to repay all loans."

"But what about Mrs. Farwell?" I said. "Oh, send her a telegram and say you're sick. Say you've had a legacy from Riverdale or wherever it is, and you're not coming back to her. She won't chase you to Greenwich Village to give you a scolding, and you'll be out if she 'phones. I myself will go round to her place now, placate her by spending some more money, and tell all the needful lies about the famous dress. You sent it to Miss Blake, who wore it last night and ruined it. Spilled champagne or what-not. My bribe to Rachel was that she should have a duplicate from Paris, and a string of pearls to boot. Farwell will get her the gown, I'll get her the pearls. And I'll see her off to Washington with her mouth as tight shut as if she had lockjaw."

"You're sure?" I asked.

"Sure!" said Breakneck Lawrence. "Sure, my sweet little friend. As sure as that I'll 'phone you at precisely five o'clock this afternoon when I get our evening thoroughly mapped out."

WHEN I was alone in his splendid car, I had time to think, and I did think, hard. If I had read of such an episode as this in a novel, I should have said that the girl was a fool to trust the man. But surely Breckenridge Lawrence was unique. He made a girl believe him! And at worst, I could trust myself to escape at the first hint of serious danger. He had seemed to lay all his cards on the table. If he had others up his sleeve, I would quit the game! Meanwhile it looked to me like a thrilling and wonderful game to play.

Had I been dreaming? Or had I actually gone to that party? Should I see Hughson Hardinge again? Should I regret my bargain with Breakneck Lawrence? I didn't know! I only knew that romance, lights, music, luxury, life, all were to be mine in return for my friendship! I'll tell you in March SMART SET how that friendship turned into "Uneasy Love"

Whose Queen?

[Continued from page 44]

I said nothing. There was nothing to say. "You may already know that this band of ours is widespread both in this country and others. Our enterprises are very numerous. What you may not know, but have perhaps suspected is that this band of ours also includes several of the high officials of Mexico and one or two in the Customs of the United States. Otherwise we could not do certain things. This means we must keep close account with all these agents and make a yearly reckoning.

"FOR over a year now, we have been keeping a book. We call it the Great Book. It is a record in code of all our transactions and the names in code of those who are with us and the amount due them. That book is never supposed to leave this hacienda, but for exceptional reasons it was taken to Ensanada by a trusted member of our band just two weeks ago. He has been captured by the Mexican police there and whether or not the book was captured with him, I cannot say.

"Codes are not infallible and I am disturbed. We must send some one there who is unknown to the police, as you would be, and who has not been long enough affiliated with us to risk chances of arrest for that reason. A man with iron nerve, a man with imagination. In short, I want the kind of man José says you are. And I want that book. The dog who lost it can stay in jail."

After a moment of thought, she added: "I want the book immediately because at the end of the week there come to this hacienda our most prominent agents from the four corners of Mexico and the United States. Each year they journey here, for it is here we lay our plans for coming activities and make divisions of our gains. At that meeting we must have the book and I have kept no duplicate of it, for it is better that only one copy exist. I do not think that any one could read it, but our safety is less secure so long as it is in unfriendly hands.

"Take no one with you. Go alone. Go tonight. You will find a fast car where you first mounted your horse. Use that in going to Ensanada. Be back as soon as you have accomplished your mission. If you are caught," she shrugged her shoulders, "you lose. We will not aid you. Betray us and we will seek you out, across the earth if necessary, and destroy you. Bring back the book and you will not go without reward."

It was very hard to look at this young girl and to reconcile with that madonna face of hers, the cold import of her words. But she had risen and I knew I was dismissed. I bowed and left the hacienda.

THE trip to Ensanada I made without difficulty. Once there I made up my mind to take a dangerous step. Two things I had to accomplish in a short time. Both would be difficult single-handed. I had to get that book and I had to get word to the outside world of this gathering of the agents on Saturday.

But I must trust someone else to get that word to the outside world and there my difficulty lay. I could carry no message safely myself. I could go nowhere but to Ensanada without danger. At last I determined to stake my luck on one throw and if the Commandante of Police at Ensanada seemed at all intelligent, or worthy of my confidence, I would tell him the story. If he, too, were one of the band, and that was quite possible, I was as good as lost. It was all part of the risk of the game.

The Commandante was a tall, grizzled man of few words, but with a personal-

ity that from the first inspired my trust. Once decided, I wasted neither time nor words. Briefly I told him the whole story and as I outlined point after point, he nodded in perfect comprehension and when I finished, swore softly beneath his breath and clapped me on the shoulder.

"You are to be congratulated, señor," he said. "You have played a daring game and it would seem that the goddess of luck smiles on your daring. The book you speak of is in that safe. Tomorrow we shall copy it. No, I shall copy it myself tonight and keep the copy here. You shall have the original to take back to this demon senorita that you tell me of. And rest sure that on Saturday night the hacienda will be well surrounded by a double ring of Mexico's best cavalry, for I shall not depend on the police alone. Not with those sons of the devil. You had better clear out before the trouble starts. No, stay there and open the gate for us. The hoot of an owl will mean we are waiting." His eyes snapped with pleasure. "This will mean promotion for the two of us and, perhaps, a little fighting, eh?"

Yes, it would be a coup indeed if we could surround the hacienda that night when all the leaders of that far-flung band were under one roof. It would mean the complete wiping out of a powerful and clever group of criminals who had long laughed at the best efforts of the police of two nations.

SO the night following found me north-bound out of Ensanada with the precious book on the seat beside me and the hope of success in my heart. Yet somehow as I sped out over the starlit desert the zest that should have been mine was not there. Somehow the thought of this young girl facing the years of servitude that must inevitably be her portion brought with it a feeling of almost physical pain and made me wish that I had never set eyes on her. And I found it did little good to tell myself that this woman with the soft eyes and the inscrutable smile had lived by spreading opium, that foulest of all drugs, throughout the land. She must either be a fiend or utterly without moral sense. Which? I could not decide. Neither could I bring myself to admit I had fallen under her spell. I only knew the whole world seemed wrong.

So it wasn't with too high a heart the next day that I placed the book in her hands. She gave a little cry of pleasure, then turned eagerly to de Bariz who stood close by. "You see, my guess was right. He has succeeded."

But de Bariz only looked at me with a peculiar intensity in his eyes. Somehow I felt we should not be close friends, that crafty smuggler and I.

"The señor has done well," he said at last. "Perhaps he will tell us just how."

"It was easy enough," I answered casually. "The police had made a thorough search of your agent's rooms after they had captured him, but for some reason or other, hadn't searched the house of a certain dark-eyed senorita that rumor says he visits while in Ensanada. I learned about her the first night there, and before dawn went quietly through every room in her house. The book was in her bedroom, together with a long letter from your agent to her. A love letter, senorita. I left it, for I knew you would not be interested in that."

Musingly she followed every word, her eyes fixed on my face. Then with a half smile she asked, "Why should I not be interested in a love letter?"

"But the senorita is so intensely practical." "Ah, yes." She looked at de Bariz and

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her voice fell. "I am, as you say, intensely practical."

Toward mid-day I had begun making preparations for my return, when again the girl called me to her. This time she was alone. And this time she hesitated longer than before, as if in doubt whether or not to begin. When at last she spoke a new note of gravity and uncertainty had crept into her voice.

"Men call me the leader of this band," she began slowly. "As a matter of fact, I am a figurehead. De Bariz is the real leader, but it serves us all better that I should seem to be, for men follow a woman more loyally than they will follow a man." Then she looked up at me. "Meanwhile, you are wondering why I should tell you all this. It is because I still have need of you. I have need of one who is without fear, whom I can trust. Perhaps you are such a one. Two years ago when I first joined these men, I was alone and friendless. And even today I find myself just as lonely, just as friendless, and infinitely more in need of aid."

I wondered how much of all this I should believe.

"How did you come to join this band, senorita?"

"BY FORCE of life and circumstances.

My father before me was a jewel smuggler. All my life I have been an enemy of the law. I was taught that the law was my natural enemy and it has been. The men and women of my world are those whom the law is pleased to call criminals. It is not that I regret. Indeed, I do not, but I am in danger, for this beast, de Bariz, has been pleased to favor me with his attentions. I do not love him. I do not love any man. But each day he becomes more unbearable and—oh, perhaps I am losing my courage.

"But I do not choose to do anything that will break up the unity of the band. That would mean the end. Neither do I choose to become either wife or mistress to de Bariz, and I think he is planning something. I can't tell what but I am afraid. I want you to be here to help me, if you will, if ever the time shall come when I cannot help myself."

Then in a kind of mute supplication, she looked up at me and my heart went out to that lonely little creature who did not know which way to turn.

"If the senorita could arrange that I stay here," I answered a little hesitantly, "perhaps on the pretense that she wants me for this gathering of the agents."

"I could do that easily. And you will help me?"

I found myself standing beside her. I had taken her hand. I was about to speak when a low laugh rose from among the palms and de Bariz came toward us. He must have been too far away to have heard our words, but as I dropped the girl's hand and faced him, he walked over toward me, and very deliberately tapped me on the chest with his forefinger.

"Senor," he said with a little sneer, "there is a saying in this band of ours, that all my enemies are dead. So if you love life, do not be overfriendly with our little senorita."

He turned on his head and walked away without so much as looking in her direction.

SATURDAY was long in coming.

As the week drew on the very air grew tense with suppressed excitement and by Saturday the expectant stir had communicated itself even to the peons. For myself, I kept apart from both de Bariz and the senorita, for, after all, I was on none too firm ground.

All morning horsemen in twos, threes, and singly came riding up to the hacienda until toward late afternoon at least twenty had arrived. I caught furtive glimpses of them from my shelter among the palms and my

own excitement grew as, here and there among them, I recognized some of the most notorious smugglers and specialized criminals in this, or any other country. On the heads of several, rewards were offered that would have equalled a king's ransom.

Five I had never seen and two of these, I learned later, were trusted members of the United States Customs. But each one that I recognized was an old hand at crime, nearly every one wanted by the police in one place or another.

A great scoop if it succeeded! A round-up that would ring from coast to coast and, better still, would serve for a long time to dampen the activities of many a smuggler band.

Yet in spite of all, my heart sank as the day waned and always between me and the thrill of victory was the calm, untroubled face of that girl. She had trusted me and I was condemning her to long, bitter years of imprisonment just as surely as if I were the judge who would so shortly have to pronounce sentence upon her.

Perhaps she was twenty-two, perhaps a little more. She would be an old, broken woman when again she saw the sunlight of the outside world and felt the winds of freedom on her face. Then I tried to harden my heart with memories of the sinister traffic that had been hers. Opium, cocaine, morphine—the road to ruin for many a soul was strewn with these.

"We are natural enemies, she and I," I kept telling myself fiercely. "We speak a different language, live in different worlds, and her gods are not my gods. My mission in life is to destroy the very thing she represents."

And if not the leader, she was at least a willing disciple. It was she who first taught them to keep the Great Book. It was she who had arranged the meetings of the agents for better planning of new deviltries. Let her go to jail.

I told myself all this, but always I could see her eyes, feel their unspoken reproach "I trusted you," and I was not happy. Once as the afternoon wore on, I heard her voice and de Bariz' raised in anger. I caught her words.

"You can drive me too far."

IN HER voice was a hunted, frightened note and crossing the patio I walked toward them. The girl's eyes as they met mine held a look of thanks, but the Spaniard's eyes were ominous.

"What can we do for you, senor?" he asked in a voice that snarled in spite of himself.

I smiled quietly. "I came to ask ten minutes of the senorita's time concerning the mission on which I go tomorrow."

He turned toward her. "What mission are you sending him on now?"

"Something," she replied, "quite private. Something I need not trouble you with."

He rose and bowing, sauntered toward the hacienda. But as he turned, I caught his coldly venomous glare and I knew I had made an enemy. The girl only laughed as he disappeared from view.

"He knew you were lying, but it was good of you to interrupt. He grows intolerable, that cochino. Sit down and talk to me for a little while."

And then because I wanted to say so very many things, I found myself with no way to begin what would probably be my last words in friendship with this girl. At last I blurted out:

"Senorita, why do you choose this life of danger and little gain?"

"Why do you?"

"That is different. I had little to lose and for me, what does it matter? But you have beauty; you have brains and talent. You might put them to more profitable use than in this game which all men know is the most difficult in life."

She stiffened a little. "I think I told you all this once. Why do you question me again?"

"Perhaps because now more than ever I wish it were otherwise. Perhaps because I scent danger. And most of all because I should give very much to keep danger away from you."

"Is not that presuming?"

"A little. But it is presuming only because—"

"I know. It is because you wish to be kind."

She smiled and very lightly touched my hand. "Yes, you do wish to be kind, but in this life I am afraid we must go our own ways."

That, then, was the end. I could do no more.

But as I rose, she did a very unexpected thing, something I shall always remember, something which will thrill me to my dying day. For in sudden impulse she put both hands on my shoulders and looking up at me with eyes that for a brief moment were softer than before, she whispered, "Sometimes I wish—" A sob caught her; she kissed me full on the lips and, turning, fled across the patio.

DUSK fell, and as the meeting hour drew near the big central hall of the hacienda was lighted with innumerable candles. Through the windows I watched them, those smuggler agents, felons, gunmen, disloyal officials, the very aristocracy of the underworld. They moved about smiling, talking, and at last de Bariz tapped on the table for attention. The girl passed in front of the lighted window bearing the Great Book in her arms and laid it on the table before de Bariz.

I looked anxiously out toward the desert. Twice I thought I could make out the shadowy forms of men beyond the tall iron grating among the mesquite and the low palms. Then the low hoot of a desert owl sounded from nearby. Walking down the pathway, I very cautiously unbarred the gate.

Night had come. One of those perfect desert nights, breathless and still except for little vagrant puffs of wind that rustled in the palms and brought to me the heavy odor of jasmine. For a little time I stood motionless beneath the stars caught by the great wonder of it all. Caught with admiration at the exquisite beauty of a world wherein only men seemed unlovely and inadequate. And it came to me standing there that another act was drawing to a close, another act in that eternal drama between law and the lawless, between society and the enemies of society. This time law and the right had won.

Yet I took little joy in it. For once again it came over me like an intolerable pain that this slender girl who stood just beyond me, smiling in that circle of light, was, because of what I had done, spending her last free night on earth. I could no longer deny that my heart was in her keeping and only a grim sense of duty in which I found scant comfort was forcing me on. I still had time to warn her but I forced myself to stay where I was.

From my refuge among the palms I turned to see innumerable shadowy figures crouching, swiftly advancing, silently surrounding the gleaming, unsuspecting hacienda. It seemed alive to me, that patio, with men whose hands grasped short, murderous-looking automatics that gleamed faintly in the

starlight. Then the crash of glass, a shot, and a shout and the silent night was shattered into a hell of fury.

And in that instant all my indecision vanished. I remembered crying out, running forward, pushing men from me, forcing my way into the center of the room and, at last, catching sight of the girl. She was still standing by the table. One hand rested on the Great Book. The other was stretched straight out before her as if to ward off a blow. Her eyes, in the candlelight, seemed to glow like live coals. She stood as rigidly as a statue.

I battled toward her. I remember how for a second de Bariz' face loomed in my path, then went down beneath a volley of blows. At last I reached her, caught her up in my arms and leaped through the further window. Outside in the concealing darkness of the night I stopped and listened. No sound outside. Keeping in the shadow of the palms, I ran the length of the long driveway and as we neared the guarded gate, I stood her on her feet.

"You must go," I began. "I can get you by the guards. But promise me—"

A powerful searchlight flooded us and, turning, I found myself face to face with the Commandante of Police. But it wasn't at me he was looking. Instead his eyes, filled with mingled pleasure and surprise, were fixed on the girl's pale face. Then his hat touched the dust in a courtly Spanish gesture.

"But, senorita," he said, "a year ago you told me you were leaving this case. I never knew—"

"You were not to know. No one was to know." Her words were edged with displeasure. "And by whose authority is this interference? It might have spoiled everything."

Helplessly the big, grizzled warrior looked from her to me. "But this senor. It is with him I arranged the capture."

She turned with a quick gasp of surprise, "You?"

Then she laughed and for the first time I caught a note of true happiness in her voice. "And all the time I thought you were a thief. That's why I delayed ordering a raid." Her voice dropped. "I didn't want you to be taken—but you're wondering about me. Two years ago I was sent out here by the Department of Justice at the request of the Mexican government." Again she looked up at me. "If you only knew how happy I am you're not one of them."

But I couldn't answer. I felt as if the whole load of the world's unhappiness had been lifted from my own shoulders and then, at last, I found my voice.

"Thank God, we were both wrong."

WELL, that's really all there is to the story, or all that need be told. When the case came up for trial, surprise arose in more than one quarter that the girl leader didn't appear among the prisoners. Nothing was said about her, for they had asked us back in Washington to keep her identity secret. I had been seen carrying her from the room that night, so gradually the tale grew that I had helped her escape, and, as I say, that tale has spread. Now you can judge for yourself.

For I'm not entirely guiltless. Perhaps I would have let her escape, but the important thing is—I didn't. And more important still, I hope to arrange it next month so that she never will escape.

That's why I want this straightened out.

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The world knows me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that I have always been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true however. I was formerly so weak, so puny as to be an invalid. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. No one ever dreamed that someday I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health or her complexion. The truth is tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the same methods that I myself used.

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Mama, How Could You!

[Continued from page 35]

him outdoors if I have to drag him out. Well, Mama promised, and so the next time Reed comes we'll have a little privacy. No man feels like loosening up with a girl with her mother always in the room!

I want to talk to Reed about a lot of things I don't feel free to do with Mama there: my poetry, and his ideas on love, and—. Well, you know how comfortable that davenport of ours is! I think Reed would like nothing better than to hold me in his arms; he has looked at me a lot of times with a strange light in his eyes and I'd almost swear he's in love with me but don't dare say so.

By the way, when he left the other night I walked out to the porch with him to say good night, and he was very thoughtful. Do you know, I think he's just about come to the end of his rope from loneliness and is ready to marry and end his bachelor state. He'd make a peach of a husband; he's handsome and intelligent and has a fine job. As head of the agency he must pull down ten thousand a year. And he's got such a nice way about him; Mr. Martin, the president, leaves everything to him. Well, as I said, we'll have more privacy now, and I'll let you know what happens. Bye!

Betty.

Monday night.
After a rather
dumb evening.

Dear Angie:

Reed called tonight and we had the house to ourselves. It seemed to surprise him.

"Mama has gone over to Mrs. Hilker's," I told him.

"Didn't she know I was coming?" he asked.

I TOLD him yes, but he didn't seem to appreciate the advantages of the situation. He smoked a lot of cigarettes but didn't say very much. Then I struck him about writing copy in the agency. Reed has seen all my poems now; I've held nothing back and I think he was impressed by the fact that I wanted to do something, that I wasn't content to be a mere stenographer. Reed's the kind of a man who would want his wife to do something, to be somebody, to have some career or interest in life more than just sitting around the house dusting and answering door-bells.

When I struck him about writing advertising copy he said that he'd give me a chance but that, first, I ought to go out on some of the investigation work. I got him to promise to let me start on that right away, and I'll let you know all the details in due time.

But in another way the evening was a total loss. He never made an effort to kiss me. And when I think of how I used to have to fight off Jerry Andrews when he started kissing me good night at eleven and was still trying to make it work forty-five minutes later! Reed Tatham is different from most men, and Jerry is so very young. Frightfully. I rather like Reed for being different, I guess. Bye!

Betty.

Friday night
and rather
depressed.

Dear Angie:

Reed is disgusting! We had the whole house to ourselves again tonight, and there we were, alone in the living room, but for all the good it did the davenport might just as well have been ten miles long with him on one end and me on the other! We just

sat there like bumps on a log and Reed didn't have much to say.

Things have been going on like that for two weeks now. I'll be glad when this winter is over.

Wait till spring comes! You see if I don't get him outside.

He won't have the excuse that the weather's too unpleasant to go anywhere. I don't even feel like writing poetry. It's only eleven o'clock. Reed went home at ten-fifteen, an unheard of hour! There's the front door now; that's Mama coming back from Mrs. Hilker's across the street. If I had anything more to tell you, Angie, I'd do it, but lacking which I guess I'll call it a night and say, more anon. Bye!

Betty.

Thursday night
very blue!

Dear Angie, who has probably wondered what has happened to my prolific pen:

Well, for one thing, I haven't turned my hand to a line of poetry in a month! Can you imagine what that means to me? I don't even get a kick out of thinking about poetry. It's all on account of Reed and the way he has acted. Two whole weeks have gone by and he hasn't made an effort to come and see me. And this after all the trouble I went to to arrange things so I could chase Mama off the scene whenever it was desirable.

Of course, I see him in the office, and he's pleasant enough but what does that amount to? He may think I'm going to get down on my knees and beg him to come over, but he's greatly mistaken. I've never had to do that with a man yet.

I'm going to make this short tonight because I've got a headache. Splitting! More anon maybe.

Betty.

Wednesday.

Dear Angie:

Well, spring has come at last! I went to business today with only a light sport coat on. And tonight, when it would be lovely to be out walking, I'm alone in my room writing to you, and Mama is downstairs pasting her "Ex Libris" into some new books, and I haven't the slightest idea where Reed Tatham is. He hasn't been near the house in ages!

Jerry Andrews stopped me on the street today and said: "Hello, stranger! Remember me?" He wanted to make a date with me for tonight. Imagine! But I wouldn't let him. "Jerry," I said, "you're so frightfully young."

"I wasn't too young six months ago, and the dates on the calendar don't move backwards."

Well, here I am all alone tonight. And to think how all winter Reed Tatham practically made this his home. I startled Mama by asking her if she had done anything to offend him, but she said no, she couldn't account for it, unless he was busy and working nights.

Of course, some nights he does work, for I went past the agency the other evening and saw a light in his office, and if I hadn't been with Mama on the way to the movies I think I would have run up to see what he was doing.

Betty.

Saturday.

Dear Angie:

Just a line to give you this copy of a poem I have just written, the first in a couple months.

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BITTERNESS.
Green may be the grass,
Flowers may bloom,
But in my heart
Is only the gloom
Of perished, ghastly things
And remembrances of man
Poisoning Spring.

Betty.

Thursday.
In the office
during lunch hour.

Dear Angie, though you owe me a letter:

I've had a hectic week both emotionally and physically. I've walked miles, simply miles, interviewing housewives in all the outlying streets of town about what kind of shoes they wear and why. You see, one of our accounts is a big shoe manufacturer who wants to put on an advertising campaign for a special kind of sensible, comfortable shoe, one that is easy on people with foot trouble.

So I have to go about knocking on doors and asking women if they have bunions or corns and a lot of questions like that. It was Reed's idea, sending me out as an investigator before he'll let me write any copy, and it makes me sore to think that after all the poems I've written he still thinks there's any doubt about my ability to turn out good advertising copy. But men are funny. Some of my poems really possess that rare quality known as beauty. And here is Reed sending me out on bunions!

I could endure that if I understood Reed in other ways. You know what I mean, his keeping away from the house so long. I just couldn't stand it any longer, so this morning I went into his office and told him what I thought of his strange behavior, and that if he had anything on his chest now was the time to get it off. But he said there was nothing.

So I said:
"Mama and I want you to come over to dinner tonight. We live in the same house, two doors from the corner."
At that he smiled. He has the nicest smile you ever saw. And he said he'd come.

So tonight, along about midnight, I may have another letter to write you. I'm going to have an understanding with Reed tonight, one that goes right to the depths of things. You wait and see. Bye!

Betty.

Thursday evening
after dinner.

Dear Angie:

I told you I might write you another letter today, but I scarcely know where to begin. Have you ever been through an experience that left you so shattered that it seemed as if the world had been knocked apart, as if by some vast cosmic explosion, and you couldn't find all the fragments and piece them together again? Well, that's my situation as I sit here trying to think what comes first.

First, I spent the afternoon in the Slavish district. As I look back on it even that seems like a nightmare. I had to go from house to house and lots of them couldn't speak English, asking Poles and Slavs and Lithuanians about their bunions, poking into smelly rooms and stumbling over children and meeting some of the most vicious looking men I ever saw. It made me mad when I thought of how Reed had made me do this and right after I had invited him over to dinner tonight. As luck would have it, I got into a fight with one woman who began to rave at me in a foreign language and push me off her porch. I fell and tore my dress and my hat was a mess.

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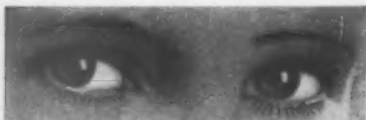
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It was dark when I started back home, and I was glad, not wanting the whole town to see what a wreck I looked, and I was furious and ready to tell Reed what I thought of him. I was so tired I thought I'd just lie down on the davenport in the living room for a while before I even went up to my room and then I saw Reed and Mama and I stopped in my tracks. What do you suppose they were doing? Reed was holding Mama in his arms and kissing her! I'll never forget that scene as long as I live. It was such a shock to me.

I heard everything they said. He called her "Olive," by her first name, and "dear," and she was stroking his hair and kissing him back just as often as he kissed her.

Well, you can imagine how sickening the whole thing was to me! I had been furious to begin with, coming home after that Slav woman had knocked me down, and then to come on this, why, it made me tremble with rage.

"So that's why you haven't been coming to see me?" I said to Reed, and he let go of Mama and looked guilty. "You and she have been meeting outside, I suppose. I'm ashamed of you, Mama," I told her, "carrying on a clandestine affair with Reed. Oh, how could you be so deceitful?"

Mama tried to say something and then began to cry, and Reed came over, his face terribly white, and told me not to insult my mother, that this was the first time he had seen her, except accidentally on the street, since he was here the last time, and that the reason he hadn't been coming to the house was because I had sent her away every time he came.

"I didn't come here to see you, Betty," he said, just as cruel as that, "but to see your mother!"

I began to cry. I have to admit it, Angie, but it was only because I was so furious.

"You may think this is a blow to my vanity," I told him, "but it isn't."

"There, there, Betty," put in Mama, trying to console me.

"DON'T you patronize me," I told her. "I can look out for myself. If you two want to engage in a backdoor love affair, just let me know, that's all."

I didn't get any farther because Reed interrupted.

"Betty, I'm in love with your mother." At that I shrieked.

"And I've just asked her to marry me," he said, "and she's going to. Are you glad?" You could have knocked me over with a feather.

"Marry Mama!" I said, and just stared at them while they gave each other a sappy look. "You mean you're going to be my stepfather?" I sank into the nearest chair. It was too funny for words.

"Don't you think you can get used to it?" Reed asked.

"I don't know. It's like an earthquake."

"After all," he said, "your mother and I are almost the same age, and we have a lot in common, and I'm sure we'll be very happy. The only thing that may be difficult at first is to adjust yourself to the situation."

WELL, we got through dinner somehow, and then we sat around trying to "adjust ourselves," as Reed said. At first I thought it was going to be impossible. Then as I began to think it over more coolly, I came to the conclusion that it might not be so bad after all. It's better than if Mama married a total stranger and brought a stepfather into the house that was an unknown quantity. You know what I mean. Reed is a nice man, and if he doesn't give me a better job in the agency now I'll certainly know the reason why! No more bunions for me!

Just as I came to that conclusion the telephone rang and there was Jerry Andrews again.

"How about going to a movie with me tonight? I still know where the darkest seats are, and nobody has sat there with me since you became such a recluse."

Well, you know Jerry's a darn nice kid. I once had a great case on him, and believe I could again, even if he is so frightfully young. Of course, Reed Tatham doesn't seem so much older than I am right now but oh, Angie, in ten years! Those places where his temples keep growing bigger and bigger will be all part of the same bald head! I bet I'll be calling him "Daddy" yet.

As soon as Jerry hung up the receiver I dashed upstairs to finish this letter to you. Jerry will be here in a few minutes to take me to the movies and I'm so excited. I'm getting a real thrill just waiting for him. I wouldn't be surprised, now that Mama is going to marry again, if— There is Jerry now! Must close at once! Love. In a hurry. Bye! Betty.

Does a girl who has been kissed and kissed and kissed again ever regret it? Does there come a time when she'd give anything to be different from other modern girls in that respect? In *March SMART SET* I'll tell you how "The Enchanted Kiss" wiped out the memory of all the others and taught me what kind of a girl I really was

Crucible of Youth

[Continued from page 71]

tioning frown across the supper table.

It darkened to a heavy scowl of puzzled suspicion as he noted the haste with which his father finished the meal and fled to his barricade behind the evening paper.

IN HIS blind rush through the labyrinth of modern adolescence, Paul had unwittingly squeezed himself into an uncomfortably tight corner with Fritzie Wentgill. When he stepped into the sudden sunshine of his happy-go-lucky new companionship, he was loath to think of the sinister shadows cast by the Wentgill floor lamp just before Fritzie reached over and pulled it out. Gradually and very gently he "ditched" her, or thought he did.

He was overjoyed with a feeling of having a weight lifted from his nattily-clad shoulders. He became overfoolish. He began to affect large, soft, bow ties instead of virile and vivid four-in-hands. His face fell into the brainless, eager, happy look of a boy who is lightly flirting with, instead of desperately wrestling with, the glorious job of being young. By the time the late infrequent snows put the Play Boy in the garage and brought out in its place the Van Arsdale second limousine, Paul was the best in the crowd at finding side-splitting opportunities for shouting: "Who flang 'at turnip?"—the newest catch-phrase, acquired from an outraged vegetable man.

He began to get a reputation for cartoon-

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ing and sketching, and was suddenly in great demand for decorating the semi-transparent red, yellow, blue, green and brown slickers which every really collegiate high school youth hastily donned whenever a cloud appeared on the horizon.

Paul drew black cats, cross-word puzzles, bathing girls and gorgeous butterflies.

Since that first scintillating afternoon with the Rolly Van Arsdale set, Paul had deserted the cafeteria and such incredibly dumb dodos as Art Meredith and Billy Finch. Joe Zollinger was now driving a taxi after school hours and was consequently unthinkable.

Paul learned to play bridge in the homes along Morris Avenue and Berkley Road. He learned to say, "Why, good afternoon, Mrs. Hanover," with the proper amount of polite-but-bored condescension. He learned to sigh languidly as he exhaled strictly Turkish smoke. He gruffly ordered a ukulele from his mother for Christmas, and switched from Sta-Comb to Ruby Hair Oil.

The Alpha Nu Pi's and Fritzie were as much of one extreme for Paul as the Rolly Van Arsdals and Vivian were of another, but at best adolescence is a continuous shifting from one mad extreme to another.

WITH a look of indulgent contempt, the five college-boy musicians watched the scattered dancers on the ballroom floor. They were not making especially good music for they were not a top-notch orchestra, but the Alpha Nu Pi's could hardly afford better after engaging the ballroom of the Fort Mayes Hotel, where they insisted on staging all their fraternity dances, or "frat hops" as the collegians would say.

At the Alpha Nu Pi dance there were alleged chaperons in the persons of a few yawning dowagers whose only activity was praising to each other their particular George or Dicky, while George and Dicky sneaked out into an anteroom and had another drink.

The sorority girls were there in full force; fine, polished little ladies in elaborate gowns. Paul had been bullied into attending by Fritzie Wentgill and by his fraternity "brothers." He was a bit sullen as he slowly shuffled about to the inferior music. He hadn't wanted ever to date with Fritzie again, and he certainly could have found better use for the ten dollars he had hi-jacked from his father.

A "brother" steered him out into a hallway and told the hoary story of "Guess I brought a little too much and I thought maybe you'd want some. I'm dead broke tonight anyway and just as brothers I'll let you have this pint of extra good for just two dollars. Come on now, as brothers, y'know." Paul bought it just for meanness and with it in his inside coat pocket danced the next few dances with Fritzie, feeling blasé, cruel, and very old.

SHE discovered it with a cuddling cheek. "Oh, you're holding out on me, eh? Well, I like that!" She smiled reprovingly at him from close range, adding: "Let's leave a little early."

Paul agreed gloomily, then began to debate as to which was the lesser evil: to leave early with Fritzie, or to remain until the close of this rather strained function.

As they mouthed the platitudes of leaving and shook the cigarette-stained paws of the reception committee, Paul regretted his choice. And as he drove carefully away over the icy streets he regretted it even more.

It had been on such a night, in this very auto, with Fritzie snuggling by his side—

"Be careful about your driving, Snookums," she said in an insinuating tone that was unpleasantly sweet.

Suddenly Paul hated her, not with the half-self loathing of a disgusted soul, but with that abstract hatred which makes small, abused men slap big husky women

when they deserve to be horse-whipped.

"Do you think it's too cold to park on one of these dark back streets?" she asked. "I'm afraid my folks are still up at home."

Paul thought a moment. "Are you sure your folks are still up?"

"Well, my mother is, at least."

"Why no, it's not too cold to park."

It was perhaps an hour later that Paul half-carried Fritzie up her front steps, an unpleasant look of vengeance on his face. He told himself grimly that at last her parents were going to find out what sort of a girl she was. He opened the door a trifle, quickly shoved her inside, shut the door and stood looking in with an anticipatory grin.

Mrs. Wentgill, a pulpy-faced dowager, rushed forward and caught Fritzie just before she fell. "Another one of her stomach spells, poor dear," she sighed. She put her arm around her daughter's waist and helped her toward the stairway.

ONE evening during the Christmas holidays Miss Velma Hughey entertained at the Country Club. Miss Hughey is rather immaterial, and interesting only inasmuch as she was one of those adenoidal, kitchen-loving girls cursed with wealthy parents who are determined that their daughter shall crash the gates of society.

Velma's crashing was done so vigorously that echoes rumbled up and down East High corridors for weeks afterwards. Her parents sat down and invited her a motley crew of frat men, sorority girls, and male and female dumb dodos, for a crew would have to be motley indeed to include both Doris Bulen and Fritzie Wentgill.

When Paul received his invitation he made a few discreet inquiries as to the nature of the affair, then opened negotiations towards the acquisition of a tuxedo.

"Oh," said his mother, "I think that would be nice, and so manly."

"Bah," said his father, "just like slinging money down a rat-hole! You'll be wanting a plug hat next!"

"Aw gosh," said Paul, "you must think I'm some little tiny kid 'bout three years old. I'm gonna have a tux for that hop, see?"

PAUL rode out to the Country Club with the Rolly Van Arsdale group. The limousine parked on the gravel driveway; its occupants clambered stiffly out and strutted like little mandarins up the steps into the light and glare. With hauteur they removed their topcoats and stood in formal little rings idly gossiping.

Paul was bothered by the queer cut of the dress shirt collar and by the rigidity of its bosom, but the bother was negligible as compared to the elderly feeling of elegance the tuxedo gave him. It was rented, but, as he said to Doris as soon as he met her: "Feels like old times again, gettin' back into my tux. It's been laid away so long it was gettin' kinda wrinkly."

The Jap at the punch-bowl, the cut flowers, the dignified orchestra—all these Paul accepted with the amused condescension of a boy wearing his first tuxedo. There was an utterly different atmosphere about the affair, due in part, perhaps, to an element in the crowd which was totally new to Paul.

Fritzie was there, but Paul noted with delight that she was in the company of a loud-mouthed little Strader-snipe. Doris had come with a taxi-load of her sorority sisters and was consequently unattached.

Paul dogged her footsteps, tremulously happy. At first she seemed a little casual, but soon she began to display the dainty friendliness of the chemistry lab and Paul was in ecstasies.

When they danced they did not talk. Doris was a polite dancer, but not one of those absurd Girl Scouts who insist on a three-inch breeze in circulation between them and their partners.

The orchestra was just finishing a dreamy rendition of "Sleepy Time Gal." Paul was dancing with his eyes half-closed, submerged in delicious, drugged languor. With a final slurring sigh the muted cornets released the melody. A good many of the dancers moved on a few steps after the music stopped, unwilling to come to their senses. Just as Paul struggled to the surface he realized that Doris's head had been snuggling sweetly on his coat lapel. Unwillingly he relinquished her, and she seemed unwilling to be relinquished. He caught a quick bright upward look from her eyes and saw that her cheeks had flushed a trifle. His heart skipped a beat.

"Let's go out in the wicker room," he suggested.

Demurely she assented. The wicker room was an enclosed porch, quiet and secluded. They chose a far settee. Paul made no move toward her; they sat wrapped in their own thoughts.

"Where's Markendorf tonight?" he asked, a trifle gloomily.

"Win? Why, how should I know?" Doris was faintly surprised.

Paul's head was too full of swirling thoughts to catch the subtle significance of her remark.

"He graduates in February," she observed, "and he's going way off to Leland Stamford University in California."

"I s'pose you're sorry?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, because."

"I don't see anything to be sorry about. He certainly has been long enough getting through high school. Win isn't very bright."

Paul gave her a sideways look of surprise. She faltered and twisted her fingers in her lap.

"I know that sounds awful, to say that about him, though really— But he's an awfully good-hearted big child, even if he does drink once in a while, after football season is over."

She halted abruptly at that, and for several uncomfortable minutes they did not look at each other. The minds of both went back to that furious little time in the corner of the study hall, beside the bust of good old Eddie Poe.

"Paul," said Doris suddenly, leaning so close to him that he could see the pupils of her eyes dilate as she spoke, "do you drink?"

He hung his head.

"I know the crowd you run around with," she continued, "but you always, from the very first, seemed to me to be a little different."

PAUL raised his eyes and looked deeply into hers. What he saw there made him catch his breath and half raise his arms toward her.

She did not draw back, but looked pleadingly into his face. "Paul, you can be such a gentleman when you want to that it makes me almost sick to see you mixed up in this fraternity business, and the Palace Dance Hall."

"Why, I've never been there once since that day—well, not for a long time. Not once this year even, and the year's almost up."

"You haven't? Why, Fritzie Wentgill said—"

"Fritzie Wentgill's a little liar!"

Those violet-blue eyes searched his face as if afraid of what they might find. "Do you like her?" Doris asked in a whisper.

"Like her? Why, I hate her!"

"Why do you go with her then?"

"I don't go with her! I haven't been with her for two or three months, and she's the worst kind of a liar if she says I go to the Palace or drink."

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Paul gulped uncomfortably. "Oh, please. I didn't mean it that way, but I don't want you to think I'm worse'n I am."

"I don't think that," said Doris softly. "I think you're better than you are."

He frowned, puzzled.

She smiled wistfully, and made an evasive movement. "I halfway hope," she continued, "that all the time you're running around with a fast crowd you're not doing the things they do. You don't look like you could, some way. You let on like you're tough and I've heard you saying awfully nasty things when you're with other boys, but while you look the way you did when you painted the butterfly on my new slicker, with the heart-shaped dots in its wings and a light streaming across it like it was—oh, under a street light—then you don't look like you could be bad at all."

Paul felt a weak, half-hysterical desire to drop his head in her lap. He looked up, trembling a little and choked with emotion. Those full pink lips just a few inches from his own pursed up into a tempting bud of sweetness, almost as if—

"Oh, there you are, Snookums, you old blond thing!" cried Fritzie Wentgill, coming on them suddenly. "I've been looking for you. Got any gin left in your flask?"

Doris shrank back. Her lips thinned out and her eyelids fluttered as if someone had stabbed her.

WITH a squint-eyed glance Fritzie took in the situation. She smiled a sharp red smile that was like a crooked little knife stained with blood. "Say," she continued, throwing herself on Paul's lap, "we sure were drunk at the Alpha dance, weren't we, old kid? I couldn't stand up when I got home, but you were worse than I was. Why, you were so pie-eyed you couldn't even—"

With a sob of disgust Doris sprang to her feet. She cast Paul a tortured look of loathing, ignoring Fritzie completely, and swept out of the room.

For an instant silence hung like a big tear quivering to fall. Then Paul flung the girl from him as if she had been a putrifying corpse.

"You little devil!" he squealed, standing over her with upraised fists.

She sank back in the settee and did not relax her crimson smile.

Paul took a deep breath, his face growing white and grim. "Now listen," he began hoarsely, "you and I are through for good, see? You know I haven't got a flask tonight and I wasn't clear pie-eyed at the Alpha dance, either. You simply said that for dirty meanness and now you can go to the devil!"

Fritzie stifled a yawn with a pink manicured hand and looked at Paul through her fingers. "I can just see those headlines now," she murmured.

"What headlines?"

"Youthful Hit-Skip Driver Arrested! Crime of Last Winter Cleared Up! Seventeen-Year-Old Faces Heavy Sentence! Paul, dearest, I'll write to you every week, and send you some cute little snapshots for the wall of your cell. Or how about us going somewhere together tomorrow night—a good show, the best in town, with some nice supper afterwards. Don't you sort of think you'd like to, honey?"

SPRING struggled from its cocoon of slush and snow, wriggled its tender feelers hopefully and spread its damp wings in the sun to dry.

Further in-town the lawns gave way to exclusive shop-fronts. Then came Motor Row, where long sleek automobiles crouched behind tall plate-glass windows like impatient tigers behind bars. They had a look in their headlights as if they were eager to be driven eighty miles an hour with their tops down and their cut-outs

wide open. It was this look that sold a lot of them, too.

Here spring wandered a wistful little waif over the broad asphalt, for stone and glass and steel did not seem to respond to her soft touch of magic. But down in the throbbing heart of the shopping district she floated through an open window into Dobson's Bargain Basement and there she found plastic clay.

MARGE GARTNER paused behind her counter and sniffed the breeze suspiciously. For sixteen long years, ever since she was fourteen, Marge had been out on her own and consequently was suspicious of everything and everybody. She was a keen, wiry woman; fragile with the deceptive fragility of a little hawk. The spring in the breeze touched that part of her which kept her from being merely a tough store-clerk. Perhaps, as she stood there, one hand on the counter, her piercing black eyes relented a little.

To Dodo Harrigan, across the aisle at the cut glass counter, spring whispered of ukulele music over moon-lit water. Dodo chewed her three sticks of gum well back where her wisdom teeth should have been and didn't take no sass from nobody. She was that dumpy sort of weak-minded blonde who weeps at nearly all of the right places in the movies, and breathes "Oh kid!" when the leading man in the stock company looks anywhere in their general direction.

Dodo winked heavily at Marge, who smiled in return. Being emotional opposites, the two women liked each other. They roomed together.

It was nearly five-thirty. The wide, low-ceilinged bargain basement was nearly deserted. Over it lingered that air of subsiding turmoil which might pervade a battlefield just after the rival armies had withdrawn. A few disinterested housewives remained to slam the cheap goods contemptuously about.

THE time-clock sang its joyful song. Instantly the score of clerks scurried from behind their counters to their lockers, then upstairs and out the side entrance in less time than it takes to tell it.

Dodo and Marge came out on to the sidewalk blithely, arm in arm. Two minutes before, both had been tired and listless; now they walked briskly, almost girlishly. The air was charged with moist recklessness. The wind slapped them daintily in the face, and rattled the brittle artificial cherries on Dodo's hat.

"Gee, ain't this swell?" she gushed; then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, added: "Lessus walk home, huh kid?"

Marge looked doubtful. Feet that have been shuffled back and forth behind a counter all day don't always respond eagerly to the urge of a spring-tickled heart. But today she felt adventuresome and willing. After a moment more of sniffing the warm air, her spirit proved stronger than her feet. So, instead of taking the street car at the corner of Morris and Vine, as was their custom, the two of them crossed the rumbling thoroughfare and continued arm in arm out broad Morris Avenue.

They had nothing to look forward to that evening except supper at their boarding-house with perhaps a movie afterwards. They were self-supporting business women responsible only to themselves: between just then and Monday morning lay a vast blank expanse which they would be pleased to decorate in checkered design if the opportunity would but present itself.

Dodo took off the hat with the rattly cherries and twirled it on one finger, shaking back her damp yellow hair like a blond seal coming up for air. They walked on in silence, breathing deep of spring and feeling sloppily wistful.

Suddenly both started at the sound of an auto horn close behind them. They turned. A beautiful big blue sedan pulled in along the curb. The two young men in the front seat were swaddled like babes in terrifically collegiate spring suits.

The youth beside the driver was cool and aristocratic, with suave eyes. "Going home?" he inquired politely, leaning out of the lowered window.

Dodo inspected the boys impersonally. Marge, farthest from the curb, sniffed contemptuously and kept walking.

The boy at the wheel eased the gears across into low and, slipping the clutch nicely, crawled smoothly along the curb keeping just abreast of the quarry on the sidewalk.

"Come on, girls, hop in and ride," continued the spokesman in a friendly tone, reaching over and opening the door to the back seat. He held it invitingly wide, and smiled.

THE girls exchanged glances, nodded to each other, then launched into what seemed to be memorized lines and stage-business.

"You're not gonta pay any attention to those fresh mutts, I hope," exclaimed Dodo loudly.

"My Gawd, no!" flung back Marge, at the same time smiling around the back of her companion's neck at the driver of the car.

They waited for their cues, carefully slowing their pace to an easy saunter.

"Oh, come on!" insisted the boy with the suave eyes, "we're not gonna bite you. We'll take you straight home, honest we will."

"Oh sure," said Dodo under her breath. "Don't be bashful, girls. This taxi's free."

His smile and manner would have done credit to a confidence man. There was nothing fresh, evil, rowdy or insulting about him; he seemed merely a friendly, sociable young chap offering a ride to what he thought was a pair of girls.

The driver of the car spoke for the first time, and a little awkwardly. "Come on, girls," he said in a spasm of originality, "no use walkin'."

"Go to the devil," suggested Dodo.

"Sure, come along," said the boy at the window.

Both of the walkers giggled their appreciation of this rare witticism. When the car stopped they drifted quite accidentally, it seemed, towards the curb. The back seat door hung open like a square jaw, hungry to snap up a morsel.

"Hop in, let's go."

THE wiry woman named Marge looked at the car and the boys over as if she were speculating upon a purchase.

"Might as well," she drawled with a queer, slow smile. She placed her foot on the running board.

The young sidewalk-snatching aristocrat turned around in the front seat and grinned vacantly at his catch for a moment, quite obviously racking his brain for a wise-crack of fitting caliber.

It came, a perfect fit. "What parta Vance Street do you girls live on?"

Dodo snorted indignantly and opened her mouth to bawl out a retort, but it was the driver of the car who spoke first, hurriedly, as if the other boy's audacity frightened him.

"Aw Gordon, don't kid 'em like that." He shot a nervous glance over his shoulder at the passengers. "Where do you live?" he blurted heroically.

"Oh, out in Berkley."

He resumed his driving. Then ensued one of those strained silences that so often occur between snatchers and snatches. Dodo and Marge settled back in the seat and exchanged smiles. Gordon, hanging foolishly over the back of the front seat, broke the uncomfortable quiet.

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"Isn't it sorta lonesome back there by yourselves?"

"Not a bit."

"Guess I'll come over and visit you." He did not look as pleasant as he had at first.

"Better not try it. Mamma spank."

Presently Gordon spoke a few words in Paul's ear. The car slowed up and halted for a moment along a parkway. Gordon stepped out, opened the back seat door, assisted Marge around the running board to the front seat, and got in the back with Dodo.

Marge Gartner gazed up at the blond boy-child at her side with a feeling of hungry wonder and a warped variety of motherly pity. His chin and eyes were sweet, she reflected, even if there was an ugly little quirk to his lips. He glanced uneasily down at her and laughed a short, excited laugh. "Dandy day, isn't it?"

"Sure is," she agreed.

LOOKING up at the little mirror above the windshield, Paul saw that Gordon already had his arm around Dodo. Hastily he slipped his arm around Marge.

"Say!" yelled Gordon suddenly, "there's a big dance out at Oak Grove tonight. Let's go out and look it over, what say?"

But at first Paul was not enthusiastic. Oak Grove was an eight-mile drive out in the country.

"Not very much gas in the tank," he began uneasily.

"I'll buy the gas," shouted Gordon hilariously. "I'll buy anything! Let 'er rip. Oak Grove for us." His voice was muffled by a kiss.

Humming along the highway in the spring twilight, by his side this strange woman who was old enough to be his mother, Paul felt that he had attained the last possible degree of manly sophistication. His jaw hardened and he began to drive more recklessly than usual. Marge was speaking.

"You're one of the Brighton U men in for the week-end, ain'tcha?" She knew how to make high school boys happy.

Paul's eyes widened with surprised delight which he hastily winked away.

"Yeah," he admitted, "how'dja guess it?"

"Oh, I kinda thought you were, you're so collegiate. Brighton sure is a wild college, ain't it?"

Paul loved her on the spot. "Hope to shout it is!" he agreed with fervor. "We sure do have some red-hot times on the campus and in the dorms."

Her sharp little face grew softer as the darkness deepened and the car slowed down to a leisurely thirty-five miles per hour. She was a tiny bit ashamed of herself to be "robbing the cradle" as she knew Dodo would exclaim the moment they were out of the boys' hearing, but these awkward high school kids were almost as big as men anyway, she argued, and this blue eyed one, called Paul, was sweet, even if he did keep his lips quirked up.

For it was a hem of the divine garment of Romance to her grubby little soul, and she flamed up in genuine response to Paul's long well-timed kisses.

That was Marge Gartner, the thirty-year-old woman of the world. And Paul, just turned eighteen.

OUT at Oak Grove they sprinkled corn meal on a barn floor and expected people to dance on it. Paul, Gordon, and the girls soon tired of hearing their feet scratch and scuffle about as if on a sandstrewn sidewalk.

They noisily devoured a supper of hamburger sandwiches and luke-warm orange pop, then for perhaps a half-hour sat entwined on a bench making scathing remarks about the five energetic country boys who were wanting to learn to be an orchestra.

"Justa buncha hicks!" exclaimed Paul in greatest disgust. "Let's clear outa here."

Somehow the place bored him. He was wishing for something terrible to present itself that he might put in practice that ungodly sangroid which Brighton U imparts to one.

The others started at once for the machine, but Paul walked to the other end of the pavilion to buy a package of tobacco for his pipe. As he turned away from the counter a man tapped him on the shoulder.

Paul stopped, doubling his fists. He felt mean, and would have welcomed a fight. "Pssst!" hissed the man, and beckoned Paul to come with him.

Wondering, hopeful, and belligerent, Paul followed the fellow down a flight of board steps and around a corner of the pavilion.

"Looky here!" exclaimed the man, and held his coat open wide. Perhaps a dozen small pockets were sewed therein, and in each nestled a little flat bottle.

"Half pint!" he whispered, selecting one and pressing it into Paul's hand. "Only fifty cents!"

In surprise Paul held it a moment, then suddenly beamed gratitude towards the dim figure before him. At least he could get pie-eyed—that was one sort of suitable entertainment for a real desperado sidewalk-snatching woman-killer he-man collegian from Brighton U.

He handed the pocket-bootlegger fifty cents and the man scurried away into the dark like a rat. Paul drew the cork and drained the half pint bottle on the spot.

Luckily, the stuff he had just drunk was nothing more than a mixture of third grade corn whiskey and first grade rain water. But it was quite sufficient to send those welcome preliminary tingles of dizziness through his veins as he maneuvered the big sedan around through the trees towards the driveway leading out of the grove to the road. Lighting his pipe to disguise his breath, he drove joyously away.

IT WAS comparatively early in the evening. Cars were plentiful on the highway.

About a mile from Oak Grove a machine-load of girls swung out of a side road perhaps fifty yards ahead of Paul. A front wheel crumpled and the open car swerved heavily into the ditch on its side.

Although his eyesight was a bit hazy, Paul saw the other car go over and was quick to comprehend. With a spurt of speed he approached. He swung his auto around so that its headlights flooded the scene. Everyone in the sedan leaped out.

There were hysterical little shrieks of fright, stumbling feminine figures and the odor of spilled gasoline. Unsteadily Paul rushed down into the grass, where he and Gordon began to haul girls from out the crumpled wreckage.

By that time there were a dozen autos stopped on the road. Headlights sliced the dark into long strips. Great, useless, excited men came plunging down, very eager to push aside mere children such as Paul and Gordon.

With a blurred sensation of surprise Paul began to note that some of the girls seemed familiar. They bore East High faces which he knew by sight.

But the cold night air was playing havoc with the alcohol fumes in his head. He reeled crazily about in the grass and finally stumbled back out of the white glare of the headlights to plump comfortably down. Suddenly he became conscious of a form lying in the soft grass by his side. Focusing his eyes with an effort, he bent over.

It was Doris Bulen, crumpled in a limp heap. Her golden hair streamed down across her quiet oval face. With a trembling hand Paul brushed the hair back over her forehead. For a long time he bent above her there in the dark, his eyes swirling pools

of consternation, anguish, love, indecision and panic.

His mind moved in one of those slow, primitive, rhinoceros-like thought processes sometimes evolved by the intoxicated male. Doris—hurt—put her in auto—to doctor. What could be more logical? He slipped his arms under her and lifted her up, only to discover that she was not unconscious. She made tiny sobbing noises as she clung to him, head down, eyes closed, and weakly allowed herself to be led.

Paul cursed his alcohol-loosened leg muscles and fought off the effects with all his will-power. Steeling himself, he helped the girl to the road—by a circuitous path, away from the light and the excited group of bull-headed adults. After laying her down in the back seat of his machine he sprang to the wheel and drove away. Gordon, Marge and Dodo never occurred to the boy till hours later.

Was Doris badly hurt? Where could he get help? These were the only thoughts in Paul's mind as he raced ahead, little dreaming that the events of the next few hours would set his feet on paths from which there would be no turning back to Fritzie Wengill. You'll see in the March issue how Paul Benton, at the end of his senior year, became the "real collegiate" he had always hoped to be

Secret Island

[Continued from page 53]

Somehow she understood. "Is he coming up?"

I nodded.

Then all at once she gave a little cry. She stole into my arms, and lifted her face, and kissed me.

"If anything happens to you," she said fiercely, "I'll throw myself over the cliff."

"Oh my dear, my dear," I murmured, helplessly. For I knew and she knew, too, that I had no chance against Ricardo's gorilla-like strength and endurance. And with the simple savage instincts that ruled him, there was no doubt he would first try to destroy me, and then with me out of the way and Joyce in his power—

I STEPPED back, goaded into a fury. I'd fight to the last! I looked towards the edge of the cliff. He must be almost at the very top. I explored the ground, searching for a club, for any kind of thing that would serve as a weapon, but my groping hands found nothing that would do.

"Oh, wait," Joyce cried suddenly. "Wait! There's still the fire. He may be afraid of fire!"

And that suggestion was what saved us. I caught up a small dead tree that was burning like a torch at one end, and waited. The next instant Ricardo came over the edge of the cliff yelling like an Indian. Lifting himself to his full height, he charged at me like a bull.

I swung my long torch, and the smoke and sparks left a whirling trail as I struck at him. I don't think I even hit him, but he gave a cry of surprise and fear and covered his face with his hands, stumbling backwards.

A kind of exultant fury moved in my blood. "Get another firebrand," I called to Joyce, "and follow me! We've got to make for the beach. It's our only chance!"

She snatched up a blazing stick like the

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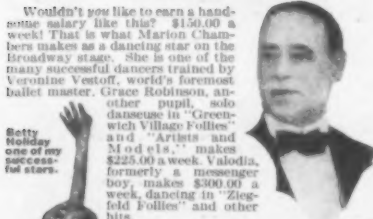
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brave girl she was. Yelling my loudest, I plunged directly towards Ricardo. In the firelight I saw his startled and staring eyes. They were not directed at me, but at the miracle of fire, this new, unknown thing of which he was afraid.

He cowered back. I caught Joyce's arm, and together we started down the sharp incline, whirling our torches. If it had not been for the light afforded by these, we would certainly have broken our necks, so reckless was our descent. We slipped and stumbled, and more than once I fell, bruising myself so that the wound in my arm throbbed terribly, but we managed to reach the base of the cliff.

There was no sign of Ricardo. Evidently he had not yet begun to follow us. Joyce's torch had already gone out, though it still glowed like burning charcoal. My own firebrand burned fitfully.

But the torches had served their purpose. They had prepared the way for the final, desperate thing I had planned. This was to gain the shore, keep Ricardo at bay somehow, and try to make a raft of a couple of logs, a plank, of anything that would float. The chances were all against our surviving, but at least it was better to take that tremendous risk than meet the certainty of Ricardo's dealing with us on the island.

Though the wind still tore its way through the forests, and I could hear the high seas lashing themselves far away on the beaches, it seemed to me that the storm had lost some of its fury. And fortunately for us the faint grayness that precedes dawn filled the sky.

In that ghostly gloom, I was able to pick my way. Now and then I glanced behind me, or stopped to listen, but there was no sign of Ricardo. Why had he given up so abruptly? I could not feel it was for long, yet a tiny hope struggled in me. His primitive nature might have suddenly credited us with powers of strange magic, due to our use of fire. He might definitely be frightened and have become infinitely wary.

BACK of me on the cliffs, I saw the glow of the fire from which we had snatched our firebrands. It seemed to me once I saw the shadow of a man's figure moving there, but I wasn't sure.

Joyce hadn't spoken a word all this while. It was plain she was at the end of her physical resources. But in the dimness, as I supported her with my arm around her shoulders, I saw her try to smile at me. I felt as if we were figures of a nightmare, so ghastly had this whole experience been.

Through the matted vegetation, over the trail of the creek-bed, we stumbled on our way. We paused to satisfy our thirst, but we could not delay for the rest which we needed more than water, more even than food.

Then at last we broke through the vegetation and came to the beach. The sun was rising over a sea that was still rough. At this point of the island the surf was mountainous. It would have been impossible to launch even a life-boat. But less than a mile away the water would be quiet behind the reef. When we were actually out of the forest, I began to breathe easier. Since there was still no sign of Ricardo, I began even to hope.

BUT Joyce was swaying on her feet. She looked pale and her mouth drooped pitifully. I lifted her in my arms and began to carry her. Her head fell against my shoulder, and her eyes closed.

She was so light a burden that her weight scarcely taxed me. But the march through that sand, which seemed to resist me and drag me back like a live thing, made that mile seem an endless affair.

I crossed a ravine I remembered, and began to climb a little rise. This, extending out into the sea itself, made a natural breakwater. Across the ridge the surf would be

slight, and I might find enough drift wood and the means of tying it together to venture upon a forlorn chance of escape.

But it was at this moment, with the sun rising and sending its burning heat down upon the beach, that I heard a sound of something that moved in the underbrush up the ravine.

Then I laughed. I laughed as a man might do who is sick and out of his head. I looked at Joyce, lying so pitifully in my arms. It seemed a bitter ending for all our efforts, our fierce struggle to escape, to be cornered easily in the end like this. Had Ricardo uncannily managed to guess where it was I was heading, and taken his time, knowing how simple it would be to cut me off?

In any case I felt that everything was finished. I no longer had any real strength to oppose him. Back of us the surf thrashed noisily, in front were the impenetrable vines of the jungle, and on either side the glittering sand of the beach, and the ridge that rose like a dune.

I put Joyce on her feet. I touched her hair and her cheeks. She opened her eyes to stare at me, but we did not speak. There were no words we could say. The noise in the underbrush grew louder. Still Ricardo did not appear. It seemed as if he were taking his time, contemptuous of our ability to escape.

I STARED dully in the direction of the sound. Then I rubbed my eyes. A hoarse shout of astonishment, relief, and joy broke from me. Joyce caught my arm with trembling hands. Two men, certainly sailors, emerged from the green wall of the forest, carrying a big water jug between them!

If we were astonished at seeing them, they were equally astonished at the sight of us. We must have presented a strange picture as we stood there, our clothing torn, our bodies marked with bruises and scratches. I hailed them, and one of them, a short, stocky fellow with a grizzled head, answered me in English.

They came towards us slowly, almost suspiciously. The short man peered at me and then at Joyce. The other sailor, dark and sullen-looking gave us only furtive glances.

The short man shifted a quid of tobacco. "Didn't know there was anyone living in this place," he said. "We put in here in last night's storm, and me and the Dago come ashore for water."

"You put in during last night's storm?" I repeated. "What do you mean? Have you got a boat?"

"You didn't think we walked here from Port au Prince, did you?" he answered. The other sailor gave a short laugh.

But I was in no mood to pay any attention to their insolence at the moment. My thoughts were only of this piece of luck that had arrived to make our rescue certain. For I realized, when there was no longer any need of making the attempt, that my dream of building a raft had been an impossible one.

"WE DON'T live here," I explained. "We landed here. Lost our skiff. We're dead tired and hungry and we want a passage with you."

"That'll be up to the old man," said the short sailor. He picked up one handle of the water jug and commenced to climb the ridge.

Somewhat puzzled by his attitude, Joyce and I followed. When we reached the top of the rise, there was however, a pleasant sight for our eyes.

A small schooner was anchored inside the reef on quiet water. It seemed to promise all the things in life that are worth while. I felt actually refreshed in body as well as spirit at that sight. Joyce gave me a little trembling smile.

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The two sailors lowered their jug into a dory they had hauled up on the beach. I set Joyce in the stern, and motioned my willingness to take an oar, but they shook their heads. We shoved off, and in less than ten minutes had come alongside of the schooner.

She was an old boat, but with good, roomy lines. Her weatherbeaten hull and bleached spars told of a hundred voyages that she had done well. I caught a rope and climbed on board. Then I leaned down, and catching Joyce's hands, drew her on the deck after me.

I saw one man staring at us from the bow; another halted in his work in the rigging. From a deck house, just aft the mainmast, there emerged slowly the head and shoulders of a formidable figure. I didn't need another glance to know he was the master. His bull-throat, his dirty peaked-cap, his face with its fiery red skin and bullying eyes, were turned towards us. An undershirt that might once have been white, and greasy blue trousers completed his uniform.

He came out on deck, and slowly marched toward us.

"What are you doing on my ship?" he bellowed. His eyes went from me to Joyce, and he looked puzzled as well as angry.

"We've been marooned back there," I said. "We want a passage to the nearest port, to any port you're going to."

"Oh!" He considered, stroking his chin. "This isn't a passenger ship," he pronounced at last.

"See here," I said, getting a little angry myself at what I took to be his denseness, "we were on the beach back there in danger of our lives. We're not asking you to take us on a pleasure excursion. We're asking you to rescue us!"

HE NODDED. "I know what you're asking, my lad. Never you mind about that. But first I'll think it over a bit."

"Do you mean there's a possibility of your refusing to take us?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?"

"But, damn it, man," I broke out, "we need food. We're starving. You've got to take care of this girl."

He turned his heavy eyes on Joyce once more, and regarded her thoughtfully. Then he beckoned the nearest sailor with his thumb.

"Johnny, show the way to the cabin. Get some biscuits and pork out of the galley." He threw a key into the sailor's hands.

Three minutes later, poor Joyce was sitting on the edge of a bunk, with a plate of food before her. I had followed her there, and snatched a bite myself. She looked up at me bravely, with that sense of utter trust that commands the utmost in a man. I kept my thoughts about the strangeness and indifference of our reception to myself, but I was anything but easy in my own mind.

At that moment the Captain came into the passage.

"I'll see you a moment," he bellowed, pointing at me. I made my way out of the cabin. He shut the door and coolly locked it in front of my eyes.

"What are you doing?" I demanded. "What do you mean by locking her in like that?"

"Listen, my lad, don't tell me what to do."

"But do you know—" I began furiously. "I know my ship and my men," he said impressively. "Now you follow me."

He led the way and I stumbled after him down the dark, reeking passage to the hold. A lantern swung there, throwing a dim light so that the place looked like a dungeon. The Captain seated himself on a box and motioned me to another.

"Now then," said he, "what's this talk of marooning and starvation you've been telling

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me? How did you get on that island anyway?"

It occurred to me that after all he couldn't possibly know the predicament we had recently been in. I decided to tell him as accurately as I could the horrors of our experience on the island. He did not interrupt me while I spoke, but listened with his ponderous gaze fixed upon me.

He gave no sign of being moved or even interested by the story I had told him.

"And that's all?" he asked in his heavy voice, when I had finished.

"That's all."

"I'll give you a bag of biscuits and set you on shore again, the two of you. Also a gun that you can pepper your chum with if he bothers you again. That's the best I can do for you."

"But see here," I began, taken aback.

HE INTERRUPTED me with a brusque gesture. "I want no women on board this boat. I've been on boats all my life, and whenever a woman came aboard sooner or later there was hell to pay! And my crew aren't a set of angels, my lad. I don't mind telling you what trade it is we're in." He tapped the box he was sitting on, and then pointed to the piled cases that stretched far back of me in the gloom. "What do you suppose all this'll be?" he inquired with something like a leer.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Ron Dominicana, Scotch and Rye and five hundred cases of cordials and wines!"

So this was a rum schooner that we had stumbled aboard! She was bound from the Indies with her cargo to sell along the American coast, to fight her way like a pirate through revenue cutters and coast guard patrols. And some of the mystery that surrounded this schooner and its hard-bitten crew was made clear.

The Captain got up slowly. "That's the best I can do for you," he said again.

My brain was moving swiftly. "Just a minute," I said. "Suppose I could promise to make it worth your while to land us in San Pedro?"

"I wouldn't take the risk, not with a woman on board."

"You don't know who she is."

"I don't care who she is."

"She's the daughter of Bradford Kent," I said.

In the very act of turning he halted and swung back.

"What's that?" he asked.

I repeated my information. He gave a faint whistle.

"Bradford Kent! Well, why didn't you say so before?"

"You see, you can expect to be paid well."

I said. I was triumphant though a little surprised at the effect the millionaire's name had had upon him.

For a long moment he did not answer. Then he gave a hoarse chuckle.

"Better paid than you think, my lad!" he said.

"What do you mean?"

WELL, what do you suppose Bradford Kent would pay me for landing his daughter all safe and sweet in Havana harbor, say? Mind you, I'd be having hell's own job with my crew. Sailors? They know more about blowing your brains out than handling a ship! What do you suppose it would be worth to me?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said vaguely. "You could probably count on a couple of thousand at least."

"Suppose I asked for half a million?" he said.

"Are you crazy?" I demanded.

He shook his head. "No, I'm just lucky. Lucky Blake is what they call me, and my luck's holding. It would be worth handling a dozen crews the like of mine for this job."

You've put the girl in my hands. I'll hold her safe until the ransom comes through!"

"The ransom!" I said.

He nodded. "A ransom of half a million dollars."

"No, by God, you don't!" I said savagely.

He pulled a revolver out of his pocket and levelled it at me. "Keep your shirt on, sonny," he said. Then putting two fingers in his mouth, he whistled shrilly.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Put you ashore, just as I promised. I don't reckon Old Man Kent would pay much for your hide, judging from what you told me."

"Listen, you can't do this," I began.

"Why can't I?" he asked. "Don't make such a howl. You got a chum ashore to play with, haven't you? Why you two will end by becoming loving friends." He chuckled again. I heard footsteps, and saw the figure of a man in the entrance. Lucky Blake, as he called himself, turned and stared.

"That you, Johnny?" he said. "Where's Pete and Vasco?"

"Gone ashore to fetch more water."

The Captain considered in his slow, thoughtful fashion.

"Well, when they come back, I want 'em to take this sea-lawyer here and set him on the beach. They better see me first."

He stepped outside, still holding his revolver. Then he swung the thick oak door shut, and I heard the bolts shoot home.

MY SENSATIONS and thoughts won't bear setting down. I stood without moving, looking around in the murk of the hold, with the lantern swinging above my head, and the cases piled on every side. There were solid walls around me, the walls of the schooner's sides, and above me the hatch had been battened when the cargo had been put aboard.

It wasn't a prison that offered the least hope of escape, or that gave me a chance to help myself. In an hour's time, the door would be opened, and there'd be a rush for me. If I struggled they'd probably shoot me down. If I didn't resist I'd be marooned again to meet with the mercy of Ricardo and Joyce would be left alone, with this crew of rascals around her.

A dismal picture, you will admit, and my mind seemed incapable of making plans after all I had been through.

But presently I explored among the cases, and feeling that a drink might buck up my spirits, I managed to tear off the cover of a box of brandies. It knocked off the top of one bottle and took a swallow.

It was strong, and I knew better than to take a second drink after the little food I had had. But one nip had warmed me, and set my blood moving faster. I'd gotten through everything so far, maybe I could still win. Maybe Lucky Blake wasn't the only one with reason to think himself lucky!

So presently I found myself putting together a rude plan. I thought it over carefully, and then waited with what patience I could. But my thoughts were occupied with Joyce. Had Blake told her what he had decided as yet? Had she wondered about my disappearance? Was she frightened? But there was no sense in asking the thousand questions that poured into my head when I had no answers for any of them.

I PILED cases on top of each other so that I was finally able to reach the lantern and unhook it. Then I took up a position near the door and listened. I thought I would be able to hear anyone who came down the passage.

I was right about that. It must have been more than an hour later, when I heard heavy footsteps and a mutter of voices. I extinguished my lantern immediately, and stood back against the wall. The bolts were hauled

back and the door was opened. But the dim light from the passage did not penetrate the blackness of the hold, and the men who had opened the door paused uncertainly.

"Come out there, you!" one of them commanded with an oath. I heard him step forward uncertainly, feeling his way in the darkness. "Hi, there, Vasco, fetch a light!" said another voice. I immediately hurled the bottle of brandy I had opened with all my force into the farther corner. It splintered with a crash. There was a sudden rush in that direction, and whoever it was that guarded the door, incautiously stepped inside. Ducking low, and making as little noise as possible, I made for the doorway. In the uproar and confusion of voices, I got out safely.

Breathing hard, I slipped down the passage. I remembered the cabin in which Joyce had been locked, and in a minute I was before the door. At the same instant a figure lurched down the companionway and shouted at the sight of me. I called to Joyce and turned the handle of the door helplessly. Then I saw that the key was still in the lock. I twisted it, stepped inside, and panting, locked it from within, at the same instant that a heavy body drove against the stout wood in an effort to crash it open.

I turned to see Joyce confronting me with a white face. She was trembling.

"Don't leave me!" she said. "Don't ever leave me again!"

BUT before I could comfort her, there was a heavy pounding on the door, and I caught the sound of Lucky Blake's voice. "See here, my lad," he called, "this'll be your last chance to come out alive. If you don't, you'll leave the schooner feet foremost! Now then what's your answer?"

I laughed out loud and told him where he could go. I heard him move slowly off.

I glanced around the small cabin. Its roof was raised above the deck and there were two oblong skylights that served for ports. I knew it was from these I was in the greatest danger of attack. The door was stout enough to hold against anything except an explosive.

I put Joyce behind me, and began to explore the cabin feverishly in the hope of finding a weapon of some kind. I had about given up the search, when I came upon an old-fashioned army revolver lying at the back of a shelf.

There was a furious pounding at the doorway as if some one was trying to batter it in. At the same instant, a crash of broken glass warned me that the battering at the door had been only a stratagem. As I whirled, I saw an arm thrust through the splintered skylight, pointing a pistol directly at me. Faces crowded there, peering in. The pistol wavered into an aim.

With a scream, Joyce flung herself in front of me. The man who aimed at me pulled the trigger, but at the same instant someone, seeing Joyce, knocked his arm up. The report filled the cabin and the smoke went up in a cloud, but the bullet imbedded itself harmlessly in the opposite wall.

Joyce had saved my life at the risk of her own, but I couldn't consent to crouch behind her like that. I stepped out and opened fire, my bullet breaking through the second skylight. I thought I heard someone give a cry of pain, but I wasn't sure. Then all at once I heard a sharp command, and they all made a tumbling rush together. I saw one man pitch headforemost through the skylight, cutting himself on the jagged glass. Others—a mass of faces, arms, and bodies—struggled there. It was plain enough they meant to rush in and overpower me at close range. I ran back and unlocked the cabin door, caught Joyce by the arm, and sped up the companionway. The deck was clear. I raced for the bow, hid Joyce behind



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a thick mound of coiled rope, while I crouched behind the capstan.

Blake barked an order and they scattered, stealing along under the gunwales and opening fire as they did so. A rain of lead seemed to fall around me. One bullet hit the iron capstan with a dull smashing sound. I fired as well as I could, but the old revolver shot wildly and I hit no one. At last I clicked it on an empty chamber, and with a curse of despair, caught it by the barrel. I saw myself fighting helplessly, then thrown overboard into the shark water, my body riddled with bullets.

THEN suddenly I rubbed my eyes and stared, for at the stern a figure had drawn itself up dripping from the sea, the figure of a magnificently built man, bronzed as an Indian, powerful as a tiger. It was Ricardo!

Carrying something that looked like a stone axe, he fell upon our assailants from behind. They turned in surprise. The terrible flail in his hand thrashed right and left. I saw it strike the skull of one man and crush it like an eggshell.

Blake, roaring like a maniac, endeavored to make himself heard above the din. I saw him empty his revolver at the savage. I could swear there was blood on Ricardo's breast, but he gave no sign he was even hurt, as he fought on. By this time I had run from my hiding place and picked up a revolver that had fallen from the hands of a dead man. I fired it at Blake, but missed.

But the men, though they were attacked only by the two of us, suddenly went into a panic. I saw three of them go over the side to the dory that was tied there, another went down before Ricardo's primitive weapon. Blake tried his revolver, and flung it down as he found it empty. But he did not lack courage. He closed with Ricardo like a wrestler. The savage picked him up, bent his head back on his neck until it seemed to snap and tossed him into the sea. And then the two remaining men jumped over into the dory with their companions. I saw them pulling away from the schooner as if a devil were after them.

Ricardo came slowly down the empty deck towards me. His eyes were somber. I made no move, only watching him, helplessly. Despair had at last robbed me of will and strength.

HE HAD rescued us, but what did the rescue mean after all? Lucky Blake was gone, and all his hard-bitten crew was dead or scared off. But Ricardo remained—Ricardo stronger than any man, with the simple heart of a savage.

I closed my eyes for a moment and felt Joyce's trembling fingers steal into mine. When I opened them again Ricardo was still coming towards us, very slowly. In another minute he would most likely pick me up like a chip, to toss me overboard to the sharks. In another moment his arms would be around Joyce. I tried to gather myself together for the last desperate conflict, to die at least like a man, fighting. I tried to blind myself to the certainty of the outcome, and to the horror of what awaited the girl I loved.

Ricardo moved on, still slow, still deliberately. Then all at once I caught my breath.

For his eyes were not directed at me with ferocity, nor at Joyce with the look I feared to see. In his gaze, which was fixed on Joyce, I read, with a leap of startled understanding, something I had not expected to see. I don't know how to describe it. I don't know what to say except that it was a look of profound and wondering adoration such as a man might offer a goddess.

And while I still stared, he flung himself forward on the deck, his head prostrated, his whole attitude one of devotion and awe.

Had he seen in Joyce a resemblance to the picture of his dead mother, a creature akin to her, come strangely to life on his Secret Island? What was it that moved him? But in that instant I realized his pursuit had been the pursuit of a worshipper, and that to him Joyce was no less than a veritable divinity!

Her woman's instinct had told her all this before it came home to me. She broke away from my arm, and there was no fear in her now. She stooped and touched him, and I heard his murmuring voice, with its accent of humility, and its language that had no vocabulary save sound.

I don't know what it was that happened then, except that presently we three made our way to the cabin. And there Ricardo stood very docile, and unflinching, as Joyce and I tried to dress his wounds, which after all were only superficial.

Then Joyce lay down, and I motioned Ricardo to come out on deck. He followed me now, as if Joyce's contact with me had somehow also made me sacred. I tried to show him what it was I wanted. I did not dare risk another fight with the men on shore, and I was anxious to get up sail as soon as I could, before they rallied for an attack. Evidently he knew something about handling a boat, or else he had more reasoning power than I credited him with, for he fell to and helped me clear the decks of the debris left by the battle and make ready for sailing.

SO IT was that three days later, we got into the harbor of San Pedro under fair winds. Shall I tell you the rest? Shall I tell you how I found little Matthews, who greeted me with affection and pleasure, and welcomed me to Los Muertos more heartily than before? Shall I tell how it was we located an anxious and distraught Bradford Kent, and how finally we cabled to Spain, and waved good-by to Ricardo de la Torre, on the way to the home of his relatives?

These things are not in the story I set out to tell; rather they form the end of that story.

I am a planter now in the winter months and between spring and fall Joyce and I spend much of our time in New York. The memory of our dark and terrible adventure has receded into the past, and there is happiness for both of us, and peace.

We have heard from Spain, from Ricardo's connections, who tell us he is learning as a child learns. Some day perhaps we shall meet again and hear from his own lips of his lonely experiences on the Secret Island, his struggle to keep alive, and his sensations when he first saw Joyce and felt that a goddess had come out of the universe. He has learned otherwise now; or perhaps I should say that I have come to think as he did!

Are men hard to understand or can they be read like an open book by a woman who knows her masculine alphabet? Helen Rowland, the brilliant author of "The Sayings of Mrs. Solomon," says they can and she ought to know because she admits that she has been studying men from her cradle days and has them all "classified, tagged, cataloged and filed in the pigeon holes of her mind for future reference." You can learn about men—and women—from her, in *March SMART SET*, where she will tell you "Why Men Are No Mystery" to her

What Prison Did to My Friend Earl Carroll

[Continued from page 49]

He had friends, he had money, he had youth, and the future was his. But nothing could shake off his lethargy. He did not want sympathy. He has had enough of that. But he was simply unable to rise above the nightmare of a prison cell.

"THE agony," he said, "of a sensitive person being stared at by prison visitors while he mutely walks past them in single file with his mates can never be realized. Every time I endured this torture I lay awake all night. I never wanted to come out of prison alive. It seems an injustice that I did."

"Every morning I would go to my work in the field with a former warden of Atlanta prison, now almost blind, and a former governor of a Middle Western state. We

became fast friends in that secretive way that prisoners have.

"Last night for the first time I walked up Broadway with its glitter of lights and rush of gaiety and every step of the way my thoughts were on those poor souls in barren cells staring wide-eyed at the ceiling and praying for sleep that does not come."

And after a long silence he said he was going. Not once had he smiled. Not once had a word of censure passed his lips. He was just a man and a very young man broken on the wheel of life.

As he passed down the hall to the elevator it seemed to me he might be a tired old man.

"And that," I thought, "is what prison does to a man."

The Love Pirate

[Continued from page 29]

He was waiting on the club veranda. I gasped when I saw him. He seemed so much more boyish in white flannels, and a blue blazer coat. The night before, Stanley Yerkes, in dinner clothes, had given me the impression that he was a cold, sophisticated man of the world. Now, he had all the warmth and informality of youth! Could clothes work such a miracle or—

"HELLO, Sally," he said, and some of the bunk I had prepared to hand him melted out of my mouth.

"Hello there," I answered. "I'm so glad to see you're back safe."

"I had one little scare on the return jump. Had to light on the water and tinker with my engine. First time it ever went wrong."

I looked at him, and a funny little feeling passed over me. "How's Monsieur?" I asked.

"Fine! He sent his regards," Stanley answered.

We both seemed to run out of conversation at this moment. Yet, I had prepared one thing after another to shoot at him. Maybe those things would come easier after we got into swimming suits. "Shall we get into swimming togs?" I asked.

"Lordy! I almost forgot. We're going to take a swim. Of course, we'll change right away. Have you got a locker and everything?"

"Yes, I'm all set. See you on the beach in about ten minutes—"

"Right-o!" and he was gone.

Away from the unexpected magic of Stanley Yerkes in sports clothes I was tempted to laugh at myself. It seemed absurd that I hadn't been up to handing him the great line I'd rehearsed for his sole benefit.

"It must be the climate," I thought. A chap might look younger in flannels and a blue blazer than in dinner clothes, but surely a change of suits couldn't change a man's whole personality. "He didn't seem the least indifferent or sophisticated or contemptuous." Then a suspicion seized me. Was he just throwing away his pretended indifference because he felt he had already victimized me. I was instantly up in arms.

When I left the locker rooms I was again all set to lure him into my planned trap.

This was no time to be easy because a man seemed very boyish and appealing in beach togs.

Stanley Yerkes in a dinner suit was a good-looking man; in beach togs he was an appealing boy; but in a bathing suit, Stanley made me dizzy!

"You're positively too thrilling," I said, and while I meant it for "come-on" banter, it was the truth. The tan of his face deepened, and flushed downward until his wide, beautifully muscled shoulders and chest were stained a berry brown.

"I wish I had an honest camera to take your picture," he said, and the warmth of the Florida sun shone in the blue eyes that Miami girls had complained were cold and indifferent.

"Now, Mister Flattering Flyer, none of that. It doesn't sound right for a man with your ice-bound reputation to be saying things like that. I'm the only one in this party who can honestly bally-hoo the other."

Just then I turned around and saw Carlita watching someone with the queerest sort of a look on her face. It was the look of a person who has suddenly made a discovery. Then I realized that she was looking at Stanley Yerkes, and he was looking at me. An inexplicable agitation possessed me. I got up feeling that I must move about.

"Want to go in now?" Stanley asked.

"Yes, let's!" I said and dashed into the surf.

WE STRUCK out together for deep water. He swam beautifully, his head bobbing through the white breakers like a golden crown.

The guards were shouting at us to come back. He turned to me, treading water. "I have to laugh," he said, but his voice was terribly serious, "at being called back a few yards from shore when I often come down on water miles and miles from land, and might have to swim to save myself any old time."

His words brought a picture to me. I saw his blond head, bobbing like a golden crown in vast, empty seas, and my heart suddenly hurt me. We stroked back into the surf, and waded to the dry beach.

I guess it was the firm hard sand under-



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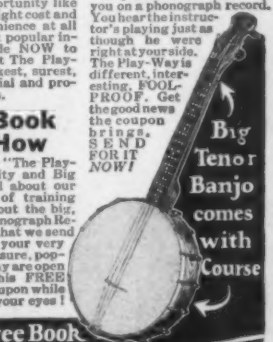
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foot that made me myself again. I remembered why I had met him on the beach. Carlita was waiting up on the sand for me to do my stuff. I turned to him: "I'm going to take you riding, darling, to exercise my car. It needs a run. Don't say no," I said.

Lights glowed brightly in his eyes. "Of course I'll go, Sally," he answered, and we ran toward the Club together.

I did not dare think as I dressed, nor even when we climbed into my roadster.

"My car's near the gate. I wonder if you'd mind giving Monsieur a ride in your rumble deck?"

EVEN at this question I dared not think. I didn't want to wonder if the dog would hate me for what was going to happen. So I just nodded mechanically. A few moments later, Monsieur was behind us on the rumble seat, and we were flying up the coast.

I talked as I drove, such talk as might give any man reason to think he had made a tremendous hit with me. All of my rehearsed come-ons flowed as I had planned them, and yet Stanley Yerkes did not make the moves I expected him to. He did not say the things I wanted him to say, so that I could turn on him as I had schemed to do for Carlita's sake. On the contrary he was strangely silent, as if his thoughts were miles away. Perhaps in Cuba! I might have accused him justly then of the utmost indifference. But, queerly enough, I suddenly didn't want to believe he was honestly indifferent to me. I did not know what I wanted to believe, and because I didn't there was panic in my heart.

The dashboard clock said five-thirty. We were ten miles from home. I turned about with the realization that it was now or never. Something told me I could never go through another experience like this with Stanley Yerkes. Once more I gave him his openings. I let him think he had made the greatest of hits with me. Finally he said:

"Yesterday this time I didn't have any idea of being back in Miami today. Sally, can you guess why I came back?"

So at last he was about to say what I had been waiting for!

"Did you come because—because you felt that I wanted to see you?" I asked. My face was burning and there were flames deep down inside of me.

He was slow to answer, and in that moment I had to fight the hardest battle I'll ever have to fight. I had to fight myself, heart and soul for Carlita's sake. Because suddenly and magically, I knew that I loved Stanley Yerkes; that I had loved him from the first. How could I play the game for Carlita's sake? Here was the man I knew I loved. How could I drive him from me?

At last he said: "Yes, Sally, I came because I thought—" he paused as if uncertain of his next words.

HERE was the chance I had deliberately fished for. A little encouragement from me, and he would say what would give me my cue to turn on him. Yet this chance was now the last thing in the world that I wanted to take advantage of. But, I had to shoot square with my girl friend.

"Yes, yes, go on. What did you think?" I coaxed. I bit my lips and set myself to attack him.

"I thought you wanted to see me," he said, and tried to take my hand.

"Oh! you did, did you?" I snapped, jerking my hand away. "You thought I wanted to see you. So, that's your game? I thought so. You pose indifference but when you think a girl has fallen for you, you're willing to put yourself out a little. You poor conceited boob!" I went on, my hands shaking madly against the wheel, "you've

got another think coming quick," and I tore into Stanley Yerkes with words I never want to see on paper as long as I live.

I told him that I had seen through his game; that I knew he posed as the man indifferent to women just to get them. I told him that I had deliberately led him up to this just to snap him out of himself, just to show him what was what.

The car had stalled in the middle of the road, and was chugging there when I shouted a last hysterical denunciation at him. His face seemed very white and old in the dusk. His lips moved two or three times before they made a sound.

"You—you're sure you believe all these terrible things, about me?" he asked.

"Of course," I cried.

His lips moved again, but not a word came, and in that silence I felt my heart breaking. Another moment of it, and I would have told him the truth. But, now he was getting out of my car. He tried to straighten up, but his shoulders remained stooped. His hand went up, and his fingers snapped dully. "Come on, Monsieur, we're walking home," he said.

THE dog, a great furry black shadow, stood looking at me with big brown wistful eyes.

"Call him," I said, feeling as if I were about to choke.

"Come on, boy," he called, and the dog went to him. I slammed the door, and stepped on the gas.

Ten minutes later I was in the apartment with Carlita. Brushing aside her questions I told her how I had turned on Stanley Yerkes. When I finished I burst into sobs. Carlita helped me to the divan.

"Oh, Sally!" she groaned.

I flung myself face down to try and control myself. "Let me alone. I'm all unstrung from telling him all that," I cried.

I don't know what Carlita did for the next half hour. I only know that I lay and sobbed into the divan. I remember nothing but heartache until she called me again in a frightened sort of voice:

"Sally, honey, can I talk to you now? I've got to or I'll die."

"What?" I moaned, not caring much if she did die. Not caring if the whole world died. I wanted to die myself. What was the use of living? I had driven the man I loved away with a lot of lies. I didn't really believe the things I had said to him.

"**OH!** IT'S awful, Sally. You're going to hate me for what I'm going to say, but I've got to say it now. It's the truth, honey, and after all you tried to do for me. Oh dear."

I looked up at Carlita. Through my own tears I saw she was crying:

"Sally, Sally," she wailed, "it's just awful, but I don't love him any more. I can't! I couldn't! Not after what you told me about the way he took your bawling out, and just walked home. It spoiled something. I wanted him to turn on you. To dominate you, show you superb contempt. Oh! I thought he was going to be just like Mussolini."

"For pity's sake what're you saying, Carlita?" I asked.

"I don't love him any more," she said. "I—I just can't love anybody except a Mussolini type of man. Anyhow, when I saw him look at you on the beach this afternoon I just knew he loved you. And Sally I believe you're wild about him."

"You're crazy," I sobbed, and slumped back on the divan as if hit by some unseen hand. My whole being burned with torture, terror, anger and panic. I had broken my own heart to help Carlita, for nothing! The little fool didn't love Stanley Yerkes because he hadn't pulled a Mussolini! I felt like leaping up and clawing her.

What a fool a girl is to try and help another girl win a man! I wanted to rush to the balcony and shout Stanley's name to the skies; wanted to call him back to me and tell him the truth. But I could do none of these things. I could only slump there on the divan and cry. Aline and Peggy were entering the room.

"Come on, girls, snap into it. We've got to 'pirate' up. It's almost six-thirty," Peggy said. Then she apparently saw something was wrong. "For Pete's sake what's happened? Who's dead?" she demanded.

Carlita jerked out a few words of explanation.

"Well, thank heavens you've got over that," Aline exclaimed. "And, now come on we'll all celebrate to the tune of 'Yes—we have no Mussolini.' Hey, Sally Malone, wake up, and join us," she shouted.

CARLITA said something that sounded like—"Let her alone. She's all done up from that scene with him."

"Mrs. Cruickshank 'phone us our partner numbers, Carlita?" demanded Peggy.

"Yep, here's the map, and our numbers," Carlita said, and she spread a map of the Cruickshank's estate on a table. I got up to look at it indifferently. "Here's my place," Carlita pointed out number seventy in a lawn tent. Golly! it's going to be hot stuff meeting Stanley Yerkes there, and laughing at him up my sleeve now. What a little goose I was! Her words drove a knife through me. "And, look Sally, here's your place. Number twenty. See? It's in a little rose garden pergola."

"I'm not going," I said.

"Not going?" they chorused.

"What's the idea! We'll carry you there if you talk that way. It's going to be the B-I-G bust of the season," cried Aline.

"I'm all done up. I almost went into tantrums with that man."

"You need something to make you forget it. Come on, here's your outfit. You're going," and Peggy pulled me into her room. A decision suddenly flamed in my mind. I would go to the party. Stanley would be there, but I wouldn't see him. I would be gay. I would pretend I didn't care. I would be the indifferent one this time.

My old bravado returned, and I went off to the Cruickshanks, a little pirate girl, trying cruelly to fool herself into believing that she didn't care for all the Stanley Yerkes in the world.

The estate was like a fairyland with colored lights gleaming from all corners. Wild Gypsy music throbbed through the dusk, and there was a gay spirit of fiesta in the air, as gorgeously costumed women and the bold buccaners rode up in wonderful cars. I went through the vast hall with the girls, not caring what had happened, or what was going to happen! It was silly to cry over spilled milk. And, yet—

WE DRIFTED across the lawns, and through the gardens to our rendezvous. My number, twenty, was in an opposite direction from the other girls down toward the parked cars.

The purple dusk had thickened. The western sky was a bolt of flamingo red. Stars were peeping out of the East where Cuba lay. The colored lights glowed like red, green, orange, and blue fireflies now. A band of Gypsy musicians strolled towards me, playing a Romany love song that filled my heart with vain yearnings. A vision of Stanley Yerkes in his beach togs came to me. Then another of him swimming in lonely empty seas.

"Oh! I wish I hadn't come. I wish I'd stayed home so I could do nothing but cry," I said. But, my rose pergola was before me. I was to meet a man in there. I hoped he'd drop dead or something. Then I slipped through the opening in the high hedge and sank down on a great wicker

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chaise-longue. I wanted to cry but I didn't dare.

There were steps outside, steps that sounded above the Gypsy music, and the gay voices. I got up to meet my partner.

A tall wide pirate shadow loomed through the hedge opening. My heart turned over as I recognized Stanley Yerkes in the trappings of a buccaner. An incoherent sound broke through my lips, and I swayed dizzily.

He took a few steps toward me and we stood looking into each other's eyes. But in the half-light he could not read what was in mine nor could I tell what was in his. I could only hear his voice saying:

"I'm sorry. There must be some mistake. I was supposed to meet Miss Vincenti here. I'll go and get this straightened out."

But he did not go. He stood there for a moment as if to take a last look at me, and in that moment when all the world seemed deathly still a dog suddenly barked outside the pergola.

Stanley Yerkes turned away from me: "Here, Monsieur," he said.

The great black ball of a dog bounded through the hedge opening. The man leaned over to pet him, saying: "What made you leave the car, boy?"

Monsieur rushed over to me, his tail going like an excited black plume. I caught his head in my hands, and hugged him while he licked the rouge off my face. When I looked up again the dog and I were alone in the pergola. Stanley Yerkes had gone.

I threw myself down on the wicker couch and began to cry softly. For a moment a great furry head pressed against my cheeks, and a tongue was licking my hand. Then

Monsieur went away too and I lay there, face down, sobbing my very heart out.

I don't know how long I had been there alone when a dog's short ecstatic bark startled me. I sat bolt upright and there was Monsieur tugging at Stanley Yerkes' pirate boots, pulling him back to me. I tried to stop crying but I couldn't. The next moment Stanley was bending over me.

"Sally, Sally," he said, "I can't believe you meant all you said, and did to me this afternoon. Please, Sally, tell me you didn't mean those things. Oh! Sally, don't you understand? I love you, dear."

His arms went around me and I snuggled against his shoulder.

"You don't believe what you said?" he begged.

"No, no, Stanley. Oh! how can I ever tell you everything? I've been such a little fool, dear. The girls always said I was man-wise. I was sure I had you right—But I was wrong. All wrong! Kiss me, Stanley, heaps, and heaps and tell me you forgive me," I begged. At our tenth kiss Monsieur shoved against us.

"He's getting jealous or lonesome, or something," laughed Stanley.

"Oh! you big black darling," I cried, and kissed Monsieur too.

A moment later a trumpet blew the summons for all good pirates to gather for the rush to the yacht.

"I don't want to go," he said.

"Neither do I, Stan, but I guess we've got to—and I want to let Carlita know her scheme of changing our numbers was a whizz," I said, and we went out, arm and arm, Monsieur frisking about us like a puppy.

Is pity akin to love? Does it sometimes grow into love? I'll tell you in March SMART SET how I began by feeling sorry for "The Man in the Next Room," and ended by loving him as I had never thought I could love anyone—loving him so much that I was even willing to help him win another girl because I knew he loved her

Misconduct

[Continued from page 59]

resolution. She put her fears behind her.

"I does, Mis' Deeming," she said quietly, and unconsciously her hand went up. "I promises. So long as the breath o' life is in my body I'll look after yo' baby girl."

THERE was a sigh, and a moment's pause, then—"Here are my keys, Mammy. You keep them. Don't let her father have them.

"This key is to my jewel case. When my baby is a big girl I want her to have them, all of them." She was talking desperately against time, making her weak voice heard above the drive of the sleet and the wind.

"This key is to the drawer with my private papers. Turn it over to Mr. Bowman, the lawyer, and tell him what it is for. He will know what to do. Remember, Mammy, Willa's uncle is her guardian, but if anything comes up you go to Mr. Bowman. He'll know what to do.

"This is to the linens—save the best of them—for Willa's home, some day. Remember, Mammy—you promised. I'm dying and you promised!"

"I promises, Mis' Deeming. I promises. So long's the breath o' life is in my body I's goin' to look after her like you would yo'self."

The hunted, worried look left the wan face. "I—believe you, Mammy," came the gasping voice.

She was dead when my father came back from his race for the physician.

His vows of repentance and reformation, heartrending to hear, over my mother's coffin, were soon forgotten. After my uncle, the new guardian, moved into the big white house as directed by Mother's will, my father was seldom about. Instead he left me and Mammy pretty much to our own resources. His last visit was a few months before his death; and his interview with Mammy was very heated.

After his departure she arrayed herself in unmistakable purple and called on Lawyer Bowman. He listened, and then the two went to the court-house to the chambers of Chancellor McGrail.

I do not know what Chancellor McGrail told my father; but I do know that was the last time that he troubled us.

Mammy was faithful to her promise. She guarded me, week in, year out as she would never have guarded anything of her own. At the slightest hint of interference she was off to Lawyer Bowman or Chancellor McGrail.

ON SATURDAY afternoons, in the park of the little Southern town where I grew up, none of the other little girls shone more spotlessly, or were in neater attire. Mammy knew that there were many things she did not know, but that she could always find someone who did. Never did I have to

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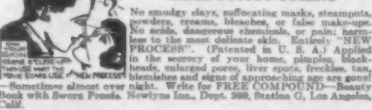
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lack for anything that she could give me.

There were others who learned, too. One hot summer day another little girl and I squabbled over a hoop. I do not know who was right; but the other little girl's nurse slapped me.

Someone else had to take the little girl home. Her nurse wasn't able to after someone managed to pry Mammy off. Her Indian blood came to the surface in one rush; and after that no one laid a finger on me.

Later, when I was at school, Mammy studied too, nights, alongside of me, so that she could hear my lessons. Perhaps what she got was not quite authoritative; but what I got was.

Perhaps the best proof of Mammy's unwavering care was my engagement to Roger. The name of Wyatt stood for things, in Marion.

NOTHING was further from my mind than to row with Roger over Terry Averitt. For all that I really cared Terry might take a running start and jump in the creek, while Roger—

If my next meeting with Terry had happened a month later, Roger probably never would have thought anything of it. But it was the next day.

There was nothing premeditated about it. I was four or five blocks from home when it started raining very suddenly. Terry came by in his closed car and picked me up. Terry was by no means unattractive and somehow the lift became a ride, and the ride a long jaunt. Roger learned of it and he wasted no time on preliminaries that night.

"I tried to make it plain to you last night, Willa," he said, "that I don't like you to be with Averitt!"

"But Roger, honey! The only—"

"There can't be any excuse! I told you only last night. You must not be seen with him any more!"

Why is it that when you love someone and they are unreasonable because they misunderstand something, you grow angry at them and snap back instead of explaining? I knew that Roger did not understand, yet I answered hotly.

"You don't have to talk to me like that, Roger!"

"I'm sorry, Willa, but I have to make it absolutely plain this time. I tried the other way last night."

"Roger Wyatt, do you think you can order me around!"

"I did not put that as an order. But you must see—"

"SEE that I mustn't have a Wyatt's future wife talked about! Look here, Roger, I don't dictate who you shall have as friends; you can't choose mine!"

There was more, a lot more, but it was in the same strain. When Roger forgot his hat and went home we were still engaged but to say more would be an exaggeration.

Roger should have known better than to talk to me like that. We had had too many clashes. If he had deliberately tried he could not have found a surer way of making me accept Terry Averitt's invitation to go horseback riding the next afternoon. In more ways than one I was my father's daughter.

To be honest, I was disappointed and more than a little bored with that ride. We stopped at Schmidt's and had sandwiches and tea, but the food was terrible, and everything was disappointingly conventional.

But as we rode back through the dusty streets of the sleepy little Southern town we ran full upon Roger. He barely touched his cap to me.

I knew that there would be war when Roger came to take me to the dance that night; but I was mistaken.

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Roger did not wait for night. He came straight on out to my house. He was madder than I had imagined he could be, and he came right to the point.

"I've done my best to tell you that you mustn't be seen with Averitt," he ended. "I tried to tell you gently. Apparently you can't understand that. All right then, here it is, straight from the shoulder! I forbid you, flatly, to have anything more to do with that man. Half the town saw you riding with him today. Those who don't know suspect that he took you to Schmidt's road-house. I forbid you doing more than speaking to him again. I believe I have that right!"

"So you've been spying on me!" I said, and immediately was sorry I had used so strong a term. But it was out, and I had to go on. "You think, do you, that you have the right to boss me. I'm very sorry. But I don't! I'll do what I please!"

"Remember, Willa, you're my fiancée! So long as that is true I have the right—" he paused suddenly and stared at the object I had dropped into his hand. "What's this?"

"Your ring," I said. The Deeming temper had taken hold of me and I wanted only to hurt as I had been hurt. "I think that will clear up our misunderstanding as to what rights you have over me," and I left him.

UPSTAIRS, alone in my bedroom, I heard the front door slam. I would not cry. I would not let myself cry. I could understand fully now, for the first time, why my father in his rages used to take from the stable the man-killing stallion and ride him, ride him, ride him, hour after hour, until both he and the horse were exhausted. The very slightness of the thing about which we had quarreled added to my fury. That any man should have dared to talk to me like that!

He was not coming to take me to the dance? As if that mattered! With my resentment grew two resolutions: I was going to that dance tonight; and, I was going to show Roger that I could enjoy myself without him.

I dressed carefully. Whatever else happened, I must look the best I had ever looked. I was almost satisfied when I left Mammy in the dressing room and stepped out on the dance floor.

I had come late purposely. I did not know whether Roger was coming or not, but as I entered I saw him. Others, too, had seen him; and when he did not come across the floor to meet me but started dancing with Fanny Lou Lawrence I saw them begin excited, satisfied comments, one to the other. The vultures were gathering for the feast upon the news of our broken engagement.

THERE was but one thing I could do: have a wilder, happier, more popular time at that dance than I had ever had before.

The boys helped. There were a number of them who always showed me a good time at the dances, half-earnestly pretending to fight for me, never letting any man have me too long, dating me up far ahead for the intermissions. There were Tommy Lee, and Grady Hopkins, and Val Lawrence, a bunch of others and Terry.

By being nice to Terry Averitt I could prove that I was eagerly sought after by other men, and I could hurt Roger.

I tried to do that. God knows I tried. Nothing else could have made me as nice as I was to Terry Averitt. I gave him every dance that I could. I sat out dances and intermissions with him and I tried to make it as noticeable as I could.

Terry played back beautifully. He scarcely danced with anyone else; and when someone else broke and claimed me, Terry hardly let us get around the floor before

he was breaking again. Nothing could have suited me better and I hid my delight from neither Terry nor Roger.

As the dance went on Terry's attentions, instead of diminishing, grew. Nor did I discourage him in the slightest.

Late, after the second intermission, he came over and broke on Tommy Lee as we were dancing a slow waltz in the far corner of the hall. "Come on," he commanded, steering me toward the entrance. "Let's go get a drink!"

I looked my inquiry at him.

"Over at my apartment. Crownshield and his wife are coming, and the McGovern. We don't want any more."

I THOUGHT rapidly. So far as I could I see there was no reason why I shouldn't, unless I wanted to be obedient to Roger Wyatt's orders. "All right," I nodded. "Let me get my shawl. I won't be gone a second."

"You won't need a wrap," Terry said. "My car's closed; and we won't be gone but a minute or so."

His house was dark, and the other cars had not yet arrived. Terry drives fast. He dismounted and opened the door on my side.

"They'll be here in a second," he suggested, "let's open up and start mixing the cocktails."

I did not want to but I saw no very good reason to refuse. The others would be along in just a moment; and a girl feels like a fool with that "How dare you, sir!" stuff that went out of style with trailing skirts.

"Can I help you, Terry?" I asked. He nodded.

"Wish you would. I'll crack the ice and bring the stuff into the living room. Wait just a second."

It was considerably longer than a second that Terry was busy in the back. I looked about the living room. It showed to a woman's eye that Mrs. Averitt was no longer at home to keep things running properly.

An automobile chugged down the street. I went to the window to make sure it was the others. It did not stop. For the first time a question began to enter my mind.

It could not have taken them this long to come over to Terry Averitt's from the dance. Had Terry misunderstood my obvious encouragement of his attentions?

Minutes passed. I heard Terry coming back with the ice and the ginger ale; and still there was no sign of the others.

When he entered, I knew. Terry had made preparation for just two. He was not expecting anybody else.

Terry set down the ice and ginger ale and came over toward my chair. I did not move. "Where're the others, Terry?" I asked.

"They must have been delayed," he said, and laughed. He sprawled across the side of my chair, and began putting an arm about me. I shook my head.

"Nope," I told him. "Wrong guess, Terry."

"Don't quit being nice to me," he said. "Don't be a prude."

"You know I'm no prude, Terry," I handed him back his arm. "And neither am I a philanthropist."

HE LAUGHED at that, and was beginning to get up when I heard the lock of the front door click.

Terry was still on the arm of my chair when the door was thrown wide open. I was surprised, but not alarmed. I must have misjudged Terry, I was thinking; he really had asked the others, after all. Then I saw Terry's face.

The "others" who had arrived were a stranger in square-toed shoes and a derby,

fat Mrs. Satcher of the merciless tongue, and Terry Averitt's wife.

Mrs. Averitt was surprised, and did not try to hide it. "Willa Deeming!" she cried, and I knew from her tone that she had not expected to find me there. The man remained silent; but I saw Mrs. Satcher smile a little "I thought so" sort of a smile. I began to grow cold inside.

It was plain what had happened. Roger had told me that Mrs. Averitt wanted to "get the goods on Terry" and evidently she had been summoned for that purpose by her hired watcher.

BUT that was not what frightened me. I could convince Mrs. Averitt. I could convince the detective. But I was certain what Mrs. Satcher was going to do. I remembered the little Mayfield girl who had worked as secretary to Judge Lawrence and what Mrs. Satcher had done to her.

She would nod her head "of course" when the others listened, and were satisfied as to what really had happened. And then she would go away to start. She would not leave much of me.

What if I hadn't done anything? What if Mrs. Averitt and her detective were convinced that he had made a mistake? With far, far less basis Mrs. Satcher had run Betty Mayfield out of town.

I was a far more shining mark. The gossips had never been able to approve my growing up alone in the big white house with just Mammy and a dreamer of an uncle. I was different from them; I therefore could not be all right. Besides many others had received with disappointment the announcement of my engagement to Roger Wyatt.

Still none of us had spoken. But in the brief instant since Mrs. Averitt's involuntary exclamation I realized all I had let myself in for.

Then footsteps sounded in the back of the house and the door swung open again. Glass in hand, smiling, perfectly at ease, in the doorway stood Roger.

He paid no attention to the surprise that greeted him. Instead, as of right, he strolled over to my chair and handed me the drink.

"There," he said to me as if finishing a conversation. "That one will be better," and he turned to the others. "Howdy, Mrs. Averitt," he said cheerily. "Howdy, Mrs. Satcher. I didn't hear you all come in. I didn't know anybody else was coming to have a drink with us." He flicked a glance at Mrs. Satcher. "Shall I mix you one?" he asked. "I had mine before you came."

That excessively good lady sat up erectly. "Thanks," she said coldly. "I do not drink!" To me it seemed that she was disappointed about something. Roger smiled gently.

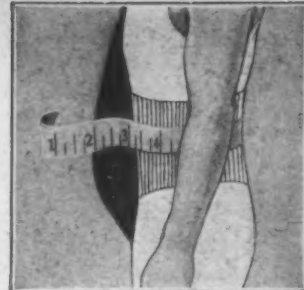
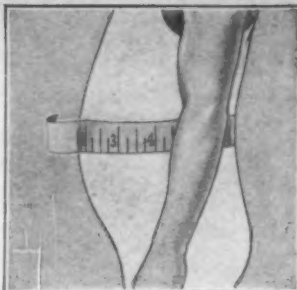
"Then I expect," he said quietly, "Willa and I had better get back to the dance. Finish your drink, honey, and we'll ask them to excuse us."

I was very quiet as Roger tucked me in his roadster and clicked on the switch. As he shifted into gear and drove away neither of us spoke. We still were silent as he braked his car to a halt and quietly, matter-of-factly snapped off the switch and prepared to help me out.

"I don't think they'll talk," he reassured me. "They probably don't believe everything I told them. But they won't be able to disprove it; and in that fix even Mrs. Satcher will have to shut up."

I laid my hand timidly on his arm. "Roger," I said, "I'd like to tell you what a little fool I've been. Oh, Roger, I do care so and I gambled with the only thing on earth that matters!"

I lifted humble eyes to his. "If you think you can forgive me," I said in a low voice, "I think I'm cured. And Roger let's



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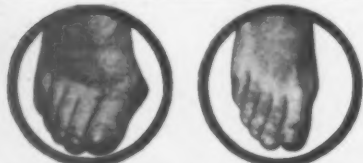


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keep the 'obey' in the ceremony. I think I'd like it!"

"Forgive you!" said my Roger; and he reached for me. He did not have to say more; the tones in his voice were enough. For the briefest instant I held him off:

"But tell me first what were you doing in Terry Averitt's kitchen? How did you happen to be there?"

"I wasn't in Averitt's kitchen at first," Roger said. "I got to the house just in time to see those others going in. Mrs. Averitt had a key; and they were in such a hurry they didn't close the outside door. I saw from the hall what was up; and I went into that kitchen and slammed to-

gether a drink in nothing flat. That was the only way out then."

"But Roger! How did you happen to follow us? How did you know where I'd gone? You weren't even in the dance hall when I left."

"I just obeyed orders, honey."

"When Averitt asked you to go you'll remember it was just outside the dressing-room door. Mammy did everything, Willa. She found me; and the way she talked to me was a caution. She sent me hot-footing to get you. Good old Mammy!"

I didn't hold Roger off any longer. "Good old Mammy! God bless her!" I murmured from the shelter of his arms.

Can you imagine a bunch of doughboys broke in Paris—especially if they hadn't eaten since breakfast? Can you picture them following a beautiful "mamselle" into an expensive looking restaurant and ordering a swell feed with all the trimmings—knowing they hadn't a "sou" among them with which to pay for it! Being doughboys you'd expect them to find a way out. They did, as you'll discover when you read how they earned their "Flam and Eggs à la Love" in March SMART SET

Is the Double Standard Unfair to You Women?

[Continued from page 61]

Yes, there is no denying the fact that you women love, have loved, and will continue to love.

Love, to you women, is an instinctive necessity.

The question is not one of love or no love. The question is what are you doing with that love once it is yours?

DON'T get the impression that the double standard grew out of thin air. The double standard has causes and reasons behind it. And, curiously enough, it gradually came into being that it might be a source of benefit to you women, not a detriment.

Whether it is selfish and one-sided, or whether it is unfair and lets the men down too easily, is beside the point here. The point is: Does the double standard benefit women after all?

You women apparently think it does not, else so many of you would not be imitating men's social prerogatives in this respect.

You think that if man can be unfaithful and get away with it that you can too.

You conclude that if man wants love without marriage or other restrictions that you ought to want unrestrained love as well as he.

You figure that so long as man laughs at moral perfection for himself you needn't bother trying to be morally superior.

On the surface this sort of argument sounds quite reasonable. It is distinctly alluring.

But have you not overlooked that maternal side of your make-up, which the lady last quoted, stressed? Have you not, unwittingly, fallen into the error of assuming that man is built the same as you are, thinks as you do, acts the way you do, feels emotions that are identical with yours?

FURTHER questioning of the women who made the statements cited in the beginning revealed that this was exactly what they had assumed. They started from the premise that men and women are absolutely alike in all respects but gender.

And, of course, no greater fallacy has ever been perpetrated.

It is astonishing how many of your sex hold to this view.

"I can't see where we are so different,"

retorted a woman friend of mine with whom I was discussing the subject. "You men like to say we are because it makes you feel sort of superior. We have the same mental faculties that you do: reasoning, memory, imagination, powers of comparison and inference, and all the rest of them."

"But do you think women feel the same as men?" I persisted. "Do you consider the emotional structure of the two sexes identical?"

"Well, no," she admitted grudgingly. "Perhaps not that. But what of it?"

You women possess the same intellectual faculties, yes. But your emotions are so different that they affect and influence the intellectual until they actually become different too.

You women are more intuitive, for example. You make keen emotional guesses; you "feel" things, where men must laboriously reason them out.

Your emotions are less stable and fixed. You change more readily than men. You are less conservative. You are practical. You take short cuts. Your imagination is keener. All of which, quite naturally, influences your mental outlook and conditions your behavior.

MEN and women are not alike and never will be.

The emotional nature of you women is as different from that of your fathers, brothers, husbands and male friends as is day and night.

That is why your moral standards have been different. That is why the moral outlook of each of the sexes has been dissimilar. That is why the double standard came to be an accepted fact.

Love, I said before, is an instinctive necessity with you women. With man it has always been a side issue, taking secondary place alongside his work, his ambition, his ego.

A man, to achieve happiness, is not compelled to love. A woman cannot possibly be happy unless she does love.

Therefore your feminine and instinctive necessity to love carried with it tragic possibilities. In order to gain love you had to seek it out and often make compromises. Al-

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most invariably, indeed, you had to make a sacrifice to love and be loved. You needed love as much as you needed food and fresh air. And since you needed love so badly and were bound at times to push your sacrifices to unreasonable limits, society felt your love would have to be protected.

However, society never felt called upon to protect selfish, materialistic love. It set out to place a special value upon the women whose love ran true to nature, as a prelude to motherhood.

Society needed mothers. It needed them always for nation building, racial betterment and general progress. The coquettes it always could do without.

Therefore the maternal woman, the virtuous woman, was guaranteed at least a minimum of special rights. Marriage rights, dower rights, property rights, all were instituted for her special benefit. Society said:

"IF YOU make sacrifices in furtherance of the common good, if you shut yourself out of the pleasures that remain open to the non-maternal woman, we will reward you not only by protecting you with law but by placing you upon a pedestal of devotion, esteem and honor which shall henceforth be revered and respected for all time."

The danger to society of immorality among women is, quite evidently, greater than that of immorality among men.

Therefore society has long since demanded that women be moral. Society had to do it for its own protection and self-preservation. In effect, society had to invent the double standard for purely materialistic reasons if for no other.

The following comes from a woman who is not so modern.

"Every woman likes to be dependent," she says. "I know I enjoy being directed and advised. I glory in subordinating my own individuality to that of the man I love. And in my opinion all women feel the same way whether they are willing to admit it or not."

I have questioned many women about this and I find that the matter of subordinating their own feelings to a single individual is inseparably linked up with the presence or absence of love.

If you women truly love you want to become dependent. You almost glory in it. But if you do not love, if your relationship with a man has not been lifted into realms of soul-stirring, spiritual values, then you want to remain independent, aloof, even despotic.

THE women, who have not experienced what real true, deep, rousing love is, are the ones who want to scrap the double standard.

The average woman who knows what love is does not, as a rule, bother her head about it.

I am reminded of a young lady who talked very glibly and often feelingly about the injustice of the double standard to her own sex. Then she fell in love. She never mentioned it again after that.

One day I asked her about it. "You don't seem to be concerned about these matters any more," I said.

"Strange, isn't it? Yet it's true. Love killed my enthusiasm for righting women's fancied wrongs."

And then she went on to say that before love entered her life she had felt she could never care for a man who had had affairs with other women. But now all she required was that her man should remain faithful.

"In fact," she added, "I feel I want to be guided. I even want to feel obedient. I want to profit by the wider worldly experiences of the man I love."

Let us suppose for a moment that absolute freedom in sex would be tolerated for women to the same degree that it is tolerated for men.



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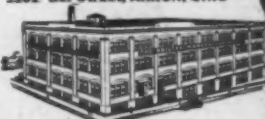
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Let every woman do as she likes. If she wants to remain virtuous for the exercise of her maternal instincts well and good. But if she chooses to remain a coquette all her life let that be nobody's business but her own.

On the surface that sounds reasonable perhaps. I have heard women advocate such a program.

But the trouble is that such a state of morals ignores such other human attributes as jealousy, humiliation, rivalry, sentiments, and, most important of all, justice.

In such a state where free love would be free for all women, where it would be quite all right to seek it and gratify it in any way possible, in such a state the virtuous, maternal woman would lose all prestige, she would no longer be idealized, she would soon lose the benefits that society, because of her sacrifices, now bestows upon her.

FURTHERMORE, man, self-seeking as he always is at bottom, would soon cease being willing to share the burdens of home-building and child-rearing with some particular woman. There would be nothing high-minded or ennobling to hold him, to make him work either for his spouse, for his offspring, or for the common good.

As soon as female virtue ceases to be an ideal, the really motherly women, the finest of their sex, will undoubtedly suffer.

Unless man continues to respect maternity he will sooner or later group all women together and the best women will not receive proper protection.

With the double standard prevailing some good and virtuous women, who through lack of opportunity or necessary attractiveness do not marry, undoubtedly remain unhappy.

But if the double standard were extended to embrace absolute freedom for women then all women would be unhappy.

Dozens of women have admitted to me that a life of continual coquetting stales.

"I don't want to be compelled to look my best and act my best and make myself alluring all the time," confided one little woman.

Another said, "It's such a relief to be natural with a man. That's one of the greatest blessings of a marriage of love."

All you women have some of the coquette in you.

You have a right to exercise that attribute in your character.

But if you permit it to hide your more genuine urges, if you make coquetry an art to be pursued with unflinching zeal to the virtual extinction of your better nature, then you run counter to the laws of physiological and sociological necessity. Then you run the chances of heart-rending personal suffering.

A coquette's love life, comparatively speaking, is short.

A mother's life, one might say, runs on forever.

Don't fall into the error of thinking that one's chief aim in life should be the pursuit of pleasure.

We are living in a materialistic age and materialism has affected your feminine outlook.

To break down all the barriers, to do as you jolly well please, looks attractive, I admit.

But remember that such institutions as the double standard were not invented overnight. It took years and years of gradual change to bring them about.

THE double standard was based upon the differences that exist between the nature of a man and the nature of a woman.

It has been an advantage to society thus far.

It has helped the cause of women rather than hindered it.

Any woman who deliberately tries to be as free as men have dared to be, courts peril not only for herself personally, but for her whole sex and the whole of society as well.

Why Must a Girl Hide Her Love?

[Continued from page 14]

probably has a good job and in all probability will keep on working for a while after she's married. If hard times come, she can always get a job and keep up her end. She's not planning to be a clinging-vine or a millstone around any man's neck. As a result she feels no hesitancy about calling up your son.

NO, I wouldn't say Violet was bold or lacking in modesty. The difference goes deeper than that. It's an economic change that has brought it about, not a change in ethics. And somehow it seems a much saner and more natural way of doing things. Certainly it's more honest. Violet likes your boy and she isn't ashamed to admit it. Oh, I know in your day girls were told that "to show a man you care cheapens you in his eyes," and there was some basis for it then.

Until girls began earning their own livings they were dependent on men, and the men regarded them as useful or amusing possessions. A husband's generosity usually matched his wife's ability to please him. He didn't appreciate loyalty because he paid for it, and there was always plenty on the market. Instead of honest, free-souled companionship, he received tantalizing, deceiving, scheming catering to his fancy.

A tantalizing, mocking, tormenting will-o'-the-wisp, may have been man's idea of a mate in your day, but now your Everett dreams of a real comrade, with whom he can share his innermost thoughts, to whom he can give his deepest devotion, one who

will not keep him guessing. Violet won't.

And now we come to Violet's greasy knickers and the brogans and the dirt-streaked face and the "Get a wiggle on, kid." Frankly, your horrified criticism leaves me cold. Violet's prototype has lived all through the centuries. She's as old as Eve. The spirit that makes her sling one leg over the rear seat on Everett's motorcycle and hang on to him while they go tearing through space is the same spirit that the pioneer women possessed—sturdy, fearless, merry, thrilled at the thought of a new adventure! Marvelous mothers!

It was that same spirit that sent them out from the old country; the spirit that made them brave Indians and floods and wild animals as they trekked or rode in swaying caravans across the plains and through the forests of our own country. And long before that, I imagine, when the world was very young, women like this Violet helped their mates slay dinosaurs so the family wouldn't starve.

NOW, they straddle behind their men on motor-cycles, hike on the open road and sleep on the ground. And they swim and play golf and smoke and work for their livings. And they're not so particular about being "dainty" or "feminine." Just plain—living and fighting and loving young humans. God love 'em!

You say you can't understand what Everett or any young man could see in a girl like that. Few mothers would, because very few of them have any genuine conception

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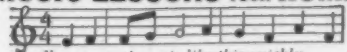
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of what it is that attracts boys and girls to each other. Simply because men have found creamy complexions and soft arms and slim ankles and pretty clothes and daintiness desirable, we have believed that these things did the trick. They do attract, but they don't hold.

The true companion, the woman who really helps her man, isn't a dainty creature of peaches and cream complexion and fastidious taste. She's a daring, indomitable female, ready to take her share in risk and dirt. Her hands are not too soft to scrub the kitchen floors or her back too weak to shoulder the burdens of a demanding household.

IF EVERETT were my son, dear mother, I'd a heap sight rather see him with a girl like Violet than with some dainty little vamp who'd raise Cain with his heart and mind and health. For at least Violet's relationship with him isn't based on sex. Girls who hanker after that sort of thing aren't riding on exploding, roaring, dust-biting motorcycles. They're all dolled up in georgette and mascardo, with an eye peeled for the sheik who has a ritzy car and a bank roll.

And now a father speaks!

He's got it in for the young 'uns, good and proper, his own and everybody's else included! And, like Everett's mad mama, he only wants to air his views on the younger generation. And what views! Listen to this:

"I've got two flapper daughters and a sheik son, and of all the shiftless, cigarette-smoking, jazzy, good-for-nothings—they take the prize. My son and one daughter are in college; the other girl is still in high school, but she's looking forward to the time when she'll be a snappy, hoof-shaking, hip-flask-fur-coat collegiate and can waste her time and her dad's money as the other two are doing. How they ever got through high school beats me. They studied with one eye on the clock and one foot doing a Charleston. But they got through somehow.

"However, I'm forced to compare them to the fine young college people in my day who went to college because they wanted to learn something.

"Perhaps all this sounds a bit rough. Let me explain: I don't think my kids are really bad, you understand, just wild. They're generous and impulsive and good-natured. I'll say that for them. But it makes my blood boil, the way they chase around in yellow and pink and green roadsters, spending money as if it grew on trees.

"**P**ERHAPS I shouldn't feel so bitter; they're simply the product of a carnival age. But I'm not the type to sit back and say: 'It's too bad, but there's nothing to be done.' Something's got to be done, Mrs. Madison, and done mighty quick, unless we're going to become a race of morons."

Ah now, Dad, it's not as bad as all that. Honest. Sure the kids you went to college with weren't like your children and their friends. They were quieter, easier to manage, not so all-fired peppy as the girls and boys today. But after all, just how much did they contribute to the enlightenment and progress of the world? The quiet, docile, sensible young folks of that other generation weren't the ones who make knock-out records. Many of the doubters, the rebels, the "shiftless" ones, have. Many of them will.

To me, there's something rather splendid and fine in the very recklessness and silliness you deplore. It's not weakness, Dad. It's merely a surface eruption; an indication of something very real underneath. Your two girls and your son, along with the rest of their generation will continue to do things that were never done in your day.



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The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES. I see him now, standing there, dejected, grinning, afraid of the world. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—**FAILURE**. He just lived on. A poor worn-out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon **STRENGTH**—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle.

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Of course they are wasting money and time and youthful energy. But they are also hoarding up something far more valuable: freedom and courage and happiness and fearlessness of old conventions and of each other. And they are showing up hypocrisy for exactly what it is worth. They're blazing new and glorious trails, these kids, and although it's a horrifying process to you, their own children and their children's children will thank them for it.

I'm only sorry that you and I won't be here then, so I can say, "I told you so, Dad."

AMONG the many interesting letters that came in this month, I have selected those from Hattie, Jackie, "A Puzzled Boy," and from Lillian to answer at length in the magazine as they seem to me the most helpful.

Hattie's unhappy little letter I am going to answer first, because I want to be sure that you all read it.

The bitterest punishment of all is that which we inflict on ourselves—as Hattie will tell you if you ask her. Hattie's pet peeve right now is against herself and the stubbornness and vanity that have nearly if not completely lost for her the boy of her dreams.

"It's all my own fault," she admits at the very beginning of her letter. "My boy friend and I had a silly misunderstanding about two months ago and we separated. The details of our quarrel aren't important; my own beastly conduct afterwards is. I simply wouldn't make up. Even when my best girl friend came and told me she had seen this boy and he had said he loved me and wanted to make up, I didn't have sense enough to be decent.

"Then he came to see me one night and he was as nice as could be, but some little devil inside me kept urging me to be mean. I was sarcastic and cool and altogether hateful. And now I hardly ever see him, and then only by accident.

"I realize now that I want him back more than anything in the world, but don't you think it's too late? Oh, I want my boy and his love back again, Mrs. Madison, but how shall I go about it?" Hattie."

WELL, Hattie, if you weren't so brutally honest about yourself and so painfully aware of your faults, I'd be inclined to hand you out a mean line and a big lump of discouragement and hope in my secret heart that the boy found another girl. But such a frank admission of guilt as yours deserves a better fate. And so I'll start right off by saying I hope you get him back. And then I'll add to that that I think you will.

Here's how I see it, little girl: The boy is one of those rare males who's willing to come three-quarters or all the way for the girl he loves. I have a sneaking suspicion that little Hattie was in the wrong in this quarrel, or you'd have given me your side. There doesn't seem to be any "your side," which makes the young man all the more admirable. It takes a really big soul to swallow a wrong and say: "Let's make up."

Match his generosity and big-heartedness with some of your own, Hattie. Write him a real, honest-to-goodness sweetheart letter telling him what a chump you've been and all the rest. Ask him to come to see you and hear it all over again from your own lips. Tell him that if he refuses to be

friends now, you won't hold it against him because it's what you deserve, but that if he does come you'll make it all up to him in kisses and sweetness and exemplary conduct from now on.

My guess is that he'll pop right over, the minute he gets that letter. He's a boy who will appreciate honesty like that. Good luck, Hattie, and let this be a lesson to you in the future!

If a girl permits a man, whom she has known only a short time, to kiss her, will he think that she is free and easy with all the fellows? Or can he tell the difference between a professional vamp and a sincere girl who really cares for him? That's the question little "Jackie" of Ponca City, Oklahoma, wants answered. The facts are these:

"I'm pretty, so they tell me, and popular, in spite of the fact that I don't smoke or play cards or dance. That's me.

"He is wonderfully handsome, dresses perfectly, a marvelous dancer, has oodles of conceit, and the girls are wild over him. That's him.

"We met one night, dated the next. He told me he never went 'steady' with a girl because they expect too much attention. The one and only date we had was with another couple, and we went to a country club to dance. As I don't dance I sat around and watched them, but this man was very sweet to me.

"WHEN he was taking me home, although I was quite wild about him, I wouldn't let him kiss me because we had only just met. When we said good night I still refused to kiss him and he said I was stubborn, so then I let him kiss my cheek. You see, Mrs. Madison, I was afraid he'd think I let every man kiss me. But I'm kind of sorry I wasn't more affectionate.

"He has never asked for another date. Recently I wrote him a note, telling him how I had enjoyed our evening and that I'd like to see him again. No answer. But from others I heard that he got my note and that he thought it was very sweet and so was I. But that's not enough. I want him.

"My mother says he will think more of me for it, but that's small comfort. What do you say?" Jackie."

It's every bit as perplexing as you think, Jackie. It's so awfully easy for a girl to give a wrong impression in the beginning, and so often first impressions persist. Perhaps you'll never have another date with this wonderful person; he may never be yours, but I can't help feeling that you did right. Why? Because of the type of man he is.

A man like that, Jackie, who can have any girl he wants, doesn't recognize genuine affection when he meets it. He can't discriminate. Constant playing at love has distorted his viewpoint. Even if you'd yielded to his embraces that night I doubt if he would have fallen very hard. Yours would have been merely another brand of kisses.

He's too vain ever to be constant, I'm afraid, so you should thank your lucky stars he's not a part of your life. It's a shame that he had to be the first one to stir you so deeply. A girl like you is capable of such real love Jackie. And that's why you'll experience more than your share of unhappiness for love's sake before you find a real man and a real lover.

Flopping real estate booms aren't the only things that cause panic or spasms of joy in Florida. According to "A Puzzled Boy" who's basking in the sunlight and balmy breezes of Key West, a girl, if she is THE girl can make you go through the same sensations. His girl has.

"Must I marry her?" he asks. "We've been going together for about four years and we've just broken up because I refused to give up the friendship of another girl, not because I care so much for her, but because she's been a sort of anchor to windward. The real girl I'm crazy about, of course, but not crazy enough to get married for a while, anyway. I want to get on in business and gain a little more experience before I tackle that job."

"BUT the girl won't have it that way. I've got to give up the other one and marry her, or I'm off her list forever. She says I've taken four years of her life. Old stuff! But she believes it. She seems to consider it a point of honor. So which is it to be? Dishonorable freedom? Or honor in chains?"

A Puzzled Boy and how!"

What'll you do, boy? Go away while the going's good. The next thing you know she'll have her old man out for you with a sawed-off shot gun or her lawyer with breach of promise papers. She's just the type.

Unless you have asked her not once but often to marry you and unless you're publicly and privately engaged, there's not a question of honor involved. And even if there were, that's the silliest excuse for getting married I ever heard of. Maybe it's a mean trick to spill the beans about my sex like this, but I feel an urge to do it. Does the modern girl go out gunning for a mate? I'll say she does. And the first thing "mate" knows, he's all tied up in matrimonial knots and wondering how it ever happened.

I've had girls tell me it tickles them to death to put something like this over. "The men have had their innings long enough," they say. "Now it's our chance!" If a girl's just naturally ornery and bloodthirsty, it's lots of fun, but for those who prefer fair play, it's not so funny. It used to be the heathen Chinese who was a bear for "ways that are dark." But now—well, think over your own experience, Puzzled Boy, and in the future, govern yourself accordingly.

If Romeo and Juliet had lived in this, our year of 1927, they'd never in the world have gone down in history. Why? Because there would never have been any heroic suicide pact. Juliet would have found herself a job at the very first crack her father made about her Romeo. Then when Romeo finally got around to suggesting matrimony they'd have hopped the subway down to City Hall and that's all there would have been to it. And that's exactly what Lillian of Bridgeport, Conn., should do.

"I'm madly in love with Ernie," she confesses, "only he's got a wife, a mean one who won't let him get a divorce. She won't live with him, either, so he must wait one more year and then he can get one in spite of her. Then we'll be married, maybe."

"I SAY 'maybe' because my mother has a finger in the pie too. Mother likes Carl better than Ernie, probably because he asked her if he could marry me before he asked me. Imagine the nerve! And mother said yes. Of course, I said no, but she didn't pay any attention. She says I'm making a fool of myself over Ernie; that he's just stringing me along and never intends to get a divorce or marry me. I know that Ernie loves me as much as I love him, but this mother of mine has talked Carl at me until I'm ready to scream. She tells me I've got to marry him, and I suppose I will. Mother's the sort who keeps at you until she wears down your resistance. Mine's about gone, although when I think of it, death would seem better than being married to Carl. Oh, heavens! What shall I do, Mrs. Madison?"

Lillian."

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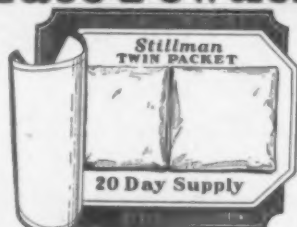
S-25—Three AA1 blue-white diamonds adorns this Ladies' Ring wrought in 14K white gold.

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And if you begin handing out a very firm and quiet, "No!" every time your mother mentions Carl's name, she'll soon learn that you mean what you say. It's when you give signs of weakening that she pulls in the line. Oh, I know those mothers, Lillian. "Vampire mothers," I call them. Poor, misguided souls who forget that their children ever grow up. Your mother is probably convinced that she is acting out of her deep and abounding love for you in selecting your husband, but only a slight analysis proves this is not so. Love serves and gives, but it does not dictate or hamper. Love permits freedom of expression, peace of mind, our heart's desire. It doesn't force a smaller and unhappy existence.

There's no more beautiful sentiment in the world, Lillian, than the love between mother and daughter when it's the right sort of love. But this sloppy sentimentality that demands painful and unnecessary sacrifices from the children is just so much blah!

If Ernie's worth loving, he's worth believing in and waiting for. Girls do get

taken in, occasionally, by rascals, but it's the exception nowadays rather than the rule.

The mail was unusually heavy this month. Now that the holidays are over and life has settled back again into its ordinary course, matters of the heart loom most important. And I regret that some of your letters must be answered in the following abbreviated form. However, to those of you who find the short answers unsatisfactory I will be glad to write personal letters, providing, of course, you give me your addresses. BETTY JEAN: It's not all his fault. Separations are bad. And he is probably unusually fickle. Try to get interested in someone else. It's much the better way. Really the only one.

VIOLET: I agree with your mother. You did perfectly right. He had no right to ask such a sacrifice of you. It was selfish and unfair.

JEANNE: People will "talk," as you say, if this boy comes to visit you. But if it means a great deal to you, have him. Your father's approval ought to be sufficient, I should think. PEDRO: Stick it out; the little ones need you now. Later perhaps things will be different. That's the best I can offer you.

BETTY CUNNINGHAM: Please send me your address. I want to write you personally.

And now, good-by for a little time. I wonder if the months come around as fast to you as they do to me?

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Should We Hush Our Scandals?

[Continued from page 55]

excuse for entering upon loose relations with those to whom they could, without great inconvenience, be married.

I do not know enough of the social conditions existing in the United States to say whether facility for divorce has, on the whole, proved a good thing or a bad thing. For in such a connection we have to consider not only the question of the husband and the wife; we have equally to examine the case of the children of such couples.

HAS the American divorce system adequately protected the children of the first marriage? Do social difficulties in this matter present themselves? Has the position of the woman herself been weakened by the fact that, after she has given the best years of her life to her husband, it is possible for him without extraordinary difficulty to exclude her from his life and to marry some one younger? These and similar questions could be answered only by American authorities.

It does seem, however, that those in America who are inclined to become critical of our morals in England ought to remember that the matrimonial tie in this country is far more difficult to unloose than in the United States of America. It has become easier than it was; but ecclesiastical influence, illogically exerted, has prevented a logical solution of our own divorce problems; and has, in my judgment, immensely contributed both to the chicanery of our divorce court proceedings and to the immorality of certain classes of our people.

The foregoing observations must not be construed as meaning that I dispute the fact that there has been, since 1914, a disturb-

ing but not alarming decline in the standard of public morals. I think that there has. But you cannot suddenly call upon twenty million of the youth of the world to kill one another without producing certain rather ugly psychological consequences. Many are killed; those who survive have undergone bitter experiences. The mental changes produced in man by a war waged with the intensity of the Great War have their reactions upon women.

The war produced a spirit of fine recklessness among the actual combatants. We rightly acclaim and reward this spirit; for it was indeed indispensable to the victory which we won. But recklessness is not a quality which you can segregate in a watertight compartment. Once admitted in man's nature, perhaps to become his master, it will begin to dominate quite different and unrelated sides of his character and temperament. And so a great increase in violence and crime and an undoubted relaxation of the standards of all moral conduct has followed the actual strife.

A familiar illustration is to be found in what were known as "war marriages." A young man, surrounded by desperate dangers in the trenches, knowing that after ten days' leave he must face them again, returns to London. He is determined, and small blame to him, that these days at least shall be days of pleasure. And perhaps at some night club he meets an attractive young member of the "war woman" class. The attraction, if fugitive, is warm and mutual; and so there arises quickly in the minds of both the question: "Why should we not marry?" They often did.

It would be ludicrous to expect that many

such unions could permanently endure upon terms of sustained happiness, and so we find the divorce court, for years after the Armistice, paralyzed by an unprecedented congestion of divorce cases, about seventy percent of which were the result of the war.

A FURTHER consideration is to be found in the imitative faculty of human beings. Doctor Crippen killed Belle Elmore; having killed her, he found himself embarrassed by the existence on the premises of a substantial corpse, which it was extremely difficult to dispose of conveniently and with discretion; he therefore attempted the horrible task of cutting her into small bits for the purpose, so to speak, of reticent and piecemeal distribution.

After Crippen, there came the case of Patrick Mahon and the cold-blooded bungalow murder. Who could doubt that Mahon owed something to the example of Crippen? Then again, though one would have thought that the results in the previous cases were not altogether encouraging, we find quite a young man, Norman Thorne, engaged in a detestable murder, attempting to dispose of his victim in the same gruesome and difficult manner.

The psychology of crime has not within ten years received more bizarre and terrible illustrations than in the fateful period through which we have lived since the outbreak of the Great War. Take for instance, the Leopold-Loeb case in Chicago. I have had occasion in the course of my life to make a somewhat careful study of medical criminology but I am hardly aware of a case in the history of crime which illustrates more vividly the pathological degeneracy to which the minds of young children may surrender.

I cannot within the limited space of this article discuss to what extent this orgy of post-war crime is affiliated with the emotions excited by the war, but the subject certainly deserves fuller consideration than it has hitherto received.

Still another tentative observation may be risked. The United States themselves do not appear in the eyes of cautious and friendly observers in other countries to have escaped entirely the changes which the last decade has brought. The number of violent crimes has undergone a sinister increase. The war spirit, short-lived as was the actual period of cooperation, did not fail during and after that period to produce reckless reactions comparable to those which I have analyzed in Europe.

Perhaps too there is another explanation, more formidable because more widely flung, and probably destined to last longer. May it not be the fact that the attempt to force prohibition upon a nation not yet ready for it, naturally independent and self-reliant, never formally consulted, may, by the denial of respect to a particular law, have impaired ultimately the respect due to the whole law?

In the imperfection and frailty of human nature, the transgression of one law easily and swiftly becomes the parent of another. But I am perhaps involving myself in a controversy not entirely necessary for the principal purpose of this article; and certainly too long to be pursued to an end within its limits.

LET me then summarize my conclusions. There has undoubtedly in the last ten years been some relaxation in the standard of public morals. Such a decline is not rendered unimportant by the fact that it is principally to be discovered in the great cities of the world; for after all the aggregate population of these cities constitutes a vital element in the population of the world.

But the deterioration must not be exaggerated. Its effect is not to be observed very much more in one country than in another; and there are already discernible some encouraging indications that its high-water mark has been reached.

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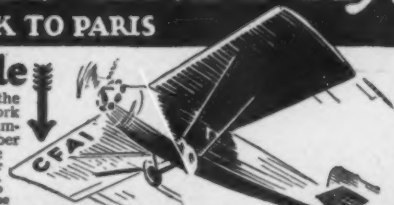
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Rich Man? Poor Man?

[Continued from page 82]

into a big cast, and I ran away and closed my ears to try to shut out the poor little thing's cries.

And there was big Helen, acting like a tiger, as if she could kill somebody or something and not letting anyone come within a foot of the baby.

She gave up her job then and there, and for about a month things went along as usual. Then one day when I went to the grocery store, the grocer who had always served our family, shook his head and looked embarrassed.

"I'm afraid I can't let you charge any more, Molly," he said.

THAT woke me up right away. I went back to Helen and we talked for about five minutes before I made up my mind. Helen wouldn't trust the baby to anyone else now. She felt no one else could or would do as much, and I guess she was right. She never came to the end of her patience and endurance. She'd be up all night long sometimes and never say a word.

Her job in the dry-goods store had been snapped up long ago, and there wasn't any other work in our town except rough work for which I hadn't the strength, and which hardly paid enough to keep you alive anyway.

"I'll go to the city," I said. "I'll get a job and send money home."

And Helen agreed that that was the best thing to do.

I'd never wanted to go to the city, because I hadn't any desire to go on the stage or dance or do anything like that. I guess, to be absolutely honest, about the only thing I wanted was to be married to some man I liked and have a home of my own.

Besides I was scared of the city. I'd read a lot and seen a lot of movies, and I'd ended by thinking a girl wasn't safe in a big city. So I thought I was being brave. Maybe I was brave. I was just a kid and you've got to be brave to stand loneliness anyway.

We scraped together every cent we had. Helen broke down and cried as she slid a knife through the slot of the baby's bank and even took the money out of that.

She said, "What a fool I was! Don't you mess your life up the way I've done, Molly! You just keep your head. Men are all alike, I guess. Remember that!"

She looked so stern and bitter, as if she were years older than the girl who had run away about two years before. I told myself I wasn't going to get into any trouble.

When I left I felt I could conquer the world, but the nearer I got to New York, the more lonely and scared I felt. And when I saw the city, people rushing here and there, big cars rolling up in front of great stores, and everyone spending money and having a good time, it seemed to me I was the only person in it who was without a friend in the world.

THERE'S no use telling about the month that followed. I found a room where I used to bawl all night and write Helen long letters telling her I expected to land a fine position the next day.

Everyone was nice to me, and seemed sorry not to be able to give me a job, but somehow there didn't seem to be anything I could do. And as for men trying to take advantage of me or make love to me, I'd just about decided that all the things I'd heard were lies, when I got my job and a man did try to make love to me.

The month seemed like a year and my money was just about used up. Only by gritting my teeth could I keep from running to the station and getting a train for home.

At the Pantheon Theater, I was told to go into the private office. Presently a big square-shouldered man came in. He had dark eyes and he stared at me and smiled. Everything about him looked like money, as they say. He had on several diamond rings, and a beautifully cut suit of rich looking serge.

"Say, how would you like to sell tickets?" he asked. "Your looks are worth something."

I was trembling with excitement and praying he'd take me. He did, so quickly I couldn't realize I was really hired. Then as I started to leave, he caught my hand and pulled me back.

"I'd like to put you in a little cage all of my own," he said. His voice had a rather low, husky sound to it, and his eyes stared into mine. I drew my hand away quickly.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Afraid?"

"No."

He was standing between me and the door, and in that instant I knew if I had had any choice, I'd have thrown down the job he offered right then and there. But I thought of my sister and of little Helen, and gritted my teeth. It was a big city. I wasn't on a desert island. He couldn't hurt me, in spite of the gaze he turned on me.

At last he gave a short laugh. "All right, run along, and show up here tomorrow about noon. You and I are going to be good friends, aren't we?"

THEN he let me pass. I went outside and I gave a little shiver though it wasn't a cold day. I'd landed a job, but I wondered how long I was going to keep it.

Well, from the first Dave Grady, for that was the house manager's name, tried to make friends with me. He had a lot of other enterprises besides the theater, but he'd stop at my booth and talk and make remarks which I'd ignore.

"All alone down here, and you haven't got a friend. Why won't I do?"

Then he'd smile, and I'd look away, and say to myself:

"He'll get tired soon and then angry, and I'll be fired."

But it was so wonderful to be able to send a money order home to Helen at the end of the week that I prayed that wouldn't happen.

As I was shy, I didn't make friends easily with the other employees of the theater. But the ushers and the operator and everyone else seemed to realize that Dave Grady was interested in me. I could tell that by the way they looked at me.

But there was one thing I couldn't help noticing. All these people who worked for him seemed to like him tremendously. They acted as if they'd do anything for him, and there weren't any whisperings or looks behind his back and things like that. I had to admit that in every way except one Dave Grady was likable. I could see how if I hadn't been afraid of him I'd have thought him fascinating. I even made little excuses for him. No wonder he lived a fast life, for lots of women must have found him terribly attractive. And of course he must lead a fast life, or he wouldn't be after me in the way he was.

I kept out of his way as much as I could. Every day I'd go to the theater, and as soon as I was through at five-thirty and

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the treasurer came to take my place for the bigger evening crowds, I'd almost vanish in my haste to get away. One evening I heard Dave Grady call to me, but I pretended I hadn't. He followed me but I managed to get out of sight in the crowd and go down one of the side streets. I wondered how much longer this would keep up.

ONE day just before the first show, he came in and told me he wanted my opinion about changing the seating arrangements. It was like an order and I couldn't refuse.

The theater was dim inside like a church. We went down the aisle, and Dave Grady told me what he meant to do. Then all at once he moved closer and put his arm around my shoulder.

"Listen, Molly, why go on being lonely?" he said.

At the same instant one of the doors opened softly in the back of the orchestra, and a young man came down towards us.

I noticed he had a round head, and even in that shadowy light that he had a nice smile. He looked a little timid, I thought, though my real first thought was one of relief for his arrival.

"What do you want? What do you mean by coming in here?" Dave Grady demanded angrily.

"I—they told me the boss was here," he stammered. "Don't need a good piano player, do you?"

"Got one," Grady said.

The young man turned away without another word. His shoulders were bent a little, and all at once I thought of how I had come to the city, afraid of everything, and been turned down so often. Saying something about it being necessary for me to go to the booth, I managed to get away from Grady. My heart was thumping madly and I told myself he had probably reached the limit of his patience and would get rid of me now.

As I went out into the lobby, I saw the young man who had applied for the orchestra job. He was standing, watching the crowds go past, as if he hadn't a place in the world to go, and I thought he looked downcast.

I felt a warm rush of sympathy for him, and I tried to express it by my smile. He came over near the booth, and in about a minute we were talking as if we had known each other all our lives.

It's almost impossible not to like somebody who's in trouble. You're bound to make allowances, for one thing. And though somehow the quick glances this man kept throwing behind him were furtive and suspicious, I told myself he had probably been through a lot of misfortune and his nerve was gone.

I THOUGHT of how lonely I'd been, and of all the things that I'd been through. I imagined he was going through them, too. I did my best to encourage him, telling him he was certain to land a job soon.

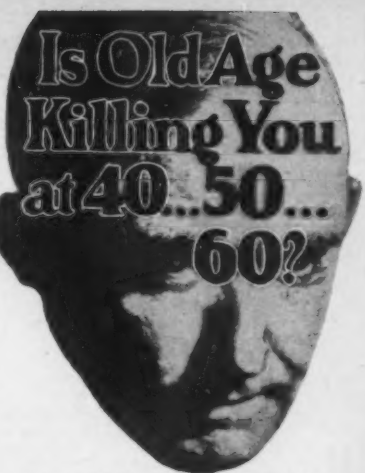
He looked at me with his head on one side and grinned.

"Yes, I guess I can't avoid one much longer," he said. "But if you run into some rich old dame who doesn't know what to do with her money, just let me know, won't you?"

He nodded and went away. And I told myself he was being cynical just to try to keep up his spirits.

I tried to think of some way I could help him. He was from the country, he'd told me. From a little town out West, and I kept thinking of how helpless he really was. Somehow everybody in the city was so hard and unfair, that you didn't have a chance unless you became the same way, too.

As I was thinking that, Dave Grady came out. He gave me a sullen look like a spoiled small boy, and went past without a word.



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I saw a down-and-outer who was searching the faces of the crowd go up to him and Dave Grady put his hand in his pocket and gave him something before he was through speaking. It was easy to see why people liked him. I felt I might have liked him, too, if he'd only let me alone.

Things went on so monotonously and I had so little to think about, that I thought about Jack Rogers, the young man I'd talked to, the young piano player from the little country town. And two days later about four o'clock in the afternoon, he came down the street and walked up to my booth.

He chatted a while, and somehow, looking at his worn clothes and nervous gestures, I felt sorer than ever for him. I was as nice to him as I could be, thinking he was in low spirits.

The next day he came back again, and pretty soon he'd stop by every day. He'd tell me about his attempts to get a job. I felt he liked me, but he never became personal, and sometimes he'd only stop for a minute.

Of course Dave Grady saw what was happening, and he'd look furiously at Jack whenever he saw him with me. That made me obstinate. Even if I were to lose my job, I told myself I was going to choose my friends.

I think it was Grady's jealousy that made me feel I liked Jack Rogers so much, even though I still knew scarcely anything about him. Because we were both without friends in the city, we grew more and more drawn to each other.

THEN one day he didn't appear, and by the end of the afternoon it seemed to me I was just searching the faces of the crowd looking for him. I began to get worried. Sometimes he had gotten so blue, he had talked of killing himself and things like that. Suppose something had happened to him! Or maybe it was that he was just ashamed of merely stopping in each day to talk to me, and never taking me anywhere, to lunch or anything like that. He'd muttered something about being too poor to do the things he wanted, and I knew he'd meant taking me out. As if that mattered!

I wrote a long letter to Helen that night, enclosing my usual money order. Then I sat on my bed and kept thinking about Jack Rogers. I told myself nothing had happened to him, and that he'd probably show up the next day.

But there was no sign of him then, either. And that afternoon as I was putting on my hat and coat in the office, I saw Grady smirking at me in the doorway. Then I was sure, right away, that Grady had something to do with Jack's disappearance. Why hadn't I thought of that before? What could he have said to Jack?

I hated Dave Grady, hated him for being so rich and so powerful. He seemed to have everything he wanted, good looks and strength and determination. Jack would be so helpless against a man like that. I wished I had asked Jack for his address. As it was, I didn't even know where he lived. What had become of him? Wouldn't I ever see him again?

The next day I went out to lunch as usual. As I was coming out of the restaurant, I saw Jack Rogers. He didn't see me. He was staring at the things in the windows, and he looked thin and haggard.

I put my hand gently on his arm, and he turned nervously.

"Jack," I asked, "what's happened? Did he tell you to keep away?"

"Who? Your boss?" He shook his head. "Oh," I said, wonderingly. "Well, it doesn't matter."

I was a little angry at myself for having worried so much about him. The next moment he said something which changed my whole mood.

"No, of course it doesn't," he said. A kind of bitterness came into his voice and

eyes. "When a fellow's in trouble, I guess it doesn't matter to anybody else. When you haven't eaten for two days—"

He noticed the look on my face, and stopped.

"So long, Molly!" he said jauntily. "Be good. I don't suppose you can help it!"

I didn't pay any attention to his sneering, or the way he spoke. I felt that if I were in trouble like that, I'd hate everybody too.

I put my hand on his arm. "But I want to help you," I pleaded. "Can't I do anything?"

He gave a swift look, as if he were wondering about something.

"**S**EE here," he said with sudden frankness. "I'm getting some money tomorrow. Then I'll be able to pay my landlord and get my room back. Last night I put up on a park bench. But it isn't that that worries me. I need the money now! I've got to have it now. Tomorrow will be too late. If I only knew someone I could borrow from!"

I gazed around desperately, as if somewhere I'd see some money floating down from the sky. I'd paid my own rent, and I hadn't a thing. Sending Helen all I could spare always left me without a penny at the end of the week.

He made an impatient gesture. "Oh, don't bother your head about it," he said.

"But," I exclaimed, "there must be something I can do. I haven't anything myself, but maybe I could get some money somewhere. And you've got to let me help you. After all, we're both from country towns, aren't we? You see, it's really up to me to help you."

He was silent for a moment. Then he explained slowly:

"Well, I'll tell you what the trouble is. As I said, tomorrow I'm getting some money—two hundred dollars from a music publisher. But I need every cent of it right now. I have to wire it right away, or my mother's house, the house she's lived in all her life, will be taken from her. And she's sick. That's the trouble I'm in."

I didn't know what to say. I just stood there staring at him, and feeling so sorry for him that a lump rose in my throat. Then as I racked my brain, one wild impulse came to me.

"Listen," I said, "I don't think there's much of a chance, but since you can get the money and pay me back tomorrow, I might be able to borrow it for you."

A look of bewilderment and hope crossed his face. He started to speak, but I stopped him.

"Stay right here," I said. "I won't be long. Only don't be too disappointed if nothing comes of it. I'll do my best."

IWENT down the street with a kind of warm glow inside me. But the nearer I got to the Pantheon Theater, the more my courage failed me, and the more scared I became of carrying my impulse out.

But what could happen to me? Nothing except a refusal. And Jack would do the same for me, wouldn't he, if I were in trouble?

I had seen Dave Grady go into the private office before I went to lunch. He was still there. I stepped inside.

"I've got to have two hundred dollars," I said without any preliminaries, "and I've come to you. You see, I can pay it back tomorrow. Otherwise, I wouldn't—I wouldn't—"

Dave Grady waved my apologies aside. "Sure!" he said and put his hand into his pocket and counted out the money.

I didn't know how to thank him, because I felt too grateful. He hadn't hesitated, he hadn't even asked me for an explanation. No wonder people liked him as they did. I wished somehow that we could have been friends, that he hadn't from the very start

made me distrust him by being so insistent. In a minute I was on the street, retracing my steps to Jack Rogers.

When I put the bills into his hands, he looked as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

"I wouldn't have believed it!" he muttered as if to himself. "See here, Molly, I want to know you a lot better. This is a pretty big thing you've done for me. Let's have a little celebration tonight, what do you say? Tell you what, I'll get in some delicatessen stuff and we'll eat together up in my room, and maybe take in a show afterwards. How would that be?"

HIS eyes looked straight into mine, and then I looked away. I went back to the theater, but my mind was full of what had happened. At last five-thirty came when I was free to go. I went inside to get my things. Just as I was leaving Dave Grady came in.

"Hello," he said, "what's the rush? Let's sit down and have a little talk."

"If you don't mind, Mr. Grady," I said, "I've got to go. I've got an appointment."

"Well, you can give me a minute, can't you?" he asked.

After what he had done for me, I couldn't refuse, but I didn't like being alone with him like that in the dark office.

He came over and stood close to me. It was as if he were trying to hold himself back from kissing me right then.

"Listen, Molly," he said. "I'm wild about you. Now what are you so sore about? You don't even speak to me half the time. I notice you're friendly enough with that imitation lounge lizard who comes hanging around here every afternoon. Don't you think I'm as good as he is? Listen, even if you don't like me now I could show you a good time. You're lonely, aren't you? Come on up to my apartment—I want you to meet—"

His hand had closed around mine but I knew things couldn't go on this way. They just had to stop. I felt miserable and scared and angry all at once.

"You've bothered me ever since I've come here," I broke out. "You think because you're rich I'll give in to you, but I won't. Maybe I haven't any friends to protect me, but just because you did me a big favor this afternoon, you try to take advantage of me now. I suppose that's why you did me that favor, to put me under obligation to you. Well, I'll see that you get the money back tomorrow. And you don't need to fire me. I'll go."

I was half sobbing by that time, and I didn't even hear what he was trying to say to me. I broke away from him almost violently, and got out on the street. Then my heart sank. I couldn't have acted any other way, but I was out of a job now, and how was I going to tell Helen? Well, I'd get another, even if I didn't have any special training.

I WAS on my way to see Jack Rogers, and thinking of him and how happy I'd been able to make him, I was suddenly glad. Maybe it was worth it, worth going through anything, if you could help a person in a pinch like that.

I found myself in front of a red, old-fashioned stone house in the west Forties. It must have been a fine residence once, but it looked gloomy and sordid now. The front door was open, and I climbed the stairs till I came to a door with Jack Rogers's name on it.

When I knocked, he stood there smiling at me, looking like a different man. He had a brand new suit. Across his shoulder I saw a table piled with all sorts of things to eat. There was a polished cane leaning against the wall, a hat still in its box, and a suitcase with the wrapping only partly torn off.

He waved at the new things. "You put me on easy street," he said.

"But," I said, "how did you—I mean I



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thought you had to wire the money home." He frowned. "Sure I did. But I just picked up most of these things for a small deposit."

Then silencing any other questions I might have asked he led me over to the table. He was in such high spirits that I decided to say nothing of what had happened to me. We ate a lot of cold meats and salads and I made some coffee on a little two-burner gas stove. While I was doing that he went to a closet and came back with two bottles of whiskey.

"I've got something to celebrate with," he said.

WHEN I told him I didn't want any myself, he tried his best to make me change my mind. "Oh, come on," he pleaded. "One won't do you harm. Besides I don't want to drink alone. I thought you were a good sport."

I still refused and he grew a little angry. I told him he was spoiled.

We were sitting on a big wide couch, which was the only thing to sit on. There were lots of pillows on it piled against the wall. I lay back and Jack sat next to me, putting his whiskey glass on the table where he could reach it.

I don't know why it was, but everything seemed to be wrong. Jack himself seemed like another man. Now that he was drinking he had changed though I didn't just know how.

And when he leaned over and kissed me, I only felt that I didn't want him to. I didn't like him enough.

Then he said:

"See here, you certainly woke me up this afternoon. I didn't know you had a friend."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, don't let's kid each other. You didn't get two hundred dollars just by asking for it? You don't think I was born yesterday, do you?"

I looked at him in utter astonishment. All the things I had thought of him since I had first seen him seemed suddenly untrue. His light grey eyes had an almost treacherous look in them, and his smile seemed cruel somehow. I was so bewildered I couldn't speak at first. Then at last I found my voice.

"How can you say anything like that to me? How can you, knowing me as you do? I thought you realized I—"

"Oh, don't pull that innocent little country girl stuff on me," he said savagely. "I'm from the country, too, and I know all about it. You got away with it for a while, but I always suspected . . ." He reached over suddenly and grabbed my hand.

"I hate you!" I cried as I jumped to my feet. He got up unsteadily and stood between me and the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere! Anywhere! Away from you!"

HE SEEMED to be collecting his senses.

Then all at once he grinned. "You gave me two hundred dollars for my poor, poor mother this afternoon," he said mockingly. "My poor, poor mother, who'd try to get me locked up if she ever got her eyes on me. Well, I told you I'd give you back the money tomorrow. And I will, too. Tomorrow morning, if you stay here until then. If you want to leave, that lets me out!"

I looked at him unbelievably, a kind of horror forcing itself into my brain. The man I had thought timid and shy and struggling was really a cheat, living on his wits and stopping at nothing.

Two hundred dollars, the two hundred I owed Dave Grady and I could get it back only on such conditions! I didn't even pretend to answer. I put on my things as quickly as I could and slipped past him to the door.

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And he stood there, watching, looking at me with narrowed eyes, as if wondering what I was going to do. I heard him call something after me when I was in the hall, but I would not let myself listen.

I made my way home with a terrible bitterness coming over me. I remembered what my sister had said, that all men were alike. I told myself I'd never believe in any other man again.

That night I lay awake, thinking and trying to stop thinking. I was worried and depressed. I'd have to see Dave Grady again, and tell him I couldn't pay him back right away, but if he'd give me time, I'd make everything right. There was no use trying to get it back from Jack Rogers. He'd lie, say anything, and besides I disliked him now even more than Grady. Grady at least didn't pretend to be anything he wasn't.

But I didn't dare see Grady again, because I was afraid now, afraid of everyone and everything. I decided I'd write him a letter and try to explain.

The next morning I got up and read the want ads in the papers. I went to about ten places, I guess, and finally I was so tired and discouraged that I gave up and went back to my room.

I hadn't written to Dave Grady yet. I wanted to put it off as long as I could.

When I got to the house I lived in, I saw a letter addressed to me on the table in the hall. It wasn't in Helen's handwriting and she was the only person who ever wrote to me.

OPENING it, I found it was from Dr. Martin, back in Middleburg. He told me that he was writing confidentially to me. He understood that I was supporting the family by working in the city. The baby was slowly getting better, but the terrible strain had begun to tell on Helen. She was threatened with serious illness unless she could have a change of climate right away. It would do the baby good also. He wouldn't say anything to her until he heard from me.

I put the letter down and stood there. It seemed as if everything in the world had gone against me. A terrible feeling of desperation and hopelessness came over me. It was as if I were being driven by forces I couldn't fight. Helen, my sister—and her baby—what would become of us all?

Standing there, I felt there was only one answer. The city had beaten me, and I didn't have any choice. Well, I'd go to Dave Grady's apartment. I'd go now, without thinking. I'd give up.

I tried to eat a little before I looked up Dave Grady's address in the phone book. When I got there I found that he lived in a big handsome apartment house, overlooking the river. The doorman looked me over, then nodded and told me the floor.

All at once after I rang the bell I started to walk rapidly away; then I stopped and came back. It was no use trying. Even if I got the best job I could hope for, it wouldn't be enough to take care of Helen now.

The door opened and a white-haired woman with a sweet face peered out at me. For a moment I thought I'd rung the wrong bell, but when I mumbled the name, she smiled and asked me to come in. She wasn't at all the kind of housekeeper I had expected Dave Grady to have.

I stepped into a little room on the side and waited there. I was scared now, and trying not to think, trying not to realize what I was doing.

I looked up. Dave Grady had entered. A look of surprise came into his eyes at the sight of me, surprise and pleasure.

I couldn't speak, I could only stare at him, but I knew my face was burning with shame.

Then at last I managed to say:

"I came up as you asked me to. I—there

doesn't seem to be any way I can pay you back the two hundred dollars except this."

He was frowning. "What do you mean?" He gave me a steady look, then all at once he caught me to my feet, put his arms around me, and I felt his kisses on my face and lips.

His voice was hoarse as he said:

"I USED to think that if I loved a woman, I wouldn't want her unless she loved me, too. But I love you so much that I don't care whether or not you love me. I don't care if the only reason you are willing to marry me is to try and pay back that loan!"

I think I broke away from him in my sudden astonishment. I felt a quiver run through my body. I searched his face as if I had never seen it before. Marry me! Marry me! Had he really said that? Had I heard him say that?

"But you don't mean," I faltered, "you don't mean you want me to—to—"

"I want you to love me more than you could love anyone else!" he said. "But even if you don't love me at all, I want you as my wife just the same. I'll make you love me some day!"

My head was whirling. All I could think of was what a fool I had been. Because Dave Grady was wealthy and powerful, I had distrusted him. I had read in all his attentions to me just one thing. That he had really fallen in love with me was something that had never even crossed my mind. Even now, when I'd heard him say it, I couldn't quite believe it.

Why, I'd twisted everything he'd done and said. I'd believed because he'd tried to touch me that he was anxious to make one more conquest. I'd believed the foolish gossip about him. I'd been a fool and I was ashamed of myself.

Just as I thought Jack Rogers was good, I had thought Dave hard and unscrupulous. And something seemed to happen to me, something that was strange. I'd tried to tell myself how hateful Dave Grady was, and looking at him now, it was as if everything were changed. I could see in him only his natural kindness and generosity.

A queer thing, to be afraid of someone for weeks, and all at once come to your senses and realize there isn't anyone you'd rather trust! I had come to the city, with my head full of ridiculous fears, but it wasn't the city man I had need to be afraid of, but a man from a country town like my own.

I heard Dave saying things to me, telling me how good he meant to be. I heard him mention his mother, the white-haired woman I had thought was his housekeeper. His mother lived with him and he wanted me to meet her; that was why he had asked me to come up to the apartment.

How could I explain? What could I say? But Dave Grady didn't seem to care about anything except that I had come to him at last of my own accord.

I did try to falter something that would explain away all my past rudeness and indifference.

"You never told me about your mother or anything," I said.

"You didn't give me a chance," he declared. "But I knew you'd like me sometime. I knew some day you'd listen to me. Why, as soon as I saw you, I knew you were the girl I wanted to marry. I knew you were good and nothing in the world could ever make you bad."

WELL, you have to have some secret from everybody, I guess, and I knew that the real reason why I had come to him at last was going to be my secret from Dave. I felt happy and peaceful, and the bitterness left me for good. I began to smile as I thought of Helen and her baby and realized that though I could do everything for them now, the sudden joy in my heart wasn't for that alone!

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The Folly of Trial Marriages

[Continued from page 25]

doubly blessed. But it is only when the glamour has worn off that they take stock to ascertain if they are in mental accord. Deliberate selection on a mental basis on the part of two people marrying seems to me an extremely rare thing.

The increase in divorce does not mean that marriage has failed. It simply means that certain adjustments must be made in the marriage relation to correspond to the changing times. There must be more freedom in marriage. The present unrest will never be quieted, until we not only recognize this need for freedom, but see to it that it is there. That is no easy thing, I know. It is the instinct of people in love to be possessive. But this possessiveness must be got rid of. It is that which breaks up most marriages.

THE happiest couple I know have been married for twenty-five years. Quite unconsciously the husband put his finger upon the reason, when he said, "You know, my wife treats me almost as if I were a stranger." That was quite true. Each goes his own way. There is no sense of possessiveness there, but happiness and contentment, instead.

Some time ago I met a young couple who had been married several years. "It is so hard not to be possessive," the wife said. "But I am trying awfully hard and I think I am succeeding."

"When my husband and I were married we made a pact never to interfere with each other; to ask no questions and to let each go his own way. It worked perfectly until we got to Paris. Then on two nights in succession my husband went out, returning very late and volunteering no information about where he had been or what he had been doing."

"I wanted to ask him. I almost did several times, but then I remembered our agreement. The third night he put on his dinner clothes and went out again. I was frantic. It was that sense of possessiveness coming to the fore. I decided to show him the error of his ways by example, instead of by asking unwelcome questions and being possessive about him."

"At one o'clock I put on my evening clothes and waited for an hour or more until I heard my husband coming up the stairs. Then I picked up my cloak and climbed out of the window to the fire escape. I went to the floor above and sat in the dark hall until four o'clock. I crept down two flights and then with the normal amount of noise I came up the one flight to our apartment and let myself in."

"MY HUSBAND was waiting for me, with a worried expression on his face. Several times he started to speak, but thought better of it. He was remembering our agreement, I suppose, and contented himself with looking at me morosely. I started a conversation on some unimportant subject and we chatted for a half hour or so, without any questions on either side."

"The remainder of the time we spent in Paris, my husband and I were inseparable companions. I still don't know where he was those nights and I know he is still wondering where I was until four o'clock. Had I been possessive and demanded to know where he was and why he had failed to take me, the chances are I would have spent every night alone in Paris."

That woman undoubtedly will make a success of her marriage. She realizes that the sense of freedom in marriage is important, even if the freedom is not used. Possessiveness destroys a marriage sooner

than anything else. Most of the trouble in the world comes from two clashing rights. Since you women have insisted upon your rights and we men are gradually learning to yield, the relationship between men and women should become much better.

If we men insist upon what you women have every good reason to call our "anti-quoted or oriental ideas" we are bound to be licked. You women have waked up to the fact that you don't have to stand for us any more if we are not agreeable. I thank Providence that such is the case. The world is much more cheerful, since we men have had to be agreeable and on our good behavior all the time.

MEN have always wanted women to be happy and in their own peculiar way have tried to make them so. We men today are no different. We want you women to be happy, but the trouble lies in our wanting you to be happy in the way we want you to be happy. That sounds involved but it isn't half so involved as the situation itself.

If we simply wanted you to be happy and let it go at that, doing nothing about it and permitting our good wishes to take the place of our well-intentioned but often blundering deeds, the case might be altered. But wishes alone do not content us. We feel that we should do things to make you happy. Yet, to have you happy is not enough. That by no means contents us. We insist upon your being happy in the way we think you ought to be.

I should qualify that, perhaps. We used to be that way, but those days of masculine supremacy, I am afraid, are over. Now we have turned a right about face and are trying hard to make you happy in the way you want to be, instead of in our way. But you must give us time. We men have to recover from a shock that traces its origin to the idea of the wife secluded in the harem. We have had to travel a long distance in a short time to keep pace with you. You have changed so rapidly in recent years.

You have a perfect right to be out of the harem. We do not disagree with you on that point. We look at the matter logically and say "Certainly, you have every right to express yourselves. It was wrong that men should ever have placed you in the harem." Our masculine mind, you see, admits it all. We are very fair, mentally. But our masculine inheritance from our masculine forebears, who ruled their wives with an iron hand and made them happy in the way they thought they ought to be happy, wriggles with protest and refuses to give up without some show of resistance.

WE MUST have more time. We cannot change all our preconceived ideas in a day. We have already admitted you are right. Now we must put our admission into action and learn the new rôle you have assigned us. I am well aware that as husbands we are still inclined to infringe upon your natural rights as human beings. Until you women became so vocal that was our masculine privilege. Even now, although we recognize your right to freedom, we don't really want to give it to you. Our masculine heritage is against it, but our opposition, we know, will be of little avail. We may as well confess ourselves beaten and give up the struggle.

The fact that you women want your freedom is the sign of the times. It is inevitable that you should win, and it is just as inevitable that it is we men who are going to do all the yielding. Some of us have al-

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I believe most of us are coming to recognize that it is absolutely immoral for childless couples to remain together if they are incompatible. The marriage ceremony by no means makes a marriage. But we cannot get away from the fact that we live for posterity. It is the children that count in marriage. We must consider them first. A great hullabaloo has been raised about the unfortunate children of divorce. They should not be deprived of the care of both parents and of the influence of a happy home life, it was said. But recently public opinion has been modified. All intelligent, sane-thinking people agree that it is just as bad for children to live in a home where the parents are incompatible and fill the air with unhappiness, discord and daily, domestic bickerings, as it is for them to be the children of divorced parents.

The ideal situation, of course, is for every

child to have a home life of harmony, with two parents whose love is greater than domestic irritations. But, human nature being what it is, we must make the best of the situation. We should not condemn divorce, but should instead try to make the necessary adjustments within marriage, so that two persons who married for love can continue to live in contented companionship and harmony.

WITH women's freedom and the recognition and respect of men for that freedom, I think the day is approaching when marriage will have personal freedom for its foundation. When that time comes, divorces will wane, love will be more lasting and men and women will be happier together. You women becoming free is the best thing that ever happened, even if we men have been somewhat dilatory in our yielding.

How Bad Are High School Boys and Girls?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

"WE ARE Good!" "We Are Bad." They contradict themselves, these High School students, so who shall arbitrate? When doctors disagree—

SMART SET thought it would get the truth about themselves for the young people in high school. Probably it did. If so the truth is, as might have been guessed, that some are good and some are bad. Everything that Robert S. Carr wrote in "Crucible of Youth" is true, according to the letters written in this contest. But Carr doesn't say that everyone in his High School was bad. Those in Paul's set were no angels, but they were a small clique among the whole student body.

In general that is what these letter writers say. Although Phyllis H. Marshall of Philadelphia, who wins the first prize, makes no reservations. "We're a brainless lot. We're jazz crazy," she writes and does she add, "Some of us are good"? She does not. Read her letter, which obviously is sincere, and see then what you think.

EVERY way we turn we hear the question, "What is wrong with this younger generation?" Something is wrong, but are we trying to correct our faults? We are not.

We are a brainless lot of jelly-fish so far as morals are concerned and as for having intelligence enough to do the right thing, we are empty-headed. We credit ourselves with sense enough to distinguish right from wrong but we don't do anything about it.

The only pride we have is in doing the thing that is a little more extreme than the other fellow.

We're jazz crazy, thrill mad! We won't be taught by the experiences of others; we must find out for ourselves.

Our parties aren't chaperoned any more because the former chaperon is off somewhere kicking up her heels to the latest dance hit.

The first judge who sends a crowd of pleasure seeking joy riders to jail will be our deliverer.

We know we won't learn much good in a night club—but we don't spend that evening in night school where we know we would learn something. No indeed! There isn't the thrill about books that there is about booze.

We're jazz crazy and we aren't offering

an excuse. There are reasons though, and they're thrills, thrills, thrills!

Leslie Marsh, Oakland, Calif., winner of the second prize, is certain "we are not bad." Does that mean that in the West young people are not as "bad" as they are in the effete East? "We are honest and frank," writes Leslie. "We face facts and we have ideals." Here is her letter:

I AM a high school girl and I say we are not bad. The bunch I go with is, I think, a typical one, and we are happy, healthy, normal boys and girls.

We may be noisy and slangy and collegiate in dress and manners, and give the impression of recklessness—mostly a pose which apparently is expected of us—but underneath I think we compare favorably with former generations. We work hard and play hard, are honest and loyal and frank and don't blush over things unmentionable a generation ago. We face facts and we have ideals, in spite of short skirts and painted lips. Beauty is only skin deep and so is rouge.

Few of the boys in our crowd smoke and none of the girls, though most of them have tried it, but the boys disapprove, and drinking is taboo.

We are representative of the age in which we live, but I think we face life in a finer, more courageous way than ever before. You might be surprised to hear us alone earnestly discussing our problems, nor do we lack dreams of romance, or, failing that, a career, or both.

Don't condemn us until you know us.

The third prize goes to Calvin T. Ryan, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Mr. Ryan is not a high school student but, as he is an instructor, he is thrown into close contact with boys and girls. He agrees that they are both good and bad, which on the whole seems only reasonable. "We can find material on both sides of the question," he says. "Hence it is a good debate." Obviously Mr. Ryan has a logical mind and kindly tolerance. In part he writes:

I HAVE been following your articles and stories of modern youth with more than casual interest. My answer to the question of their comparative morality is that we can find evidence on either side. Mr. Carr's story, stripped of its fiction technique, is

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Ladies make \$15.00 a day introducing new "Christmas Eve" delightful French perfume. Quince bottle worth \$7.85. You sell it for \$12.35. Make \$6c on each sale. Write for full particulars or send \$1.25 for demonstrator bottle, which guarantees quick sales. Sorel, Parfumerie, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York.

\$25.00 daily selling colored Raincoats and Slickers. Red, Blue, Green, etc. \$2.95. Hat Free. Pay daily. Outfit Free. Elliott Bradley, 341 VanBuren, Dept. AF-2, Chicago.

America's Greatest Tailoring Line Free! 130 large Sw. Ch Samples—All Wool—Tailored to Order—Un'on-Made—Sensational low price. Get outfit at once. Address Dept. 306, Goodwear, 544 W. Adams, Chicago.

\$5,000.00 Given. 350 Cash Prizes. 350 persons—men, women, boys, girls, who send me their names get prizes—from \$5.00 to \$2,000.00—within \$500.00 extra for promptness. Horse Creek, Wyoming, man won \$1,735.00. Woman in Clayville, Pa., won \$1,000.00. I make this offer because I want to send everyone who answers this announcement an absolutely free sample of my products. Send no money! No obligation. Nothing to buy now or ever! Just say "How can I get a prize?" G. L. Culver, Room 9, 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Sell beautiful "Style Tailored" shirts and neckties direct to wear at factory prices. Many beginners make \$100 a week in spare time. \$100 weekly full time easy. Selling outfit Free. Howard Shirts, 1219 Van Buren, Factory 10, Chicago.

Why not sell us your spare time? \$2.00 an hour, \$19.70 daily easy full time. Introduce 12 months Guaranteed Hosiery—4 styles, 90 colors, for men, women, children, including latest "Silk to the Top" Ladies' Hosiery. No capital or experience needed. We furnish samples. Silk hose for your own use FREE. New Plan. Maccoche Hosiery Co., Road 9282, Cincinnati, O.

IF IT'S NOT HERE WRITE US! Here is a new service for the convenience of our readers. If you are looking for certain articles listed below, write P. O. Information Dept., 9 East 46th St., New York City. For each item to be investigated, please enclose 10c. to cover cost of postage.

Men's Wear
Belts, Collars, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Lumber Jacks, Knickers, Mufflers, Pajamas, Slippers, Socks, Underwear.

Auto Supplies
Auto Tires, Carburators, Dimmers, Gas Savers, Rear View Mirrors, Tire Patching, Filters, Wrenches, Auto Polish, Spark Plugs, Trouble Light.

Food Stuffs
Canned Goods, Coffee and Tea.

Men's Specialties
Air Receivers, Initiated Biffoids, Suit Hangers, Pencils, Watches.

Household Specialties
Brushes, Fire Extinctors, Tire Patching, Fluids, Mothproof Bags, Moth-killing Liquid, Paints, Vacuum Cleaners, Window Washer.

Kitchen Specialties
Aluminum Cleaners, Can Openers, Cookers, Women's Wear.

Sanitary Items
Aprons, Coats, Towels, Sanitary Bedding, Mosquito Netting, Sanitary Goods, Home Furnishings.

Women's Specialties
Dresses, Linens, Nursery Stock.

Agents \$240 month and auto to travel! Bonous besides. Introduce new line guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. 126 styles, colors. Beat store prices. Guaranteed to wear 7 months or new hose free. Finest line Silk Hosiery you ever saw. New sales plan. Credit given. Spare time satisfactory. Write for samples. Wilk-Hosiery Co., Dept. 835, Greenfield, Ohio.

Women Representatives Wanted. New invention prevents shoulder straps slipping. No more discomfort. Women adore it. Write for particulars and free offer. Lingerie Co., Company, 5 Lake St., North Windham, Conn.

New lines just out. Everything in hosiery, underwear and rayon lingerie for men, women, children. Beautiful, irresistible Catalog and Samples now ready. New special big money plans. Cash bonus, service award and rapid promotion. No experience needed. Choice territories going. Rush reply to World's Star Knitting Co., 112 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

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Funchbook Salesmen Take Notice. New fascinating game "Excitement." Can be used all states. \$200 weekly easy. One minute sales talk. Pay daily! Clear Stores Novelty Co., Dept. P, Peoria, Ill.

Agents: 50¢ Profit Free Samples Good Sign Letters for Stores and office windows. Easily applied. Large demand everywhere. Metallic Letter Co., 431 N. Clark, Chicago.

New invention beats vacuum sweeper and all its attachments. Electricity unnecessary. All salesmen \$25. Over 100% profit. Morgan, 101 W. 797 Grimes St., Fairfield, Iowa.

All salesmen, Salesmen make big money. taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, 1000 samples furnished. National Importing Co., Dept. B-89, 573 Broadway, N.Y.

Be a Real Estate Expert. \$5,000-\$15,000 yearly. Experience unnecessary. I'll teach you everything. Connect you with my chain of real estate experts. Write for FREE booklet. National Real Estate Institute, Dept. 500, Fort Smith, Ark.

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Why work for others? Employ agents yourself. Make your own products. Toilet articles, household specialties, etc. 50% profit. Valuable booklet free. Nat'l Scientific Laboratories, 1923-W Broad, Richmond, Va.

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Sell Men's Fine Suits (extra trousers free) for \$16.95, \$90 a week for you, also tailored pants \$3.95, (\$5.00 value). Big extra commissions! Both sample outfits free if you write quick. Tru-Fit, 809-A Broadway, New York.

Quick Cleanup for Live Agents! Cash in on this craze for Colonial rugs sweeping country. Every housewife buying. Agents earning \$100 weekly. Bettermade Puritan rugs sell at half store prices. Big commissions advanced. Write for offer. No obligation. Puritan Rug Co., 583 South Street, Waltham, Mass. Dept. 369.

Send 25 Cents for a \$1.00 Pocket Glass. Lighter and learn how to make \$10.00 a day easy. Sells on sight. Particulars FREE. Rapid Manufacturing Co., 799G Broadway, New York.

Women! Earn \$3-\$6 an Hour. Display beautiful Fifth Ave. dresses to friends. Factory prices. Cash commissions in advance. Please work. Write for offer. Free. Fifth Ave. Styles, Dept. 1002, Scranton, Pa.

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very likely true. I feel sure too that both the middle western university girls are writing facts, an illustration of the statement that we can find material on both sides; hence it is a good debate.

Because one age is different from another doesn't make it any worse. I can't see that the man who drinks today is any worse morally than the man who drank yesterday.

With more money, with more automobiles; yes, with more high schools and more students attending them, it is only logical to conclude that the quantity of evil is greater than it ever was. There is more wickedness in the United States at the present time than there was a hundred years ago. But the ratio of wickedness has never been figured, and probably never will be.

For those who want to be bad, there are many opportunities offered. For those who want to be good, there are also opportunities. This situation hasn't changed.

Personally I am for the modern boys and girls. They are, for the most part, a decent lot. The "modern generation" has always been in bad. It is getting to be an old story. Even Horace complained of it; for him the "modern generation" was a questionable lot. So it was when I was a boy; it still is. What the modern generation needs is better parents to show them how to be better.

Fern McCandless, of Monticello, Ark., holds no brief for the purity of the young people now attending school. "Two-thirds of them go on wild parties. We're not really bad." According to Fern it's just "surface devilry." She writes:

TWO-thirds of the High School students smoke and drink and go on wild parties. Oh, we know it isn't right! But we have the name, so why not have the game? We're not really bad. Our devilry is just surface stuff. And the old folks storm at us so! But they are not a bit better. Why, if I were down and out I'd far rather ask help from any member of our set than from one of our parents. And then, they expect us to be bad! And we don't take the trouble to tell them different.

But at heart we're a good lot, and we'll arrive yet. We're gaining knowledge; and even wisdom. We have sipped at forbidden wines and played with forbidden fires, and we know them for what they are. Armed with this knowledge we'll go straighter than our fathers went. We won't sugar-coat unwholesome facts, or refuse to face them altogether; and we'll shoot square. And I believe we'll be kinder and more understanding.

Here is a letter from Lewis Browder, a Los Angeles high school boy who knows "All about dissipation," and who "is no

better or worse than the average." He is one of the one dollar prize winners and should be an authority on present conditions:

I AM a High School boy, and neither better nor worse than the average.

I know all about dissipation, too. I tried smoking, but quit because I didn't get any kick out of it, and the rest of the crowd made fun of me.

I've had one good drink of bootleg, and it was sure rotten. I never want another. Me for the old soda fountain.

We date up the girls once in awhile, but I'll have to admit I have more fun when I'm just with the fellows.

The girls we go out with never try any sex appeal on us. They generally sit there with a kind of "touch me not" air, that gives a man an awful pain. Sometimes though, a girl turns out to be a good scout, and then we treat her just like one of the gang.

Sure, I know there's a little group of sheiks and shebas who pull some raw stuff. But they're only a small minority. Why is it, that when they put on something particularly bad, we get the blame for it?

How about a little justice for the old, every day high school boy and girl?

THE WINNERS

First Prize, \$15, Phyllis H. Marshall, Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize, \$10, Leslie Marsh, Oakland, Calif.

Third Prize, \$5, Calvin E. Ryan, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Ten \$1 Prize Winners

Lewis Browder, Los Angeles, Calif.

Christie Halas, Portage, Pa.

Fern McCandless, Monticello, Ark.

Normajean Streevey, Columbus, Ohio

May Weir Kilgour, Detroit, Mich.

Beatrice Hearn, Santa Cruz, Calif.

S. Miller, Dorchester, Mass.

Virginia M. Sommerfield, Toledo, Ohio

Lola M. Clark, Bowie, Texas

William R. Cocker, Philadelphia, Pa.

"We aren't bad at all," writes May Weir Kilgour, of Detroit, Mich. And if the kids are bad, she says, "it's the older generation who is to blame." On this thesis, she makes out rather a good case as her letter proves:

WE aren't bad at all! But you of the older generation, who are forever shaking your heads at our apparently wild episodes, are to blame for any real harm we may do. You hard-faced

members of the older generation pepper the country with road-houses that tempt us to be other than the clean, decent boys and girls we want to be. You open your blind pigs so close to our high schools that we must pass them every day and there help to weaken our moral fiber. It doesn't bother you, apparently, to hand whiskey and gin drinks to innocent boys and girls. You are out to get the almighty dollar, not to look after our morals.

And you teachers. Can't you forget your everlasting dignity once in a while, and meet us as one friend to another? And you parents who sit in judgment upon us! We aren't bad. We are young—the song of youth is in our blood. We have energy. We have dreams. We need your help and your sympathy. When you assume the pose of knowing everything—when you scold instead of trying to understand our 1928 methods of living, you are helping us to assume the sophisticated air we wear to defend ourselves against an unbelieving world.

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"David Belasco's advice impressed me"

Said Walter J. Leather to Joyce Todd as they started for an all-day motor jaunt through the Berkshires.



David Belasco,
dean of the American Theatre, writes:

"The voice is to the actor what the chisel is to the sculptor. He must beware of dulling its qualities. Naturally I am vitally concerned about the voices of my players, so I always advise the one cigarette that I discovered many years ago that does not impair control of the subtlest vocal shadings or cause huskiness or harshness. I mean the 'Lucky Strike.' It is the player's best friend."

David Belasco



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